THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON.

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

JOHN MILTON,

WITH NOTES OF VARIOUS AUTHORS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED ILLUSTRATIONS,

AND

SOME ACCOUNT OF

THE LIFE AND WRITINGS OF MILTON,

BY THE REV. HENRY J. TODD, M.A. F.A.S.
RECTOR OF ALLHALLOWS, LOMBARD-STREET, &c.

THE SECOND EDITION, WITH CONSIDERABLE ADDITIONS,

AND WITH

A VERBAL INDEX TO THE WHOLE OF MILTON'S POETRY.

IN SEVEN VOLUMES.

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THE

PROLEGOMENA,

AND

FIRST AND SECOND BOOKS

OF

PARADISE LOST.

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PROLEGOMENA, &c.

COMMENDATORY VERSES

ON

MILTON.

In Paradiſum Amiſſam ſummi Poetæ, Johannis Miltoni.*

QUI legis Amiſſam Paradiſum, grandia magni
Carmina MILTONI, quid niſi cuncta legis?
Res cunctas, et cunctarum primordia rerum,
Et fata, et fines, continet iſte liber.
Intima panduntur magni penetralia mundi,
Scribitur et toto quicquid in orbe latet:
Terraéque, tractúſque maris, cœlúmque profundum,
Sulphureúmque Erebi, flammivomúmque ſpecus:
Quaéque colunt terras, pontúmque, et Tartara cæca,
Quaéque colunt ſummi lucida regna poli:
Et quodcunque ullis concluſum eſt finibus uſquam,
Et ſine fine Chaos, et ſine fine Deus;
Et ſine fine magis, ſi quid magis eſt ſine fine,

* This poem by Dr. Barrow, and the next by Milton's friend Andrew Marvell, have been uſually publiſhed in the editions of *Paradiſe Loſt*, ſince the edition of 1674, to which they are both prefixed. TODD.

Ver. 1. ——————— Amiſſam *Paradiſum*,] Dr. Barrow has here rendered Paradiſum *feminine*. The tranſlators of the firſt book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, both in 1685 and 1702, thus alſo entitle the poem "Paradiſus *Amiſſa*." See alſo the ſame title to other Latin tranſlations in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xvi. pp. 549, 661. The Greek and Latin writers, however, make Paradiſe *maſculine*. TODD.

In Chriſto erga homines conciliatus amor.
Hæc qui ſperaret quis crederet eſſe futurum?
Et tamen hæc hodiè terra Britanna legit.
O quantos in bella duces! quæ protulit arma!
Quæ canit, et quantâ prælia dira tubâ!
Cœleſtes acies! atque in certamine cœlum!
Et quæ cœlestes pugna deceret agros!
Quantus in æthereis tollit ſe Luciſer armis!
Atque ipſo graditur vix Michaële minor!
Quantis, et quàm funeſtis concurritur iris,
Dum ferus hic ſtellas protegit, ille rapit!
Dum vulſos montes ceu tela reciproca torquent,
Et non mortali deſuper igne pluunt:
Stat dubius cui ſe parti concedat Olympus,
Et metuit pugnæ non ſupereſſe ſuæ.
At ſimul in cœlis Meſſiæ inſignia fulgent,
Et currus animes, armáque digna Deo,
Horrendúmque rotæ ſtrident, et læva rotarum
Erumpunt torvis fulgura luminibus,
Et flammæ vibrant, et vera tonitrua rauco
Admiſtis flammis inſonuere polo:
Excidit attonitis mens omnis, et impetus omnis,
Et caſſis dextris irrita tela cadunt;
Ad pœnas fugiunt; et, ceu foret Orcus aſylum,

Ver. 15. ——— *quis crederet eſſe* futurum?] So I print it from the edition of 1674. Dr. Newton reads *futura*. Toland, who has printed this excellent copy of verſes in his Life of Milton, reads *futurum*. Tonſon's editions of 1705, and 1711, and Tickell's in 1720, read the ſame: But Fenton's in 1725, and Tonſon's of 1727 and 1746, read *futura*; as many other editions alſo read. Mr. Capel Loft, in his edition of the Firſt Book of Paradiſe Loſt, 1792, has reſtored *futurum*; and ingeniouſly explains it: "Quis crederet (nempe) *aliquem* futurum qui hæc ſe fando aſſequi poſſe ſperaret?" Todd.

Infernis certant condere ſe tenebris.
Cedite, Romani Scriptores; cedite, Graii;
Et quos fama recens vel celebravit anus.
Hæc quicunque leget tantùm cecinisſe putabit
Mæonidem ranas, Virgilium culices.

SAMUEL BARROW, M. D †.

On Paradiſe Loſt.

WHEN I beheld the Poet blind, yet bold,
In ſlender book his vaſt deſign unfold,
Meſſiah crown'd, God's reconcil'd decree,
Rebelling Angels, the forbidden tree,
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, all; the argument
Held me a while miſdoubting his intent,
That he would ruin (for I ſaw him ſtrong)
The ſacred truths to fable and old ſong;

† Of Dr. Samuel Barrow, the author of theſe verſes, no account has been given by the editors of Milton. Toland only calls him a doctor of phyſick. Perhaps he was the phyſician to the army of General Monk. See Skinner's *Life of General Monk*, 1724, p. 166. "General Monk haſtened to Berwick from Coldſtream, Decr. 13. 1659, being attended with ſome of his beſt Colonels, and *Dr. Barrow* the principal Phyſician, who about this time was made Judge Advocate of the army." See alſo Kennet's *Regiſter and Chronicle*, 1728, pp. 34, 35, 133.

Of the poem I have ſeen two printed tranſlations in Engliſh verſe; one, inſerted in Mr. Bowle's interleaved Copy of Paradiſe Loſt, apparently taken out of ſome magazine or periodical publication; the other, much more diſtinguiſhable for ſpirit and fidelity, in the *Gentleman's Magazine* of 1760, p. 291, to which no ſignature is affixed. TODD.

(So Sampſon grop'd the temple's poſts in ſpight,)
The world o'erwhelming to revenge his ſight.
Yet as I read, ſtill growing leſs ſevere,
I lik'd his project, the ſucceſs did fear;
Through that wide field how he is way ſhould find,
O'er which lame Faith leads Underſtanding blind;
Leſt he'd perplex the things he would explain,
And what was eaſy he ſhould render vain.
Or if a work ſo infinite he ſpann'd,
Jealous I was that ſome leſs ſkilful hand
(Such as diſquiet always what is well,
And, by ill imitating, would excell,)
Might hence preſume the whole creation's day
To change in ſcenes, and ſhow it in a play.
Pardon me, mighty Poet, nor deſpiſe
My caufeleſs, yet not impious, ſurmiſe.
But I am now convinc'd, and none will dare
Within thy labours to pretend a ſhare.
Thou haſt not miſs'd one thought that could be fit,
And all that was improper doſt omit:
So that no room is here for writers left,
But to detect their ignorance or theft.
That majeſty, which through thy work doth reign,
Draws the devout, deterring the profane.
And things divine thou treat'ſt of in ſuch ſtate
As them preſerves, and thee, inviolate.
At once delight and horrour on us ſeiſe,
Thou ſing'ſt with ſo much gravity and eaſe;
And above human flight doſt ſoar aloft
With plume ſo ſtrong, ſo equal, and ſo ſoft.
The bird, nam'd from that Paradiſe you ſing,
So never flags, but always keeps on wing.

Where couldſt thou words of ſuch a compaſs find?
Whence furniſh ſuch a vaſt expence of mind?
Juſt Heaven thee, like Tireſias, to requite,
Rewards with prophecy thy loſs of ſight.
Well might'ſt thou ſcorn thy readers to allure
With tinkling rhime, of thy own ſenſe ſecure;
While the Town-Bays writes all the while and ſpells,
And, like a pack-horſe, tires without his bells:
Their fancies like our buſhy points appear;
The poets tag them, we for faſhion wear.

Ver. 42. ——————— expence *of mind?*] In ſome modern editions of Milton, *expence* has here been converted into *expanſe*. Todd.

Ver. 46. *With* tinkling rhime,] So, in Ben Jonſon's Maſk, *The Fortunate Iſles*, a queſtion is aſked reſpecting Skogan, the jeſter!

——— "But wrote he like a gentleman?"

The anſwer is,

"In *rime!* fine *tinckling rime!* and flowand verſe!"

Milton thus ridicules rhyme in calling it the "*jingling ſound* of like endings." Todd.

Ver. 49. ——————— *like our* buſhy points *appear;*

The poets tag *them,*] Richardſon ſays, "I was the faſhion in thoſe days to wear *much ribbon*, which ſome adorn'd with *tags* of metal at the end," *Life of Milton*, p. cxx. *Points* are ſaid to have been metal hooks, faſtened to the hoſe or breeches, which had no opening or buttons; and going into ſtraps or eyes fixed to the doublet, to have thus kept the hoſe from falling down. See Steevens's Shakſpeare, edit. 1793, vol. iv. 27. And Minſhew's Guide into Tongues, 1627. V. *Point.*

It is related by Aubrey, in his MS. Life of Milotn, that "John Dryden, Eſq. Poet Laureat, who very much admired him, went to him to have leave *to put his Paradiſe Loſt into a Dramatick Poem.* Milton received him very civilly, and told him he would give him leave to *tagge* his verſes." MS. Aſhmol. Muſ. Oxford. Todd.

I too, tranſported by the mode, offend,
And, while I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend.
Thy verſe created, like thy theme, ſublime,
In number, weight, and meaſure, needs not rhime.

ANDREW MARVELL.

Ver. 51. *I too, tranſported by the mode*, offend,
And, while I meant to praiſe thee, muſt commend.]
This is the true reading. Fenton, in his edition of *Paradiſe Loſt* in 1725, thought proper to tranſpoſe the rhymes; and he has been followed by Tonſon's editions of 1727, 1730, 1738, and 1746. The errour is adopted alſo in Vernor's edition of 1789, and in Wilkins's of 1794. A Dublin edition of 1748, and an Edinburgh edition of 1779, read the ſame.

It has been ingeniouſly obſerved, that Marvell very artfully here ſhows us the inconvenience of rhyme, in telling us that he deſigned to *praiſe* Milton, but now can do no more than *commend* him; becauſe he is tied down by the rhyme, and only the *worſt* of theſe two words will anſwer to *offend*. See Preface to "Sighs on the death of Queen Anne, in imitation of Milton, Lond. 1719," 8vo. p. xiv. TODD.

To Mr. John Milton, on his Poem entitled Paradiſe Loſt *.

O THOU! the wonder of the preſent age,
An age immers'd in luxury and vice;

* Theſe verſes by F. C. are prefixed to Milton's poetical works in the *Edition of the Engliſh poets*, 1779. They had before appeared in Fawkes and Woty's *Poetical Calendar*, 1763, vol. viii. 69. But we are not told who F. C. was. As I have not yet met with theſe verſes in any other publication, I may be permitted to offer a conjecture that Francis Cradock, a member of the Rota-Club to which Milton belonged, might be the author of them. See Wood's *Ath. Ox.* vol. ii. 591. TODD.

A race of triflers; who can reliſh nought
But the gay iſſue of an idle brain:
How couldſt thou hope to pleaſe this tinſel race?—
Though blind, yet, with the penetrating eye
Of intellectual light, thou doſt ſurvey
The labyrinth perplex'd of Heaven's decrees;
And with a quill, pluck'd from an Angel's wing,
Dipt in the fount that laves the eternal throne,
Trace the dark paths of Providence Divine,
" And juſtify the ways of God to Man."

F. C. 1680.

Ver. 9. The expreſſions, in this line, occur in one of Conſtable's *Sonnets*. See vol. vi. p. 440 of this edition:

" The pen wherewith thou doſt ſo heauenly ſinge,
" Made of a quill pluckt from an Angells winge."

So, in Davies's *Bien Venu*, 1606.

" But poet's pens, pluckt from Archangels' wings." TODD.

---

* THREE Poets, in three diſtant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England, did adorn.
The Firſt in loftineſs of thought ſurpaſs'd;
The Next, in majeſty; in both, the LAST.
The force of Nature could no farther go:
To make a third, ſhe join'd the former two.

DRYDEN.

* This celebrated Epigram of Milton appears under the well-engraved head of the poet by R. White, prefixed to the folio edition of *Paradiſe Loſt* in 1688. It has been thus publiſhed in many ſucceeding editions of the ſame poem. Dryden, I ſhould add, is a ſubſcriber to the edition of 1688. The obligations of Dryden to others, in reſpect to the formation and turn of this epigram, are noticed in vol. vii. p. 162 of this edition. TODD.

From an Account of the greateſt Engliſh Poets.

BUT MILTON next, with high and haughty ſtalks,
Unfetter'd, in majeſtick numbers, walks:
No vulgar hero can his Muſe engage,
Nor earth's wide ſcene confine his hallow'd rage.
See! ſee! he upward ſprings, and, towering high,
Spurns the dull province of mortality;
Shakes Heaven's eternal throne with dire alarms,
And ſets the Almighty Thunderer in arms!
Whate'er his pen deſcribes I more than ſee,
Whilſt every verſe array'd in majeſty,
Bold and ſublime, my whole attention draws,
And ſeems above the critick's nicer laws.
How are you ſtruck with terrour and delight,
When Angel with Archangel copes in fight!
When great Meſſiah's outſpread banner ſhines,
How does the chariot rattle in his lines!
What ſound of brazen wheels, with thunder, ſcare
And ſtun the reader with the din of war!
With fear my ſpirits and my blood retire,
To ſee the Seraphs ſunk in clouds of fire:
But when, with eager ſteps, from hence I riſe,
And view the firſt gay ſcene of Paradiſe;
What tongue, what words of rapture, can expreſs
A viſion ſo profuſe of pleaſantneſs!

ADDISON.

Addreſs to Great Britain.

——————— For lofty ſenſe,
Creative fancy, and inſpection keen
Through the deep windings of the human heart,
Is not wild Shakſpeare thine and Nature's boaſt?
Is not each great, each amiable, Muſe
Of claſſick ages in thy MILTON met?
A genius, univerſal as his theme;
Aſtoniſhing as Chaos; as the bloom
Of blowing Eden fair; as Heaven ſublime!

THOMSON's Summer.

Ode to the Muſe.

SAY, Goddeſs, can the feſtal board,
Or young Olympia's form ador'd;
Say, can the pomp of promis'd fame
Relume thy faint, thy dying, flame?
Or have melodious airs the power
To give one free poetick hour?
Or, from amid the Elyſian train,
The ſoul of MILTON ſhall I gain,
To win thee back with ſome celeſtial ſtrain?
O powerful ſtrain! O ſacred ſoul!
His numbers every ſenſe controul:
And now again my boſom burns;
The Muſe, the Muſe herſelf, returns!

AKENSIDE.

OUR ſtedfaſt bard, to his own genius true,
Still bade his Muſe, "ſit audience find, though few."
Scorning the judgement of a trifling age,
To choicer ſpirits he bequeath'd his page.
He too was ſcorn'd; and, to Britannia's ſhame,
She ſcarce for half an age knew MILTON's name.
But now, his fame by every trumpet blown,
We on his deathleſs trophies raiſe our own.
Nor art nor nature did his genius bound;
Heaven, Hell, Earth, Chaos, he ſurvey'd around;
All things his eye, through wit's bright empire thrown,
Beheld; and made, what it beheld, his own.
Such MILTON was: 'Tis ours to bring him forth;
And yours to vindicate neglected worth.
Such heaven-taught numbers ſhould be more than read,
More wide the manna through the nation ſpread.
Like ſome bleſs'd ſpirit he to-night deſcends,
Mankind he viſits, and their ſteps befriends;
Through mazy errour's dark perplexing wood,
Points out the path of true and real good;
Warns erring youth, and guards the ſpotleſs maid
From ſpell of magick vice, by reaſon's aid.—

Dr. DALTON's Prologue to Comus, 1735.

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,
Ye nymphs, whoſe boſoms beat at MILTON's name,
Whoſe generous zeal, unbought by flattering rhymes,
Shames the mean penſions of Auguſtan times;
Immortal patrons of ſucceeding days,
Attend this prelude of perpetual praiſe!
Let Wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage
With cloſe malevolence, or publick rage;

Let Study, worn with virtue's fruitleſs lore,
Behold this Theatre, and grieve no more.
This night, diſtinguiſh'd by your ſmiles, ſhall tell,
That never Britain can in vain excell;
The ſlighted arts futurity ſhall truſt,
And riſing ages haſten to be juſt.
At length our mighty bard's victorious lays
Fill the loud voice of univerſal praiſe;
And baffled Spite, with hopeleſs anguiſh dumb,
Yields to renown the centuries to come;
With ardent haſte each candidate of fame,
Ambitious, catches at his towering name:
He ſees, and pitying ſees, vain wealth beſtow
Thoſe pageant honours which he ſcorn'd below,
While crowds aloft the laureat buſt behold,
Or trace his form on circulating gold.
Unknown,—unheeded, long his offspring lay,
And want hung threatening o'er her ſlow decay.
What though ſhe ſhine with no Miltonian fire,
No favouring Muſe her morning dreams inſpire;
Yet ſofter claims the melting heart engage,
Her youth laborious, and her blameleſs age;
Hers the mild merits of domeſtick life,
The patient ſufferer, and the faithful wife.
Thus grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,
Her grandſire leaves her in Britannia's arms;
Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,
While tutelary nations guard her cell.
Yours is the charge, ye fair, ye wiſe, ye brave!
'Tis yours to crown deſert—beyond the grave.

Dr. Johnson's Prologue to the Maſk of Comus, acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, April 5, 1750, for the Benefit of Milton's grand-daughter.

NOR ſecond HE that rode ſublime
Upon the ſeraph-wings of ecſtaſy;
The ſecrets of the abyſs to ſpy,
He paſs'd the flaming bounds of place and time:
The living throne, the ſapphire blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He ſaw; but, blaſted with exceſs of light,
Clos'd his eyes in endleſs night.

GRAY's Progreſs of Poeſy.

Ode on the Poetical Character.

HIGH on ſome cliff, to Heaven up-pil'd,
Of rude acceſs, of proſpect wild,
Where tangled round the jealous ſteep
Strange ſhades o'erbrow the vallies deep,
And holy Genii guard the rock,
Its glooms embrown, its ſprings unlock,
While on its rich ambitious head
An Eden, like HIS OWN, lies ſpread;
I view that oak the fancied glades among,
By which as MILTON lay, his evening ear,
From many a cloud that dropp'd ethereal dew,
Nigh ſpher'd in Heaven, its native ſtrains could hear,
On which that ancient trump he reach'd was hung;
Thither oft his glory greeting,
From Waller's myrtle ſhades retreating,
With many a vow from Hope's aſpiring tongue
My trembling feet his guiding ſteps purſue;
In vain:——Such bliſs to one alone
Of all the ſons of Soul was known;

And Heaven and Fancy, kindred Powers,
Have now o'erturn'd the inſpiring bowers,
Or curtain'd cloſe ſuch ſcene from every future view.

COLLINS.

Ode to Memory.

RISE, hallow'd MILTON! riſe, and ſay,
How, at thy gloomy cloſe of day;
How, when "depreſs'd by age, beſet with wrongs;"
When "fallen on evil days and evil tongues;"
When Darkneſs, brooding on thy ſight,
Exil'd the ſov'reign lamp of light:
Say, what could then one cheering hope diffuſe?
What friends were thine, ſave Memory and the Muſe?
Hence the rich ſpoils, thy ſtudious youth
Caught from the ſtores of ancient Truth:
Hence all thy buſy eye could pleas'd explore,
When Rapture led thee to the Latian ſhore;
Each ſcene, that Tiber's bank ſupplied;
Each grace, that play'd on Arno's ſide;
The tepid gales, through Tuſcan glades that fly;
The blue ſerene, that ſpreads Heſperia's ſky;
Were ſtill thine own: Thy ample mind
Each charm receiv'd, retain'd, combin'd.
And thence "the nightly Viſitant," that came
To touch thy boſom with her ſacred flame,
Recall'd the long-loſt beams of grace;
That whilom ſhot from Nature's face,
When God, in Eden, o'er her youthful breaſt
Spread with his own right hand Perfection's gorgeous veſt.

MASON.

From the Rev. Thomas Warton's Addreſs to the preſent Queen on her Marriage.

LO! this the land, whence MILTON's Muſe of fire
High ſoar'd to ſteal from Heaven a Seraph's lyre;
And told the golden ties of wedded love
In ſacred Eden's amarantine grove.

From the deſcription of night in the ſame Author's Pleaſures of Melancholy.

NOR then let dreams, of wanton folly born,
My ſenſes lead through flowery paths of joy;
But let the ſacred Genius of the night
Such myſtick viſions ſend, as Spenſer ſaw,
When through bewildering Fancy's magick maze,
To the fell houſe of Buſyrane, he led
The unſhaken Britomart; or MILTON knew,
When in abſtracted thought he firſt conceiv'd
All Heaven in tumult, and the Seraphim
Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.

APART, and on a ſacred hill retir'd,
Beyond all mortal inſpiration fir'd,
The mighty MILTON ſits:—An hoſt around
Of liſtening Angels guard the holy ground;
Amaz'd they ſee a human form aſpire
To graſp with daring hand a Seraph's lyre,
Inly irradiate with celeſtial beams,
Attempt thoſe high, thoſe ſoul-ſubduing themes,

(Which humbler denizens of Heaven decline,)
And celebrate, with ſanctity divine,
The ſtarry field from warring Angels won,
And God triumphant in his Victor Son.
Nor leſs the wonder, and the ſweet delight,
His milder ſcenes and ſofter notes excite,
When, at his bidding, Eden's blooming grove
Breathes the rich ſweets of Innocence and Love.
With ſuch pure joy as our Forefather knew
When Raphael, heavenly gueſt, firſt met his view,
And our glad Sire, within his bliſsful bower,
Drank the pure converſe of the ætherial Power,
Round the bleſt Bard his raptur'd audience throng,
And feel their ſouls imparadis'd in ſong.

HAYLEY's Eſſay on Epick Poetry, Epiſt. iii.

AGES elaps'd ere Homer's lamp appear'd,
And ages ere the Mantuan ſwan was heard:
To carry Nature lengths unknown before,
To give a MILTON birth, aſk'd ages more.
Thus Genius roſe and ſet at order'd times,
And ſhot a day-ſpring into diſtant climes,
Ennobling every region that he choſe;
He ſunk in Greece, in Italy he roſe;
And, tedious years of Gothick darkneſs paſs'd,
Emerg'd all ſplendour in our iſle at laſt.
Thus lovely halcyons dive into the main,
Then ſhow far off their ſhining plumes again.

COWPER's Table Talk.

From the ſame Author's Taſk, B. iii.

——————— Philoſophy, baptiz'd
In the pure fountain of eternal love,
Has eyes indeed; and, viewing all the ſees
As meant to indicate a God to man,
Gives *Him* his praiſe, and forfeits not her own.
Learning has borne ſuch fruit in other days
On all her branches: Piety has found
Friends in the friends of ſcience, and true prayer
Has flow'd from lips wet with Caſtalian dews.
Such was thy wiſdom, Newton, childlike ſage!
Sagacious reader of the works of God,
And in his word ſagacious. Such too thine,
MILTON, whoſe genius had angelick wings,
And fed on manna. And ſuch thine, in whom
Our Britiſh Themis gloried with juſt cauſe,
Immortal Hale! for deep diſcernment prais'd,
And found integrity, not more than fam'd
For ſanctity of manners undefil'd.

AND THOU, with age oppreſs'd, beſet with wrongs,
And "fallen on evil days and evil tongues,
"In darkneſs and with dangers compaſs'd round,"
What ſtars of joy thy night of anguiſh crown'd?
What breath of vernal airs, or ſound of rill,
Or haunt by Siloa's brook, or Sion's hill,
Or light of Cherubim, the empyreal throne,
The effulgent car, and inexpreſſive One?
Alas, not thine the foretaſte of thy praiſe;
A dull oblivion wrapt thy mighty lays.

A while thy glory ſunk, in dread repoſe;
Then, with freſh vigour, like a giant roſe,
And ſtrode ſublime, and paſs'd, with generous rage,
The feeble minions of a puny age.

From the Poetical Works of William Preſton, Eſq. Dublin, 1793.

SEE! where the British Homer leads
The Epick choir of modern days;
Blind as the Grecian bard, he ſpeeds
To realms unknown to Pagan lays:
He ſings no mortal war:—his ſtrains
Deſcribe no hero's amorous pains;
He chaunts the birth-day of the world,
The conflict of Angelick Powers,
The joys of Eden's peaceful bowers,
When fled the Infernal Hoſt, to thundering Chaos hurl'd.

Yet, as this deathleſs ſong he breath'd,
He bath'd it with Affliction's tear;
And to Poſterity bequeath'd
The cheriſh'd hope to Nature dear.
No grateful praiſe his labours cheer'd,
No beam beneficent appear'd
To penetrate the chilling gloom;—
Ah! what avails that Britain now
With ſculptur'd laurel deck his brow,
And hangs the votive verſe on his unconſcious tomb!

From Poems and Plays by Mrs. Weſt, 1799.

PRELIMINARY OBSERVATIONS

ON

PARADISE LOST.

MR. ADDISON'S CRITICISM

ON THE

PARADISE LOST.

Cedite, Romani ſcriptores; cedite, Graii.
Propert. *El.* 34. lib. 2. ver. 65.

THERE is nothing in nature more irkſome than general diſcourſes, eſpecially when they turn chiefly upon words. For this reaſon I ſhall wave the diſcuſſion of that point which was ſtarted ſome years ſince, Whether Milton's *Paradiſe Loſt* may be called an heroick poem? Thoſe, who will not give it that title, may call it (if they pleaſe) a *divine poem*. It will be ſufficient to its perfection, if it has in it all the beauties of the higheſt kind of poetry; and as for thoſe who allege it is not an heroick poem, they advance no more to the diminution of it, than if they ſhould ſay Adam is not Æneas, or Eve Helen.

I ſhall therefore examine it by the rules of epick poetry, and ſee whether it falls ſhort of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*, in the beauties which are eſſential to that kind of writing. The firſt thing to be conſidered in an epick poem, is the FABLE, which is perfect or imperfect, according as the action which it relates is more or leſs ſo. This ACTION ſhould

have three qualifications in it. Firſt, it ſhould be but one action. Secondly, it ſhould be an entire action. Thirdly, it ſhould be a great action. To conſider the action of the *Iliad*, *Æneid*, and *Paradiſe Loſt*, in theſe three ſeveral lights. Homer, to preſerve the unity of his action, haſtens into the midſt of things; as Horace has obſerved. Had he gone up to Leda's egg, or begun much later, even at the rape of Helen, or the inveſting of Troy; it is manifeſt, that the ſtory of the poem would have been a ſeries of ſeveral actions. He therefore opens his poem with the diſcord of his princes, and artfully interweaves, in the ſeveral ſucceeding parts of it, an account of every thing material which relates to them, and had paſſed before that fatal diſſenſion. After the ſame manner, Æneas makes his firſt appearance in the Tyrrhene ſeas, and within ſight of Italy, becauſe the action, propoſed to be celebrated, was that of his ſettling himſelf in Latium. But becauſe it was neceſſary for the reader to know what had happened to him in the taking of Troy, and in the preceding parts of his voyage, Virgil makes his hero relate it by way of epiſode, in the ſecond and third books of the *Æneid*. The contents of both which books come before thoſe of the firſt book in the thread of the ſtory, though, for preſerving of this unity of action, they follow it in the diſpoſition of the poem. Milton, in imitation of theſe two great poets, opens his *Paradiſe Loſt*, with an infernal council plotting the Fall of Man; which is the action he propoſed to celebrate; and as for thoſe great actions, which preceded in point of time, the battle of the angels, and the creation of

the world, (which would have entirely deſtroyed the unity of his principal action, had he related them in the ſame order that they happened,) he caſt them into the fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh books, by way of epiſode to this noble Poem.

Ariſtotle himſelf allows, that Homer has nothing to boaſt of as to the unity of his fable, though at the ſame time that great critick and philoſopher endeavours to palliate this imperfection in the Greek poet by imputing it, in ſome meaſure, to the very nature of an epick poem. Some have been of opinion, that the *Æneid* alſo labours in this particular, and has epiſodes which may be looked upon as excreſcences rather than as parts of the action. On the contrary, the Poem, which we have now under our conſideration, has no other epiſodes than ſuch as naturally ariſe from the ſubject; and yet is filled with ſuch a multitude of aſtoniſhing incidents, that it gives us at the ſame time a pleaſure of the greateſt variety, and of the greateſt ſimplicity; uniform in its nature, though diverſified in the execution.

I muſt obſerve alſo, that, as Virgil, in the poem which was deſigned to celebrate the original of the Roman empire, has deſcribed the birth of its great rival, the Carthaginian commonwealth; Milton, with the like art in his Poem on the Fall of Man, has related the Fall of thoſe Angels who are his profeſſed enemies. Beſides the many other beauties in ſuch an epiſode, its running parallel with the great action of the poem hinders it from breaking the unity ſo much as another epiſode would have done, that had not ſo great an affinity with the

principal ſubject. In ſhort, this is the ſame kind of beauty which the criticks admire in the *Spaniſh Friar, or the Double Diſcovery*, where the two different plots look like counter-parts and copies of one another.

The ſecond qualification required in the action of an epick poem, is, that it ſhould be an entire action. An action is entire when it is complete in all its parts; or, as Ariſtotle deſcribes it, when it conſiſts of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Nothing ſhould go before it, be intermixed with it, or follow after it, that is not related to it. As, on the contrary, no ſingle ſtep ſhould be omitted in that juſt and regular proceſs, which it muſt be ſuppoſed to take from its original to its conſummation. Thus we ſee the anger of Achilles in its birth, its continuance, and effects; and Æneas's ſettlement in Italy, carried on through all the oppoſitions in his way to it both by ſea and land. The action in Milton excells (I think) both the former in this particular: We ſee it contrived in Hell, executed upon Earth, and puniſhed by Heaven. The parts of it are told in the moſt diſtinct manner, and grow out of one another in the moſt natural order.

The third qualification of an epick poem is its Greatneſs. The anger of Achilles was of ſuch conſequence, that it embroiled the kings of Greece, deſtroyed the heroes of Aſia, and engaged all the gods in factions. Æneas's ſettlement in Italy produced the Cæſars, and gave birth to the Roman empire. Milton's ſubject was ſtill greater than either of the former; it does not determine the

fate of ſingle perſons or nations, but of a whole ſpecies. The united Powers of Hell are joined together for the deſtruction of mankind, which they effected in part, and would have completed, had not Omnipotence itſelf interpoſed. The principal actors are Man in his greateſt perfection, and Woman in her higheſt beauty. Their enemies are the Fallen Angels; the Meſſiah their friend, and the Almighty their protector. In ſhort, every thing that is great in the whole circle of being, whether within the verge of nature, or out of it, has a proper part aſſigned it in this admirable Poem.

In poetry, as in architecture, not only the whole, but the principal members, and every part of them, ſhould be great. I will not preſume to ſay, that the book of games in the *Æneid*, or that in the *Iliad*, are not of this nature, or to reprehend Virgil's ſimile of the top, and many other of the ſame kind in the *Iliad*, as liable to any cenſure in this particular; but I think we may ſay, without derogating from thoſe wonderful performances, that there is an indiſputable and unqueſtioned magnificence in every part of *Paradiſe Loſt*, and indeed a much greater than could have been formed upon any pagan ſyſtem.

But Ariſtotle, by the greatneſs of the action, does not only mean that it ſhould be great in its nature, but alſo in its duration, or in other words, that it ſhould have a due length in it, as well as what we properly call greatneſs. The juſt meaſure of this kind of magnitude, he explains by the following ſimilitude. An animal, no bigger than a mite, cannot appear perfect to the eye, becauſe the ſight

takes it in at once, and has only a confused idea of the whole, and not a diſtinct idea of all its parts; if, on the contrary, you ſhould ſuppoſe a animal of ten thouſand furlongs in length, the eye would be ſo filled with a ſingle part of it, that it could not give the mind an idea of the whole. What theſe animals are to the eye, a very ſhort or a very long action would be to the memory. The firſt would be, as it were, loſt and ſwallowed up by it, and the other difficult to be contained in it. Homer and Virgil have ſhown their principal art in this particular; the action of the *Iliad*, and that of the *Æneid*, were in themſelves exceeding ſhort, but are ſo beautifully extended and diverſified by the invention of epiſodes, and the machinery of gods, with the like poetical ornaments, that they make up an agreeable ſtory, ſufficient to employ the memory without overcharging it. Milton's action is enriched with ſuch a variety of circumſtances, that I have taken as much pleaſure in reading the contents of his books, as in the beſt invented ſtory I ever met with. It is poſſible that the traditions, on which the *Iliad* and *Æneid* were built, had more circumſtances in them, than the hiſtory of the Fall of Man, as it is related in Scripture. Beſides, it was eaſier for Homer and Virgil to daſh the truth with fiction, as they were in no danger of offending the religion of their country by it. But as for Milton, he had not only a very few circumſtances upon which to raiſe his Poem, but was alſo obliged to proceed with the greateſt caution in every thing that he added out of his own invention. And, indeed, notwithſtanding all the reſtraint he was under,

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he has filled his ſtory with ſo many ſurpriſing incidents, [a] which bear ſo cloſe an analogy with what is delivered in Holy Writ, that it is capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without giving offence to the moſt ſcrupulous.

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TODD.

[b] *which indeed would be more curious than inſtructive;*] The following account of the time, employed in the action of the Poem, is copied from a MS found among Sir Robert Walpole's Papers

is Ariſtotle's method of conſidering, firſt the FABLE, and ſecondly the MANNERS; or, as we generally call them in Engliſh, the FABLE and the CHARACTERS.

Homer has excelled all the heroick poets, that ever wrote, in the multitude and variety of his characters. Every god that is admitted into his poem, acts a part which would have been ſuitable to no other deity. His princes are as much diſtinguiſhed by their manners, as by their dominions; and even thoſe among them, whoſe characters ſeem wholly made up of courage, differ from one another as to the particular kinds of courage in which they excel. In ſhort, there is ſcarce a ſpeech or action in the *Iliad*, which the reader may not aſcribe to the perſon who ſpeaks or acts, without ſeeing his name at the head of it.

Homer does not only outſhine all other poets in the variety, but alſo in the novelty, of his characters. He has introduced among his Grecian princes a perſon who had lived thrice the age of man, and converſed with Theſeus, Hercules, Polyphemus, and the firſt race of heroes. His principal actor is the ſon of a goddeſs; not to mention the offspring of other deities, who have likewiſe a place in his poem, and the venerable Trojan prince, who was the father of ſo many kings and heroes. There is in theſe ſeveral characters of Homer, a certain dignity, as well as novelty, which adapts them in a more peculiar manner to the nature of an heroick poem. Though at the ſame time, to give them a greater variety, he has deſcribed a Vulcan,

that is a buffoon among his gods, and a Therſites among his mortals.

Virgil falls infinitely ſhort of Homer in the characters of his poem, both as to their variety and novelty. Æneas is, indeed, a perfect character; but as for Achates, though he is ſtyled the hero's friend, he does nothing in the whole poem which may deſerve that title. Gyas, Mneſtheus, Sergeſtus, and Cloanthus, are all of them men of the ſame ſtamp and character: "*Fortémque Gyan, fortémque Cloanthum.*"

There are indeed ſeveral natural incidents in the Part of Aſcanius; and that of Dido cannot be ſufficienty admired. I do not ſee any thing new or particular in Turnus. Pallas and Evander are remote copies of Hector and Priam, as Lauſus and Mezentius are almoſt parallels to Pallas and Evander. The characters of Niſus and Euryalus are beautiful, but common. We muſt not forget the parts of Sinon, Camilla, and ſome few others, which are fine improvements on the Greek poet. In ſhort, there is neither that variety, nor novelty, in the perſons of the *Æneid*, which we meet with in thoſe of the *Iliad*.

If we look into the CHARACTERS of Milton, we ſhall find that he has introduced all the variety his fable was capable of receiving. The whole ſpecies of mankind was in two perſons at the time, to which the ſubject of his Poem is confined. We have, however, four diſtinct characters in theſe two perſons. We ſee Man and Woman in the higheſt innocence and perfection, and in the moſt abject ſtate of guilt and infirmity. The two laſt characters

are, indeed, very common and obvious; but the two firſt are not only more magnificent, but more new, than any characters either in Virgil or Homer, or indeed in the whole circle of nature.

Milton was ſo ſenſible of this defect in the ſubject of his Poem, and of the few characters it would afford him, that he has brought into it two actors of a ſhadowy and fictitious nature, in the perſons of Sin and Death; by which means he has wrought into the body of his fable, a very beautiful and well-invented allegory. But, notwithſtanding the fineneſs of this allegory may atone for it in ſome meaſure, I cannot think that perſons of ſuch a chimerical exiſtence are proper actors in an epick poem; becauſe there is not that meaſure of probability annexed to them, which is requiſite in writings of this kind, as I ſhall ſhow more at large hereafter.

Virgil has, indeed, admitted Fame as an actreſs in the *Æneid*; but the part ſhe acts is very ſhort, and none of the moſt admired circumſtances in that divine work. We find in mock-heroick poems, particularly in the *Diſpenſary* and the *Lutrin*, ſeveral allegorical perſons of this nature; which are very beautiful in thoſe compoſitions, and may perhaps be uſed as an argument, that the authors of them were of opinion, ſuch characters might have a place in an epick work. For my own part, I ſhould be glad the reader would think ſo, for the ſake of the Poem I am now examining; and muſt further add, that, if ſuch empty unſubſtantial beings may be ever made uſe of on this occaſion, never were any more nicely imagined, and employed in

more proper actions, than thoſe of which I am now ſpeaking.

Another principal actor in this Poem is the great Enemy of mankind. The part of Ulyſſes in Homer's *Odyſſey* is very much admired by Ariſtotle, as perplexing that fable with very agreeable plots and intricacies; not only by the many adventures in his voyage, and the ſubtilty of his behaviour, but by the various concealments and diſcoveries of his perſon, in ſeveral parts of that poem. But the crafty being, I have now mentioned, makes a much longer voyage than Ulyſſes; puts in practice many more wiles and ſtratagems, and hides himſelf under a greater variety of ſhapes and appearances; all of which are ſeverally detected, to the great delight and ſurpriſe of the reader.

We may likewiſe obſerve with how much art the poet has varied ſeveral characters of the perſons, that ſpeak in his infernal aſſembly. On the contrary, how has he repreſented the whole Godhead exerting itſelf towards Man in its full benevolence under the three-fold diſtinction of a Creator, a Redeemer, and a Comforter!

Nor muſt we omit the perſon of Raphael, who, amidſt his tenderneſs and friendſhip for Man, ſhows ſuch a dignity and condeſcenſion in all his ſpeech and behaviour, as are ſuitable to a ſuperiour nature. The Angels are, indeed, as much diverſified in Milton, and diſtinguiſhed by their proper parts, as the gods are in Homer or Virgil. The reader will find nothing aſcribed to Uriel, Gabriel, Michael, or Raphael, which is not in a particular manner ſuitable to their reſpective characters.

There is another circumſtance in the principal actors of the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, which gives a peculiar beauty to thoſe two poems, and was therefore contrived with very great judgement. I mean the authors' having choſen, for their heroes, perſons who were ſo nearly related to the people for whom they wrote. Achilles was a Greek, and Æneas the remote founder of Rome. By this means their countrymen (whom they principally propoſed to themſelves for their readers) were particularly attentive to all the parts of their ſtory, and ſympathized with their heroes in all their adventures. A Roman could not but rejoice in the eſcapes, ſucceſſes, and victories of Æneas, and be grieved at any defeats, misfortunes, or diſappointments that befel him; as a Greek muſt have had the ſame regard for Achilles. And it is plain, that each of thoſe poems have loſt this great advantage, among thoſe readers to whom their heroes are as ſtrangers, or indifferent perſons.

Milton's Poem is admirable in this reſpect, ſince [c] it is impoſſible for any of its readers, what-

[c] *ſince it is impoſſible for any of its readers*, &c.] Yet a very ingenious writer has obſerved, that the great defect in this Poem is "*a want of intereſt in the fable*; every character, except two, being ſupernatural; and we can never be greatly intereſted in the diſtreſs, or proſperity, of a perſon, into whoſe ſituation it is impoſſible for us to put ourſelves." The ſame critick, after noticing the miſtake which Addiſon here appears to have made as to the effect of national fable, (which ſeems to be rather the ſoothing the vanity of the reader, than the encreaſe of his intereſt in the action,) adds, "one ſhould hardly have ſuppoſed that Addiſon could have been ignorant of the obvious truth, that *every affection is exactly weakened in proportion to its becoming general*." Pye's Commentary on the Poetick of Ariſtotle, Chap. VI. Note iii. pp. 162, 163. TODD.

ever nation, country, or people he may belong to, not to be related to the perſons who are the principal actors in it; but, what is ſtill infinitely more to its advantage, the principal actors in this Poem are not only our progenitors, but our repreſentatives. We have an actual intereſt in every thing they do; and no leſs than our utmoſt happineſs is concerned, and lies at ſtake, in all their behaviour.

I ſhall ſubjoin as a corollary to the foregoing remark, an admirable obſervation out of Ariſtotle, which has been very much miſrepreſented in the quotations of ſome modern criticks. "If a man of perfect and conſummate virtue falls into a misfortune, it raiſes our pity, but not our terrour, becauſe we do not fear that it may be our own caſe, who do not reſemble the ſuffering perſon." But, as that great philoſopher adds, "if we ſee a man of virtue mixed with infirmities fall into any misfortune, it does not only raiſe our pity but our terrour; becauſe we are afraid that the like misfortunes may happen to ourſelves, who reſemble the character of the ſuffering perſon."

I ſhall take another opportunity to obſerve, that a perſon of an abſolute and conſummate virtue ſhould never be introduced in tragedy, and ſhall only remark in this place, that the foregoing obſervation of Ariſtotle, though it may be true in other occaſions, does not hold in this; becauſe in the preſent caſe, though the perſons who fall into misfortune are of the moſt perfect and conſummate virtue, it is not to be conſidered as what may poſſibly be, but what actually is, our own caſe; ſince we are embarked with them on the ſame

bottom, and muſt be partakers of their happineſs or miſery.

In this, and ſome other very few inſtances, Ariſtotle's rules for epick poetry (which he had drawn from his reflections upon Homer) cannot be ſuppoſed to ſquare exactly with the heroick poems which have been made ſince his time; ſince it is evident to every impartial judge, his rules would ſtill have been more perfect, could he have peruſed the *Æneid*, which was made ſome hundred years after his death.

I ſhall go through other parts of Milton's Poem; and hope that what I ſhall advance, as well as what I have already written, will not only ſerve as a comment upon Milton, but upon Ariſtotle.

We have already taken a general ſurvey of the FABLE and CHARACTERS in the *Paradiſe Loſt*. The parts which remain to be conſidered, according to Ariſtotle's method, are the SENTIMENTS and the LANGUAGE. Before I enter upon the firſt of theſe, I muſt advertiſe my reader, that it is my deſign, as ſoon as I have finiſhed my general reflections on *theſe four ſeveral heads*, to give particular inſtances out of the Poem, now before us, of beauties and imperfections which may be obſerved under each of them; as alſo of ſuch other particulars, as may not properly fall under any of them. This I thought fit to premiſe, that the reader may not judge too haſtily of this piece of criticiſm, or look upon it as imperfect, before he has ſeen the whole extent of it.

The ſentiments in an epick poem are the thoughts, and behaviour, which the author aſcribes to the

perſons whom he introduces; and are *juſt* when they are conformable to the characters of the ſeveral perſons. The ſentiments have likewiſe a relation to *things* as well as *perſons;* and are then perfect, when they are ſuch as are adapted to the ſubject. If in either of theſe caſes the poet endeavours to argue or explain, to magnify or diminiſh, to raiſe love or hatred, pity or terrour, or any other paſſion, we ought to conſider whether the ſentiments he makes uſe of are proper for thoſe ends. Homer is cenſured by the criticks for his defect as to this particular in ſeveral parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyſſey;* though at the ſame time thoſe, who have treated this great poet with candour, have attributed this defect to the times in which he lived. It was the fault of the age, and not of Homer, if there wants that delicacy in ſome of his ſentiments, which now appears in the works of men of a much inferiour genius. Beſides, if there are blemiſhes in any particular thoughts, there is an infinite beauty in the greateſt part of them. In ſhort, if there are many poets who would not have fallen into the meanneſs of ſome of his ſentiments, there are none who could have riſen up to the greatneſs of others. Virgil has excelled all others in the propriety of his ſentiments. Milton ſhines likewiſe very much in this particular: nor muſt we omit one conſideration which adds to his honour and reputation. Homer and Virgil introduced perſons whoſe characters are commonly known among men, and ſuch as are to be met with either in hiſtory, or in ordinary converſation. Milton's characters, moſt of them, lie out of nature; and were to be formed purely by

his own invention. It ſhows a greater genius in Shakſpeare to have drawn his Caliban, than his Hotſpur, or Julius Cæſar: the one was to be ſupplied out of his own imagination, whereas the other might have been formed upon tradition, hiſtory, and obſervation. It was much eaſier therefore for Homer to find proper ſentiments for an aſſembly of Grecian generals, than for Milton to diverſify his infernal council with proper characters, and inſpire them with a variety of ſentiments. The loves of Dido and Æneas are only copies of what has paſſed between other perſons. Adam and Eve, before the Fall, are a different ſpecies from that of mankind, who are deſcended from them; and none but a poet of the moſt unbounded invention, and the moſt exquiſite judgement, could have filled their converſation and behaviour with ſo many apt circumſtances during their ſtate of innocence.

Nor is it ſufficient for an epick poem to be filled with ſuch thoughts as are *natural*, unleſs it abound alſo with ſuch as are *ſublime*. Virgil, in this particular, falls ſhort of Homer. He has not indeed ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, but, at the ſame time, has not ſo many thoughts that are ſublime and noble. The truth of it is, Virgil ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments, where he is not fired by the *Iliad*. He every where charms and pleaſes us by the force of his own genius; but ſeldom elevates and tranſports us where he does not fetch his hints from Homer.

Milton's chief talent, and indeed his diſtinguiſhing excellence, lies in the ſublimity of his thoughts.

There are others of the moderns who rival him in every other part of poetry; but, in the greatneſs of his ſentiments, he triumphs over all the poets both modern and ancient, Homer only excepted. It is impoſſible for the imagination of man to diſtend itſelf with greater ideas, than thoſe which he has laid together in his firſt, ſecond, and ſixth books. The ſeventh, which deſcribes the creation of the world, is likewiſe wonderfully ſublime, though not ſo apt to ſtir up emotion in the mind of the reader, nor conſequently ſo perfect in the epick way of writing, becauſe it is filled with leſs action. Let the judicious reader compare what Longinus has obſerved on ſeveral paſſages in Homer, and he will find parallels for moſt of them in the *Paradiſe Loſt*.

From what has been ſaid we may infer, that as there are two kinds of ſentiments, the natural and the ſublime, which are always to be purſued in an heroick poem, there are alſo two kinds of thoughts which are carefully to be avoided. The firſt are ſuch as are affected and unnatural; the ſecond, ſuch as are mean and vulgar. As for the firſt kind of thoughts, we meet with little or nothing that is like them in Virgil. He has none of thoſe trifling points and puerilities that are ſo often to be met with in Ovid; none of the epigrammatick turns of Lucan; none of thoſe ſwelling ſentiments, which are ſo frequent in Statius and Claudian; none of thoſe mixed embelliſhments of Taſſo. Every thing is juſt and natural. His ſentiments ſhow that he had a perfect inſight into human nature, and that he knew every thing which was the moſt proper to affect it.

Mr. Dryden has in ſome places, which I may hereafter take notice of, miſrepreſented Virgil's way of thinking as to this particular, in the tranſlation he has given us of the *Æneid*. I do not remember that Homer any where falls into the faults abovementioned, which were indeed the falſe refinements of later ages. Milton, it muſt be confeſſed, has ſometimes erred in this reſpect, as I ſhall ſhow more at large hereafter; though, conſidering how all the poets of the age in which he wrote were infected with this wrong way of thinking, he is rather to be admired that he did not give more into it, than that he did ſometimes comply with the vicious taſte which ſtill prevails ſo much among modern writers.

But, ſince ſeveral thoughts may be natural which are low and groveling, an epick poet ſhould not only avoid ſuch ſentiments as are unnatural or affected, but alſo ſuch as are mean and vulgar. Homer has opened a great field of raillery, to men of more delicacy than greatneſs of genius, by the homelineſs of ſome of his ſentiments. But, as I have before ſaid, theſe are rather to be imputed to the ſimplicity of the age in which he lived; to which I may alſo add, of that which he deſcribed; than to any imperfection in that divine poet. Zoilus, among the ancients, and Monſiur Perrault, among the moderns, puſhed their ridicule very far upon him, on account of ſome ſuch ſentiments. There is no blemiſh to be obſerved in Virgil under this head, and but very few in Milton.

I ſhall give but one inſtance of this impropriety of thought in Homer, and at the ſame time compare

it with an inſtance of the ſame nature, both in Virgil and Milton. Sentiments, which raiſe laughter, can very ſeldom be admitted with any decency into an heroick poem, whoſe buſineſs is to excite paſſions of a much nobler nature. Homer, however, in his characters of Vulcan and Therſites, in his ſtory of Mars and Venus, in his behaviour of Irus, and in other paſſages, has been obſerved to have lapſed into the burleſque character, and to have departed from that ſerious air which ſeems eſſential to the magnificence of an epick poem. I remember but one laugh in the whole *Æneid*, which riſes in the fifth book, upon Monœtes, where he is repreſented as thrown overboard, and drying himſelf upon a rock. But this piece of mirth is ſo well timed, that the ſevereſt critick can have nothing to ſay againſt it; for it is in the book of games and diverſions, where the reader's mind may be ſuppoſed to be ſufficiently relaxed for ſuch an entertainment. The only piece of pleaſantry in *Paradiſe Loſt*, is where the evil Spirits are deſcribed as rallying the Angels upon the ſucceſs of their new invented artillery. This paſſage I look upon to be the moſt exceptionable in the whole Poem, as being nothing elſe but a ſtring of puns, and thoſe too very indifferent ones.

——— " Satan beheld their plight,
" And to his mates thus in deriſion call'd.
" O friends, why come not on theſe victors proud?
" Ere while they fierce were coming; and when we,
" To entertain them fair with *open front*
" And breaſt, (what could we more?) propounded terms
" *Of compoſition*, ſtraight they chang'd their minds,
" *Flew* off, and into ſtrange vagaries fell,

" As they would dance; yet for a dance they ſeem'd
" Somewhat extravagant and wild; perhaps
" For joy of offer'd peace: but I ſuppoſe
" If our propoſals once again were *heard*,
" We ſhould compel them to a quick *reſult*.
" To whom thus Belial, in like gameſome mood.
" Leader, the terms we ſent, were terms of *weight*,
" Of *hard contents*, and full of force urg'd home;
" Such as we might perceive amus'd them all,
" And *ſtumbled* many: Who receives them right,
" Had need from head to foot well *underſtand*;
" Not *underſtood*, this gift they have beſides,
" They ſhow us when our foes *walk not upright*.
" So they among themſelves in pleaſant vein
" Stood ſcoffing. —" B. vi. 607, &c.

Having already treated of the FABLE, the CHARACTERS, and SENTIMENTS, in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, we are in the laſt place to conſider the LANGUAGE; and, as the learned world is very much divided upon Milton as to this point, I hope they will excuſe me if I appear particular in any of my opinions, and incline to thoſe who judge the moſt advantageouſly of the author.

It is requiſite that the language of an heroick poem ſhould be both perſpicuous and ſublime. In proportion as either of theſe two qualities are wanting, the language is imperfect. Perſpicuity is the firſt and moſt neceſſary qualification; inſomuch that a good-natured reader ſometimes overlooks a little ſlip even in the grammar or ſyntax, where it is impoſſible for him to miſtake the poet's ſenſe. [d] Of this kind is that paſſage in Milton, wherein he ſpeaks of Satan:

[d] *Of this kind* &c.] See however both paſſages defended, in the Notes on B. ii. 678, B. iv. 323. TODD.

——" God and his Son except,
" Created thing nought valu'd he nor ſhunn'd."

And that in which he deſcribes Adam and Eve:

" Adam the goodlieſt man of men ſince born
" His ſons, the faireſt of her daughters Eve."

It is plain, that, in the former of theſe paſſages, according to the natural ſyntax, the Divine Perſons mentioned in the firſt line are repreſented as created Beings; and that, in the other, Adam and Eve are confounded with their ſons and daughters. Such little blemiſhes as theſe, when the thought is great and natural, we ſhould, with Horace, impute to a pardonable inadvertency, or to the weakneſs of human nature, which cannot attend to each minute particular, and give the laſt finiſhing to every circumſtance in ſo long a work. The ancient criticks therefore, who were acted by a ſpirit of candour, rather than that of cavilling, invented certain figures of ſpeech, on purpoſe to palliate little errours of this nature in the writings of thoſe authors who had ſo may greater beauties to atone for them.

If clearneſs and perſpicuity were only to be conſulted, the poet would have nothing elſe to do but to clothe his thoughts in the moſt plain and natural expreſſions. But ſince it often happens that the moſt obvious phraſes, and thoſe which are uſed in ordinary converſation, become too familiar to the ear, and contract a kind of meanneſs by paſſing through the mouths of the vulgar; a poet ſhould take particular care to guard himſelf againſt idiomatick ways of ſpeaking. Ovid and Lucan have many poorneſſes of expreſſion upon this account,

as taking up with the firſt phraſes that offered, without putting themſelves to the trouble of looking after ſuch as would not only have been natural, but alſo elevated and ſublime. Milton has but few failings in this kind, of which, however, you may meet with ſome inſtances, as in the following paſſages:

" Embryos, and idiots, eremites, and friars
" *White, black*, and *gray*, with all their *trumpery*,
" Here pilgrims roam —" B. iii. 474.

—— " Awhile diſcourſe they hold;
" *No fear leſt dinner cool;* when thus began
" Our author —" B. v. 395.

" Who of all ages to ſucceed, but, feeling
" The evil on him brought by me, will curſe
" My head? Ill fare our anceſtor impure,
" *For this we may thank Adam.*" B. x. 733.

The great maſters in compoſition know very well that many an elegant phraſe becomes improper for a poet or an orator, when it has been debaſed by common uſe. For this reaſon the works of ancient authors, which are written in dead languages, have a great advantage over thoſe which are written in languages that are now ſpoken. Were there any mean phraſes or idioms in Virgil and Homer, they would not ſhock the ear of the moſt delicate modern reader, ſo much as they would have done that of an old Greek or Roman, becauſe we never hear them pronounced in our ſtreets, or in ordinary converſation.

It is not therefore ſufficient, that the language of an epick poem be perſpicuous, unleſs it be alſo

ſublime. To this end it ought to deviate from the common forms and ordinary phraſes of ſpeech. The judgement of a poet very much diſcovers itſelf in ſhunning the common roads of expreſſion, without falling into ſuch ways of ſpeech as may ſeem ſtiff and unnatural; he muſt not ſwell into a falſe ſublime, by endeavouring to avoid the other extreme. Among the Greeks, Æſchylus, and ſometimes Sophocles, were guilty of this fault; among the Latins, Claudian and Statius; and, among our own countrymen, Shakſpeare and Lee. In theſe authors the affectation of greatneſs often hurts the perſpicuity of the ſtyle, as in many others the endeavour after perſpicuity prejudices its greatneſs.

Ariſtotle has obſerved, that the idiomatick ſtyle may be avoided, and the ſublime formed, by the following methods. Firſt, by the uſe of metaphors; ſuch are thoſe of Milton:

" *Imparadiſed* in one another's arms." B. iv. 506.

—— " And in his hand a reed

" Stood waving *tipt* with fire." B. vi. 580.

" The graſſy clods now *calv'd*." B. vii. 463.

" *Spangled* with eyes." B. xi. 130.

In theſe and innumerable other inſtances, the metaphors are very bold but juſt; I muſt however obſerve that the metaphors are not ſo thick ſown in Milton, which always favours too much of wit; that they never claſh with one another, which, as Ariſtotle obſerves, turns a ſentence into a kind of an enigma or riddle; and that he ſeldom has recourſe to them where the proper and natural words will do as well.

Another way of raiſing the language, and giving it a poetical turn, is to make uſe of the idioms of other tongues. Virgil is full of the Greek forms of ſpeech, which the criticks call Helleniſms, as Horace in his Odes abounds with them much more than Virgil. I need not mention the ſeveral dialects which Homer has made uſe of for this end. Milton, in conformity with the practice of the ancient poets, and with Ariſtotle's rule, has infuſed a great many Latiniſms, as well as Greciſms, and ſometimes Hebraiſms, into the language of his Poem; as towards the beginning of it.

" *Nor* did they *not* perceive the evil plight
" In which they were, or the fierce pains *not feel.*"
" [c] Yet *to* their general's voice they ſoon *obey'd* —"
——" Who ſhall tempt with wandering feet
" The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
" And through the *palpable obſcure* find out
" His uncouth way, or ſpread his aery flight
" Upborn with indefatigable wings
" Over the *vaſt abrupt?*"
——" So both aſcend
" *In the viſions of God* —"

Under this head may be reckoned the placing the adjective after the ſubſtantive, the tranſpoſition of words, the turning the adjective into a ſubſtantive, with ſeveral other foreign modes of ſpeech which this poet has naturalized to give his verſe the greater ſound, and throw it out of proſe.

[c] *Yet* to *their general's voice they ſoon* obey'd —] This form perhaps originated with Chaucer. See the Note on B. i. 337. It is alſo adopted in our tranſlation of the New Teſtament, *Acts* vii. 39. " *To* whom our fathers would not *obey.*" The phraſe is frequent in Spenſer. Todd.

The third method, mentioned by Ariſtotle, is what agrees with the genius of the Greek language more than with that of any other tongue, and is therefore more uſed by Homer than by any other poet. I mean the lengthening of a phraſe by the addition of words, which may either be inſerted or omitted, as alſo by the extending or contracting of particular words by the inſertion or omiſſion of certain ſyllables. Milton has put in practice this method of raiſing his language, as far as the nature of our tongue will permit; as, in the paſſage before mentioned, *eremite*, for what is *hermit*, in common diſcourſe. If you obſerve the meaſure of his verſe, he has with great judgement ſuppreſſed a ſyllable in ſeveral words, and ſhortened thoſe of two ſyllables into one; by which method, beſides the above mentioned advantage, he has given a greater variety to his numbers. But this practice is more particularly remarkable in the names of perſons and of countries, as *Beëlzebub*, *Heſſebon*, and in many other particulars, wherein he has either changed the name, or made uſe of that which is not the moſt commonly known, that he might the better depart from the language of the vulgar.

The ſame reaſon recommended to him ſeveral old words; which alſo makes his Poem appear the more venerable, and gives it a greater air of antiquity.

I muſt likewiſe take notice, that there are in Milton ſeveral words of his own coining[f], as *Cer-*

[f] *of his own coining*, &c.] This is not exactly the caſe, in the words here cited. See the Notes on B. ii. 683, 900. *Eremite*

berean, miſcreated, hell-doomed, embryon, and many others. If the reader is offended at this liberty in our Engliſh poet, I would recommend him to a diſcourſe in Plutarch, which ſhows us how frequently Homer has made uſe of the ſame liberty.

Milton, by the above-mentioned helps, and by the choice of the nobleſt words and phraſes which our tongue would afford him, has carried our language to a greater height than any of the Engliſh poets have ever done before or after him; and made the ſublimity of his ſtyle equal to that of his ſentiments.

I have been the more particular in theſe obſervations on Milton's ſtyle, becauſe it is in that part of him in which he appears the moſt ſingular. The remarks I have here made upon the practice of other poets, with my obſervations out of Ariſtotle, will perhaps alleviate the prejudice which ſome have taken to his Poem upon this account; though, after all, I muſt confeſs that I think his ſtyle, though admirable in general, is in ſome places too much ſtiffened and obſcured by the frequent uſe of thoſe methods, which Ariſtotle has preſcribed for the raiſing of it.

This redundancy of thoſe ſeveral ways of ſpeech, which Ariſtotle calls "foreign language," and with which Milton has ſo very much enriched, and in ſome places darkened, the language of his Poem, was the more proper for his uſe, becauſe his Poem is written in blank verſe. Rhyme, without any

alſo, noticed by Addiſon in the preceding page, was common in Milton's time. See the Note on *Par. Reg.* B. i. 8. Todd.

other aſſiſtance, throws the language off from proſe, and very often makes an indifferent phraſe paſs unregarded; but where the verſe is not built upon rhymes, there pomp of ſound, and energy of expreſſion, are indiſpenſably neceſſary to ſupport the ſtyle, and keep it from falling into the flatneſs of proſe.

Thoſe, who have not a taſte for this elevation of ſtyle, and are apt to ridicule a poet when he departs from the common forms of expreſſion, would do well to ſee how Ariſtotle has treated an ancient author called Euclid, for his inſipid mirth upon this occaſion. Mr. Dryden uſed to call this ſort of men his proſe-criticks.

I ſhould, under this head of the language, conſider Milton's NUMBERS, in which he has made uſe of ſeveral eliſions that are not cuſtomary among other Engliſh poets, as may be particularly obſerved [z] by his cutting off the letter *y*, when it precedes a vowel. This, and ſome other innovations in the meaſure of his verſe, have varied his numbers in ſuch a manner, as makes them incapable of ſatiating the ear, and cloying the reader, which the ſame uniform meaſure would certainly have done, and which the perpetual returns of rhyme never fail to do in long narrative poems. I ſhall cloſe theſe reflections upon the language of *Paradiſe Loſt*, with obſerving that Milton has copied after Homer

z *by his cutting off the letter* y, &c.] Theſe eliſions exiſted long before Milton wrote. See the *Eſſay on the Verſification.*

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rather than [h] Virgil in the length of his periods, the copiouſneſs of his phraſes, and the running of his verſes into one another.

I have now conſidered the *Paradiſe Loſt* under thoſe four great heads of the FABLE, the CHARACTERS, the SENTIMENTS, and the LANGUAGE; and have ſhown that he excels, in general, under each of theſe heads. I hope that I have made ſeveral diſcoveries which may appear new, even to thoſe who are verſed in critical learning. Were I indeed to chooſe my readers, by whoſe judgement I would ſtand or fall, they ſhould not be ſuch as are acquainted only with the French and Italian criticks, but alſo with the ancient and modern who have written in either of the learned languages. Above all, I would have them well verſed in the Greek and Latin poets, without which a man very often fancies that he underſtands a critick, when in reality he does not comprehend his meaning.

It is in criticiſm, as in all other ſciences and ſpeculations; one who brings with him any implicit notions and obſervations, which he has made in his reading of the poets, will find his own reflections methodiſed and explained, and perhaps ſeveral

[h] *has copied after Homer rather than Virgil* &c] It is obſerved by Lord Monboddo alſo, that Homer was Milton's model for the plan and conduct of his Poem, and for the deſcriptions, ſimilies, and other ornaments of ſtyle: "And I will venture to ſay," continues this profound critick, "there is much more of Homer in his ſtyle than even in Virgil's, though Virgil has very often imitated cloſely and even tranſlated Homer.—Demoſthenes was Milton's model for the ſpeeches; and it is not eaſy to ſay which of their manners he has beſt copied." TODD.

little hints, that had paſſed in his mind, perfected and improved, in the works of a good critick; whereas one, who has not theſe previous lights, is very often an utter ſtranger to what he reads, and apt to put a wrong interpretation upon it.

Nor is it ſufficient, that a man who ſets up for a judge in criticiſm, ſhould have peruſed the authors above mentioned, unleſs he has alſo a clear and logical head. Without this talent, he is perpetually puzzled and perplexed amidſt his own blunders, miſtakes the ſenſe of thoſe he would confute, or, if he chances to think right, he does not know how to convey his thoughts to another with clearneſs and perſpicuity. Ariſtotle, who was the beſt critick, was alſo one of the beſt logicians, that ever appeared in the world.

Mr. Locke's *Eſſay on Human Underſtanding* would be thought a very odd book for a man to make himſelf maſter of, who would get a reputation by critical writings; though at the ſame time it is very certain that an author, who has not learned the art of diſtinguiſhing between words and things, and of ranging his thoughts and ſetting them in proper lights, whatever notions he may have, will loſe himſelf in confuſion and obſcurity. I might further obſerve that there is not a Greek or Latin critick, who has not ſhown, even in the ſtyle of his criticiſms, that he was a maſter of all the elegance and delicacy of his native tongue.

The truth of it is, there is nothing more abſurd, than for a man to ſet up for a critick, without a good inſight into all the parts of learning; whereas many of thoſe, who have endeavoured to ſignalize

themſelves, by works of this nature, among our Engliſh writers, are not only defective in the abovementioned particulars, but plainly diſcover, by the phraſes which they make uſe of, and by their confuſed way of thinking, that they are not acquainted with the moſt common and ordinary ſyſtems of arts and ſciences. A few general rules, extracted out of the French authors, with a certain cant of words, have ſometimes ſet up an illiterate heavy writer for a moſt judicious and formidable critick.

One great mark, by which you may diſcover a critick who has neither taſte nor learning, is this, that he ſeldom ventures to praiſe any paſſage in an author which has not been before received and applauded by the publick, and that his criticiſm turns wholly upon little faults and errours. This part of a critick is ſo very eaſy to ſucceed in, that we find every ordinary reader, upon the publiſhing of a new poem, has wit and ill-nature enough to turn ſeveral paſſages of it into ridicule, and very often in the right place. This, Mr. Dryden has very agreeably remarked in thoſe two celebrated lines;

> " Errours, like ſtraws, upon the ſurface flow;
> " He, who would ſearch for pearls, muſt dive below."

A true critick ought to dwell rather upon excellencies than imperfections, to diſcover the concealed beauties of a writer, and communicate to the world ſuch things as are worth their obſervation. The moſt exquiſite words, and fineſt ſtrokes, of an author are thoſe, which very often appear the moſt doubtful and exceptionable to a

man who wants a reliſh for polite learning; and they are theſe, which a ſour undiſtinguiſhing critick generally attacks with the greateſt violence. Tully obſerves, that it is very eaſy to brand or fix a mark upon what he calls *verbum ardens*, or, as it may be rendered into Engliſh, "a glowing bold expreſſion," and to turn it into ridicule by a cold ill-natured criticiſm. A little wit is equally capable of expoſing a beauty, and of aggravating a fault; and, though ſuch a treatment of an author naturally produces indignation in the mind of an underſtanding reader, it has however its effect among the generality of thoſe whoſe hands it falls into; the rabble of mankind being very apt to think, that every thing which is laughed at, with any mixture of wit, is ridiculous in itſelf.

Such a mirth as this is always unſeaſonable in a critick, as it rather prejudices the reader than convinces him; and is capable of making a beauty, as well as a blemiſh, the ſubject of deriſion. A man, who cannot write with wit on a proper ſubject, is dull and ſtupid; but one, who ſhows it in an improper place, is as impertinent and abſurd. Beſides, a man, who has the gift of ridicule, is apt to find fault with any thing that gives him an opportunity of exerting his beloved talent; and very often cenſures a paſſage, not becauſe there is any fault in it, but becauſe he can be merry upon it. Such kinds of pleaſantry are very unfair and diſingenuous in works of criticiſm, in which the greateſt maſters, both ancient and modern, have always appeared with a ſerious and inſtructive air.

As I intend to ſhow the defects in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, I thought fit to premiſe theſe few particulars, to the end that the reader may know I enter upon it, as on a very ungrateful work; and that I ſhall juſt point at the imperfections, without endeavouring to inflame them with ridicule. I muſt alſo obſerve with Longinus, that the productions of a great genius, with many lapſes and inadvertencies, are infinitely preferable to the works of an inferiour kind of author, which are ſcrupulouſly exact, and conformable to all the rules of correct writing.

I ſhall add, to this obſervation, a ſtory out of Boccalini, which ſufficiently ſhows us the opinion that judicious author entertained of the ſort of criticks I have been here mentioning. "A famous critick," ſays he, "having gathered together all the faults of an eminent poet, made a preſent of them to Apollo, who received them very graciouſly, and reſolved to make the author a ſuitable return for the trouble he had been at in collecting them. In order to this, he ſet before him a ſack of wheat, as it had been juſt threſhed out of the ſheaf. He then bid him pick out the chaff from among the corn, and lay it aſide by itſelf. The critick applied himſelf to the taſk with great induſtry and pleaſure, and, after having made the due ſeparation, was preſented by Apollo with the chaff for his pains."

I ſhall now remark the ſeveral defects which appear in the FABLE, the CHARACTERS, the SENTIMENTS, and the LANGUAGE, of *Paradiſe Loſt*; not doubting but the reader will pardon me, if I allege

at the ſame time whatever may be ſaid for the extenuation of ſuch defects.

The firſt imperfection which I ſhall obſerve in the fable is, that the event of it is unhappy.

The fable of every poem is, according to Ariſtotle's diviſion, either *ſimple* or *implex*. It is called *ſimple*, when there is no change of fortune in it; *implex*, when the fortune of the chief actor changes from bad to good, or from good to bad. The implex fable is thought the moſt perfect; I ſuppoſe, becauſe it is more proper to ſtir up the paſſions of the reader, and to ſurpriſe him with a greater variety of accidents.

The implex fable is therefore of two kinds; in the firſt, the chief actor makes his way through a long ſeries of dangers and difficulties, until he arrives at honour and proſperity, as we ſee in the ſtories of Ulyſſes and Æneas. In the ſecond, the chief actor in the poem falls, from ſome eminent pitch of honour and proſperity, into miſery and diſgrace. Thus we ſee Adam and Eve ſinking, from a ſtate of innocence and happineſs, into the moſt abject condition of ſin and ſorrow.

The moſt taking tragedies among the ancients, were built on this laſt ſort of implex fable; particularly the tragedy of Oedipus, which proceeds upon a ſtory, if we may believe Ariſtotle, the moſt proper for tragedy that could be invented by the wit of man. I have already taken ſome pains to ſhow, that this kind of implex fable, wherein the event is unhappy, is more apt to affect an audience than that of the firſt kind; notwithſtanding many

excellent pieces among the ancients, as well as moſt of thoſe which have been written of late years in our country, are raiſed upon contrary plans. I muſt however own, that I think this kind of fable, which is the moſt perfect in tragedy, is not ſo proper for an heroick poem.

Milton ſeems to have been ſenſible of this imperfection in his fable, and has therefore endeavoured to cure it by ſeveral expedients; particularly by the mortification which the great Adverſary of mankind meets with upon his return to the aſſembly of infernal Spirits, as it is deſcribed in a beautiful paſſage of the tenth book; and likewiſe by the viſion wherein Adam, at the cloſe of the Poem, ſees his offspring triumphing over his great enemy, and himſelf reſtored to a happier Paradiſe than that from which he fell.

There is another objection againſt Milton's fable, which is indeed almoſt the ſame with the former, though placed in a different light, namely,—That the Hero in the *Paradiſe Loſt* is unſucceſsful, and by no means a match for his enemies. This gave occaſion to Mr. Dryden's reflection, that the devil was in reality Milton's hero. I think I have already obviated this objection. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is an epick, or a narrative, poem; and he, that looks for an hero in it, ſearches for that which Milton never intended, but if he will needs fix the name of an hero upon any perſon in it, it is certainly the MESSIAH who is the hero, both in the principal action, and in the chief epiſodes. Paganiſm could not furniſh out a real action for a fable greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*; and

therefore an heathen could not form an higher notion of a poem than one of that kind, which they call an heroick. Whether Milton's is not of a ſublimer nature I will not preſume to determine: it is ſufficient that I ſhow there is in the *Paradiſe Loſt* all the greatneſs of plan, regularity of deſign, and maſterly beauties, which we diſcover in Homer and Virgil.

I muſt in the next place obſerve, that Milton has interwoven, in the texture of his fable, ſome particulars which do not ſeem to have probability enough for an epick poem; particularly in the actions which he aſcribes to *Sin* and *Death*, and the picture which he draws of the [1] *Limbo of Vanity*, with other paſſages in the ſecond book. Such allegories rather favour of the ſpirit of Spenſer and Arioſto, than of Homer and Virgil.

In the ſtructure of his Poem he has likewiſe admitted too many digreſſions. It is finely obſerved by Ariſtotle, that the author of an heroick poem ſhould ſeldom ſpeak himſelf, but throw as much of his work as he can into the mouths of thoſe who are his principal actors. Ariſtotle has given no reaſon for this precept: but I preſume it is becauſe the mind of the reader is more awed, and elevated, when he hears Æneas or Achilles

[1] *the Limbo of Vanity*,] Milton's temper perhaps occaſioned him to introduce this humourous, but improper, deſcription in his epick poem. Aubrey, in his manuſcript Life of Milton, ſays that he was *ſatirical*. So was Dante. Mr. Richardſon thinks *the Paradiſe of Fools* is finely imagined; but Dr. Newton ſeems to conſider it more worthy the fanciful genius of the Italians.

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ſpeak, than when Virgil or Homer talk in their own perſons. Beſides that aſſuming the character of an eminent man, is apt to fire the imagination, and raiſe the ideas of the author. Tully tells us, mentioning his dialogue of old age, in which Cato is the chief ſpeaker, that upon a review of it he was agreeably impoſed upon, and fancied that it was Cato, and not he himſelf, who uttered his thoughts on that ſubject.

If the reader would be at the pains to ſee how the ſtory of the *Iliad* and the *Æneid* is delivered by thoſe perſons who act in it, he will be ſurpriſed to find how little, in either of theſe poems, proceeds from the authors. Milton has, in the general diſpoſition of his fable, very finely obſerved this great rule; inſomuch, that there is ſcarce a tenth part of it which comes from the poet; the reſt is ſpoken either by Adam or Eve, or by ſome good or evil Spirit who is engaged either in their deſtruction or defence.

From what has been here obſerved it appears, that digreſſions are by no means to be allowed of, in an epick poem. If the poet, even in the ordinary courſe of his narration, ſhould ſpeak as little as poſſible, he ſhould certainly never let his narration ſleep for the ſake of any reflection of his own. I have often obſerved, with a ſecret admiration, that the longeſt reflection in the *Æneid*, is in that paſſage of the tenth book, where Turnus is repreſented as dreſſing himſelf in the ſpoils of Pallas, whom he had ſlain. Virgil here lets his fable ſtand ſtill, for the ſake of the following remark. "How is the mind of man ignorant of

futurity, and unable to bear proſperous fortune with moderation! The time will come when Turnus ſhall wiſh that he had left the body of Pallas untouched, and curſe the day on which he dreſſed himſelf in theſe ſpoils." As the great event of the *Æneid*, and the death of Turnus, whom Æneas ſlew becauſe he ſaw him adorned with the ſpoils of Pallas, turns upon this incident, Virgil went out of his way to make this reflection upon it, without which ſo ſmall a circumſtance might poſſibly have ſlipt out of his reader's memory. Lucan, who was an injudicious poet, lets drop his ſtory very frequently for the ſake of his unneceſſary digreſſions, or his *diverticula*, as Scaliger calls them. If he gives us an account of his prodigies which preceded the civil war, he declaims upon the occaſion, and ſhows how much happier it would be for man, if he did not feel his evil fortune before it comes to paſs; and ſuffer, not only by its real weight, but by the apprehenſion of it. Milton's complaint for his blindneſs, his panegyrick on marriage, his reflections on Adam and Eve's going naked, of the Angel's eating, and ſeveral other paſſages in his Poem, are liable to the ſame exception, though I muſt confeſs there is ſo great a beauty in theſe very digreſſions, that I would not wiſh them out of his Poem.

I have already ſpoken of the CHARACTERS of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, and declared my opinion, as to the allegorical perſons who are introduced in it.

If we look into the SENTIMENTS, I think they are ſometimes defective under the following heads; firſt, as there are ſeveral of them too much pointed,

and ſome that degenerate even into puns. Of this laſt kind I am afraid is that in the firſt book, where, ſpeaking of the pygmies, he calls them,

——— "the ſmall *infantry*
"Warr'd on by cranes."

Another blemiſh that appears in ſome of his thoughts, is his frequent alluſion to heathen fables, which are not certainly of a piece with the divine ſubject of which he treats. I do not find fault with theſe alluſions, where the poet himſelf repreſents them as fabulous, as he does in ſome places, but where he mentions them as truths and matters of fact. The limits of my deſign will not give me leave to be particular in inſtances of this kind; the reader will eaſily remark them in his peruſal of the Poem.

A third fault in his ſentiments, is an unneceſſary oſtentation of learning, which likewiſe occurs very frequently. It is certain that both Homer and Virgil were maſters of all the learning of their times; but it ſhows itſelf in their works after an indirect and concealed manner. Milton ſeems ambitious of letting us know, by his excurſions on free-will and predeſtination, and his many glances upon hiſtory, aſtronomy, geography, and the like, as well as by the terms and phraſes he ſometimes makes uſe of, that he was acquainted with the whole circle of arts and ſciences.

If, in the laſt place, we conſider the LANGUAGE of this great poet, we muſt allow, what I have before hinted, that it is often too much laboured, and ſometimes obſcured by old words, tranſ-

poſitions, and foreign idioms. Seneca's objection to the ſtyle of a great author, *Riget ejus oratio, nihil in eâ placidum, nihil lene*, is what many criticks make to Milton. As I cannot wholly refute it, ſo I have already apologized for it: to which I may further add, that Milton's ſentiments and ideas were ſo wonderfully ſublime, that it would have been impoſſible for him to have repreſented them in their full ſtrength and beauty, without having recourſe to theſe foreign aſſiſtances. Our language ſunk under him, and was unequal to that greatneſs of ſoul, which furniſhed him with ſuch glorious conceptions.

A ſecond fault in his language is, that he often affects [k] a kind of jingle in his words, as in the following paſſage, and many others:

> " And brought into the *world* a *world* of woe."
>
> ——— " Begirt the Almighty throne
> " *Beſeeching* or *beſieging*."
>
> " Which *tempted* our *attempt*."
>
> " At one ſlight *bound* high overleap'd all *bound*."

[k] *a kind of jingle in his words,*] In the firſt inſtance, here cited by Addiſon, Milton is endeavoured to be exculpated by Atterbury. See the Note, B. ix. 11. In the ſecond, by doctor Newton. See Note, B. v. 869. In the third, and fourth, by proofs that they were the jingle of the age. See my Notes, B. i. 642, B. iv. 181. From remarking a jingle of the ſame kind, in a book familiar to him, and abounding with ſuch paſſages, I ſuſpect that Milton wrote, B. iii. 79.

> " O, then, at laſt *relent:* Is there no place
> " Left for *repentance*, none for pardon left?"

Where doctor Newton thinks the poet might have given it *repent*

I know there are figures of this kind of ſpeech, that ſome of the greateſt ancients have been guilty of it, and that Ariſtotle himſelf has given it a place in his rhetorick among the beauties of that art. But, as it is in itſelf poor and trifling, it is I think at preſent univerſally exploded by all the maſters of polite writing.

The laſt fault which I ſhall take notice of in Milton's ſtyle, is the frequent uſe of what the learned call technical words, or terms of art. It is one of the greateſt beauties of poetry, to make hard things intelligible, and to deliver what is abſtruſe of itſelf in ſuch eaſy language as may be underſtood by ordinary readers; beſides that the knowledge of a poet ſhould rather ſeem born with him, or inſpired, than drawn from books and ſyſtems. I have often wondered how Mr. Dryden could tranſlate a paſſage out of Virgil after the following manner:

> " Tack to the larboard, and ſtand off to ſea,
> " Veer ſtarboard ſea and land."

Milton makes uſe of *larboard* in the ſame manner. When he is upon building, he mentions *Dorick pillars, pilaſters, cornice, freeze, architrave.* When he talks of heavenly bodies, you meet with *ecliptick* and *eccentrick*, the *trepidation*, ſtars *dropping from the zenith*, rays *culminating from the equator:* to which might be added many inſtances of the like kind in ſeveral other arts and ſciences.

inſtead of *relent*. But ſee Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, edit. 1621, p. 1111.

> " But will confeſs, if hee offend,
> " *Relent*, *Repent*, and ſoon amend,
> " And timely render ſatisfaction." TODD.

I have ſeen, in the works of a modern philoſopher, a map of the ſpots in the ſun. My deſcription of the faults and blemiſhes in *Paradiſe Loſt*, may be conſidered as a piece of the ſame nature. To purſue the alluſion: As it is obſerved, that, among the bright parts of the luminous body above-mentioned, there are ſome which glow more intenſely, and dart a ſtronger light than others; ſo, notwithſtanding I have already ſhown Milton's Poem to be very beautiful in general, I ſhall now proceed to take notice of ſuch beauties as appear to me more exquiſite than the reſt. Milton has propoſed the ſubject of his Poem in the following verſes:

" Of Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
" Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte
" Brought death into the world and all our woe,
" With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
" Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
" Sing, heavenly Muſe!"

Theſe lines are perhaps as plain, ſimple, and unadorned, as any of the whole Poem, in which particular the author has conformed himſelf to the example of Homer, and the precept of Horace.

His invocation to a work which turns in a great meaſure upon the creation of the world, is very properly made to the Muſe who inſpired Moſes in thoſe Books from whence our author drew his ſubject, and to the Holy Spirit who is therein repreſented as operating after a particular manner in the firſt production of nature. This whole exordium riſes very happily into noble language and

ſentiment, as I think the tranſition to the fable is exquiſitely beautiful and natural.

The nine days aſtoniſhment, in which the Angels lay entranced after their dreadful overthrow and fall from Heaven, before they could recover either the uſe of thought or ſpeech, is a noble circumſtance, and very finely imagined. The diviſion of Hell into ſeas of fire, and into firm ground impregnated with the ſame furious element, with that particular circumſtance of the excluſion of *Hope* from thoſe infernal regions, are inſtances of the ſame great and fruitful invention.

The thoughts in the firſt ſpeech and deſcription of Satan, who is one of the principal actors in this Poem, are wonderfully proper to give us a full idea of him. His pride, envy, and revenge, obſtinacy, deſpair, and impenitence, [1] are all of them very artfully interwoven. In ſhort, his firſt ſpeech is a complication of all thoſe paſſions, which diſcover themſelves ſeparately in ſeveral other of his

[1] *are all of them very artfully interwoven.*] Richardſon judiciouſly notices alſo the change and confuſion of the fallen Angels, moſt artfully expreſſed in the abruptneſs of the beginning of Satan's ſpeech: "*If thou beeſt he; that Beëlzebub!*——He ſtops; and falls into a bitter reflection on their preſent condition, compared with that in which they lately were. He attempts again to open his mind; cannot proceed on what he intends to ſay, but returns to thoſe ſad thoughts; ſtill doubting whether 'tis really his aſſociate in the revolt, as now in miſery and ruin; by that time he had expatiated on this (his heart was oppreſſed with it) he is aſſured to whom he ſpeaks, and goes on to declare his proud unrelenting mind." See alſo the Notes on B. i. 105, 110. Todd.

ſpeeches in the Poem. The whole part of this great enemy of mankind is filled with ſuch incidents as are very apt to raiſe and terrify the reader's imagination. Of this nature, in the book now before us, is his being the firſt that awakens out of the general trance, with his poſture on the burning lake, his riſing from it, and the deſcription of his ſhield and ſpear: To which we may add his call to the fallen Angels that lay plunged and ſtupified in the ſea of fire.

But there is no ſingle paſſage in the whole Poem worked up to a greater ſublimity, than that wherein his perſon is deſcribed in thoſe celebrated lines:

—— " He, above the reſt
" In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
" Stood like a tower, &c."

His ſentiments are every way anſwerable to his character, and ſuitable to a created Being of the moſt exalted and moſt depraved nature. Such is that in which he takes poſſeſſion of his place of torments:

—— " Hail, Horrours! hail,
" Infernal world! and thou, profoundeſt Hell,
" Receive thy new poſſeſſour; one who brings
" A mind not to be chang'd by place or time."

And afterwards,

———— " Here at leaſt
" We ſhall be free: &c."

Amidſt thoſe impieties, which this enraged Spirit utters in other places of the Poem, the author has taken care to introduce none that is not big with

abſurdity, and incapable of ſhocking a religious reader; his words, as the poet himſelf deſcribes them, bearing only a "ſemblance of worth, not ſubſtance." He is likewiſe, with great art, deſcribed as owning his adverſary to be Almighty. Whatever perverſe interpretation he puts on the juſtice, mercy, and other attributes, of the Supreme Being, he frequently confeſſes his Omnipotence; that being the perfection he was forced to allow him, and the only conſideration which could ſupport his pride under the ſhame of his defeat.

Nor muſt I here omit that beautiful circumſtance of his burſting out in tears, upon his ſurvey of thoſe innumerable Spirits whom he had involved in the ſame guilt and ruin with himſelf.

The catalogue of evil Spirits has abundance of learning in it, and [m] a very agreeable turn of poetry, which riſes in a great meaſure from its deſcribing the places where they were worſhipped,

[m] *a very agreeable turn of poetry,*] Dr. Warburton has conceived this to be the *fineſt part* of the Poem, in the deſign and drawing, if not in the colouring; "for," he ſays, "the *Paradiſe Loſt* being a religious Epick, nothing could be more artful than thus deducing the original of ſuperſtition. This gives it a great advantage over the catalogues Milton has imitated; for Milton's becomes thereby a neceſſary part of the work; as the original of ſuperſtition, an eſſential part of a religious Epick, could not have been ſhown without it. Had Virgil's or Homer's been omitted, their poems would not have ſuffered materially; becauſe, in their relations of the following actions, we find the ſoldiers who were before catalogued: But, by no following hiſtory of ſuperſtition that Milton could have brought in, could we find out theſe devils' agency; it was therefore neceſſary he ſhould inform us of the fact." See alſo the remark of Gibbon, in the Note on B. i. 376. Todd.

by thoſe beautiful marks of rivers ſo frequent among the ancient poets. The author had doubtleſs in this place Homer's catalogue of ſhips, and Virgil's liſt of warriours, in his view. The characters of Moloch and Belial prepare the reader's mind for their reſpective ſpeeches and behaviour in the ſecond and ſixth books. The account of Thammuz is finely romantick, and ſuitable to what we read among the ancients of the worſhip which was paid to that idol.

The reader will pardon me if I inſert as a note on that beautiful paſſage, the account given us by the late ingenious Mr. Maundrell of this ancient piece of worſhip, and probably the firſt occaſion of ſuch a ſuperſtition. "We came to a fair large river—doubtleſs the ancient river Adonis, ſo famous for the idolatrous rites performed here in lamentation of Adonis. We had the fortune to ſee what may be ſuppoſed to be the occaſion of that opinion which Lucian relates concerning this river, viz. That this ſtream, at certain ſeaſons of the year, eſpecially about the feaſt of Adonis, is of a bloody colour; which the heathens looked upon as proceeding from a kind of ſympathy in the river for the death of Adonis, who was killed by a wild boar in the mountains, out of which this ſtream riſes. Something like this we ſaw actually come to paſs; for the water was ſtained to ſurpriſing redneſs; and, as we obſerved travelling, had diſcoloured the ſea a great way into a reddiſh hue, occaſioned doubtleſs by a ſort of minium, or red earth, waſhed into the river by the violence of the rain, and not by any ſtain from Adonis's blood."

The paſſage in the catalogue, explaining the manner how Spirits transform themſelves by contraction or enlargement of their dimenſions, is introduced with great judgement, to make way for ſeveral ſurpriſing accidents in the ſequel of the Poem. There follows one, at the very end of the FIRST BOOK, which is what the French criticks call *marvellous*, but at the ſame time *probable* by reaſon of the paſſage laſt mentioned. As ſoon as the infernal palace is finiſhed, we are told the multitude and rabble of Spirits immediately ſhrunk themſelves into a ſmall compaſs, that there might be room for ſuch a numberleſs aſſembly in this capacious hall. But it is the poet's refinement upon this thought which I moſt admire, and which is indeed very noble in itſelf. For he tells us, that, notwithſtanding the vulgar, among the fallen Spirits, contracted their forms, thoſe of the firſt rank and dignity ſtill preſerved their natural dimenſions.

The character of Mammon, and the deſcription of the Pandemonium, are full of beauties.

There are ſeveral other ſtrokes in the firſt book wonderfully poetical, and inſtances of that ſublime genius ſo peculiar to the author. Such is the deſcription of Azazel's ſtature, and the infernal ſtandard which he unfurls; as alſo of that ghaſtly light, by which the fiends appear to one another in their place of torments. The ſhout of the whole hoſt of fallen Angels when drawn up in battle array: The review, which the Leader makes of his infernal army: The flaſh of light which appeared upon the drawing of their ſwords: The

ſudden production of the Pandemonium: The artificial illumination made in it.

There are alſo ſeveral noble ſimiles and alluſions in the firſt book. And here I muſt obſerve, that, when Milton alludes either to things or perſons, he never quits his ſimile until it riſes to ſome very great idea, which is often foreign to the occaſion that gave birth to it. The reſemblance does not, perhaps, laſt above a line or two, but the poet runs on with the hint until he has raiſed out of it ſome glorious image or ſentiment, proper to inflame the mind of the reader, and to give it that ſublime kind of entertainment, which is ſuitable to the nature of an heroick poem. Thoſe who are acquainted with Homer's and Virgil's way of writing, cannot but be pleaſed with this kind of ſtructure in Milton's ſimilitudes. I am the more particular on this head, becauſe ignorant readers, who have formed their taſte upon the quaint ſimiles and little turns of wit, which are ſo much in vogue among modern poets, cannot reliſh theſe beauties which are of a much higher nature, and are therefore apt to cenſure Milton's compariſons in which they do not ſee any ſurpriſing points of likeneſs. Monſieur Perrault was a man of this vitiated reliſh; and, for that very reaſon, has endeavoured to turn into ridicule ſeveral of Homer's ſimilitudes, which he calls *comparaiſons à longue queue*, "long-tail d compariſons." I ſhall conclude my remaks on the firſt book of Milton with the anſwer which Monſieur Boileau makes to Perrault on this occaſion: "Compariſons," ſays he, "in odes and epick poems, are not introduced only to illuſtrate and embelliſh the

diſcourſe, but to amuſe and relax the mind of the reader; by frequently diſengaging him from too painful an attention to the principal ſubject, and by leading him into other agreeable images. Homer excelled in this particular, whoſe compariſons abound with ſuch images of nature as are proper to relieve and diverſify his ſubjects. He continually inſtructs the reader, and makes him take notice, even in objects which are every day before his eyes, of ſuch circumſtances as he ſhould not otherwiſe have obſerved." To this he adds, as a maxim univerſally acknowledged, "That it is not neceſſary in poetry for the points of the compariſon to correſpond with one another exactly, but that a general reſemblance is ſufficient; and that too much nicety in this particular favours of the rhetorician and epigrammatiſt."

In ſhort, if we look into the conduct of Homer, Virgil, and Milton; as the great fable is the ſoul of each poem, ſo, [n] to give their works an agreeable variety, their epiſodes are ſo many ſhort fables, and their ſimiles ſo many ſhort epiſodes; to which you may add, if you pleaſe, that their metaphors are ſo many ſhort ſimiles. If the reader conſiders

[n] *to give their works an agreeable variety.*] It is obſerved alſo by another eminent critick, that Milton has a peculiar talent in embelliſhing the principal ſubject of his ſimiles with others that are agreeable. Similes of this kind have, beſide, a ſeparate effect: They diverſify the narration by new images that are not ſtrictly neceſſary to the compariſon: They are ſhort epiſodes, which, without drawing us from the principal ſubject, afford great delight by their beauty and variety: As in B. i. 288—291, 589—599. B. iii. 431—441. B iv. 142—165. See *Elements of Criticiſm*, viith edit. vol. ii. 196. Todd.

the compariſons, in the firſt book of Milton, of the ſun in an eclipſe, of the ſleeping Leviathan, of the bees ſwarming about their hive, of the fairy dance, in the view wherein I have here placed them, he will eaſily diſcover the great beauties that are in each of thoſe paſſages.

I have before obſerved in general, that the perſons, whom Milton introduces into his Poem, always diſcover ſuch ſentiments and behaviour, as are in a peculiar manner conformable to their reſpective characters. Every circumſtance in their ſpeeches, and actions, is, with great juſtneſs and delicacy, adapted to the perſons who ſpeak and act. As the poet very much excels in this conſiſtency of his characters, I ſhall beg leave to conſider ſeveral paſſages of the SECOND BOOK in this light. That ſuperiour greatneſs, and mock majeſty, which are aſcribed to the Prince of the fallen Angels, are admirably preſerved in the beginning of this book. His opening and cloſing the debate: His taking on himſelf that great enterpriſe at the thought of which the whole infernal aſſembly trembled: His encountering the hideous phantom who guarded the gates of Hell, and appeared to him in all his terrours; are inſtances of that proud and daring mind which could not brook ſubmiſſion, even to Omnipotence.

The ſame boldneſs and intrepidity of behaviour diſcovers itſelf, in the ſeveral adventures which he meets with, during his paſſage through the regions of unformed matter; and particularly in his addreſs to thoſe tremendous Powers, who are deſcribed as preſiding over it.

The part of Moloch is likewise, in all its circumſtances, full of that fire and fury, which diſtinguiſh this Spirit from the reſt of the fallen Angels. He is deſcribed in the firſt book as beſmeared with the blood of human ſacrifices, and delighted with the tears of parents, and the cries of children. In the ſecond book he is marked out as the fierceſt Spirit that fought in Heaven: and, if we conſider the figure which he makes in the ſixth book, where the battle of the Angels is deſcribed, we find it every way anſwerable to the ſame furious, enraged, character.

It may be worth while to obſerve, that Milton has repreſented this violent impetuous Spirit, who is hurried on by ſuch precipitate paſſions, as the *firſt* that riſes in that aſſembly, to give his opinion upon their preſent poſture of affairs. Accordingly, he declares himſelf abruptly for war; and appears incenſed at his companions, for loſing ſo much time as even to deliberate upon it. All his ſentiments are raſh, audacious, and deſperate. Such is that of arming themſelves with their tortures, and turning their puniſhments upon him who inflicted them.

His preferring annihilation to ſhame or miſery, is alſo highly ſuitable to his character; as the comfort he draws from their diſturbing the peace of Heaven, that, if it be not victory, it is revenge, is a ſentiment truly diabolical, and becoming the bitterneſs of this implacable Spirit.

Belial is deſcribed in the firſt book, as the idol of the lewd and luxurious. He is in the ſecond book, purſuant to that deſcription, characteriſed

as timorous and ſlothful; and, if we look into the ſixth book, we find him celebrated in the battle of Angels for nothing but that ſcoffing ſpeech which he makes to Satan, on their ſuppoſed advantage over the enemy. As his appearance is uniform, and of a piece, in theſe three ſeveral views, we find his ſentiments in the infernal aſſembly every way conformable to his character. Such are his apprehenſions of a ſecond battle, his horrours of annihilation, his preferring to be miſerable rather than *not to be.* I need not obſerve, that ° the contraſt of thought in this ſpeech, and

° *the contraſt of thought*] Mr. Thyer has juſtly remarked, that this fine contraſt betwixt the characters of Moloch and Belial, might probably be firſt ſuggeſted to Milton by a contraſt of the ſame kind between Argantes and Aletes in the ſecond canto of Taſſo's *Gieruſalemme Liberata.* Milton perhaps might alſo remember, in deſcribing the *tongue* of Belial as *dropping manna,* Fairfax's diffuſe tranſlation of the perſuaſive manner which Taſſo gives Aletes, ſtanza 61.

——————— " on the Chriſtian lords
" Downe fell the mildew of his fugred words."

Belial, however, is drawn by Milton according to his character in the demonologick ſyſtem. Wierus, in his catalogue of evil Spirits, notices both his fair perſon and his ſpecious addreſs. " Regem *Belial* aliqui dicunt ſtatim poſt Luciferum fuiſſe creatum, ideóque ſentiunt ipſum eſſe patrem et ſeductorem eorum qui ex Ordine ceciderunt. Cogitur hic divina virtute, cum accipit ſacrificia, munera, et holocauſta, ut viciſſim det immolantibus reſponſa vera: at *per horam in veritate non perdurat,* niſi potentia divina compellatur, ut dictum eſt. *Angelicam aſſumit imaginem impensè pulchram,* in igneo curru ſedens. *Blandè loquitur.* Tribuit dignitates, &c." Pſeudo-monarchia Dæmonum, apud Wier. de Lamiis, &c. Baſil, 1582, p. 919.

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that which precedes it, gives an agreeable variety to the debate.

Mammon's character is ſo fully drawn in the firſt book, that the poet adds nothing to it in the ſecond. We were before told, that he was the firſt who taught mankind to ranſack the earth for gold and ſilver, and that he was the architect of Pandemonium, or the infernal palace, where the evil Spirits were to meet in council. His ſpeech in this book is every way ſuitable to ſo depraved a character. How proper is that reflection, of their being unable to taſte the happineſs of Heaven were they actually there, in the mouth of one, who, while he was in Heaven, is ſaid to have had his mind dazzled with the outward pomps and glories of the place, and to have been more intent on the riches of the pavement, than on the beatifick viſion! I ſhall alſo leave the reader to judge how agreeable the following ſentiments are to the ſame character:

——————— "This deep world
"Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
"Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
"Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
"And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
"Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
"Muſtering their rage, and Heaven reſembles Hell?
"As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
"Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſart ſoil
"Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
"Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
"Magnificence; and what can Heaven ſhow more?"

Beelzebub, who is reckoned the ſecond in dignity that fell, and is, in the firſt book, the ſecond

that awakens out of the trance, and confers with Satan upon the ſituation of their affairs, maintains his rank in the book now before us. There is a wonderful majeſty deſcribed in his riſing up to ſpeak. He acts as a kind of moderator between the two oppoſite parties, and propoſes a third undertaking, which the whole aſſembly gives into. The motion he makes, of detaching one of their body in ſearch of a new world, is grounded upon a project deviſed by Satan, and curſorily propoſed by him in the following lines of the firſt book:

" Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
" There went a fame in Heaven, that he ere long
" Intended to create, and therein plant
" A generation, whom his choice regard
" Should favour equal to the ſons of Heaven:
" Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
" Our firſt eruption; thither or elſewhere:
" For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
" Celeſtial Spirits in bondage, nor the abyſs
" Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
" Full counſel muſt mature ——:"

It is on this project that Beelzebub grounds his propoſal:

—————— " What if we find
" Some eaſier enterpriſe? There is a place
" (If ancient and prophetick fame in Heaven
" Err not,) another world, the happy ſeat
" Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time
" To be created like to us, though leſs
" In power and excellence, but favour'd more
" Of Him who rules above; ſo was his will
" Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
" That ſhook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd."

The reader may obſerve how juſt it was, not to omit in the firſt book the project upon which the whole Poem turns: as alſo that the Prince of the fallen Angels was the only proper perſon to give it birth, and that the next to him in dignity was the fitteſt to ſecond and ſupport it.

There is beſides, I think, ſomething wonderfully beautiful, and very apt to affect the reader's imagination, in this ancient prophecy or report in Heaven, concerning the Creation of Man. Nothing could ſhow more the dignity of the ſpecies, than this tradition which ran of them before their exiſtence. They are repreſented to have been the talk of Heaven before they were created. Virgil, in compliment to the Roman commonwealth, makes the heroes of it appear in their ſtate of pre-exiſtence; but Milton does a far greater honour to mankind in general, as he gives us a glimpſe of them even before they are in being.

The riſing of this great aſſembly is deſcribed in a very ſublime and poetical manner:

> "Their riſing all at once, was as the ſound
> "Of thunder heard remote."

The diverſions of the fallen Angels, with the particular account of their place of habitation, are deſcribed with great pregnancy of thought, and copiouſneſs of invention. The diverſions are every way ſuitable to Beings who had nothing left them but ſtrength and knowledge miſapplied. Such are their contentions at the race, and in feats of arms, with their entertainments in the following lines:

" Others, with vaſt Typhœan rage more fell,
" Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
" In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar."

Their muſick is employed in celebrating their own criminal exploits; and their diſcourſe, in ſounding the unfathomable depths of fate, free-will, and foreknowledge.

The ſeveral circumſtances in the deſcription of Hell are finely imagined; as the four rivers which diſgorge themſelves into the ſea of fire, the extremes of cold and heat, [P] and the river of oblivion. The monſtrous animals, produced in that infernal world, are repreſented by a ſingle line, which gives us a more horrid idea of them, than a much longer deſcription would have done.

———— " Nature breeds,
" Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
" Abominable, inutterable, and *worſe*
" *Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,*
" Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire."

This epiſode of the fallen Spirits, and their place of habitation, comes in very happily to unbend the mind of the reader from its attention to the debate. An ordinary poet would indeed have ſpun out ſo many circumſtances to a great length, and by that means have weakened, inſtead of illuſtrated, the principal fable.

[P] *and the river of oblivion.*] The water of which the damned in vain attempt to taſte. See v. 606—613. " This," ſays doctor Newton, " is a fine allegory to ſhow that there is no forgetfulneſs in Hell. Memory makes a part of the puniſhment of the damned, and reflection but encreaſes their miſery." Compare alſo B. i. 54, 55, 56. TODD.

The flight of Satan to the gates of Hell is finely imaged.

I have already declared my opinion of the allegory concerning Sin and Death, which [q] is however a very finiſhed piece in its kind, when it is not conſidered as a part of an epick poem. The genealogy of the ſeveral perſons is contrived with great delicacy. Sin is the daughter of Satan, and Death the offspring of Sin. The inceſtuous mixture between Sin and Death produces thoſe monſters and hell-hounds which from time to time enter into their mother, and tear the bowels of her who gave them birth. Theſe are the terrours of an evil conſcience, and the proper fruits of Sin, which naturally riſe from the apprehenſions of Death. This laſt beautiful moral is, I think, clearly intimated in the ſpeech of Sin,

[q] *is however a very finiſhed piece in its kind*, &c.] The allegory of Sin and Death has been cenſured, perhaps faſtidiouſly, by Voltaire, and by ſome Engliſh criticks, as abounding with nauſeous and diſguſting images. It was, however, a favourite paſſage with Atterbury; whoſe taſte in polite literature, as doctor Newton has obſerved, was never queſtioned. "I return you," ſays Atterbury in a letter to Pope, "your MILTON; and I proteſt to you, this laſt peruſal of him has given me ſuch new degrees, I will not ſay of pleaſure, but of admiration and aſtoniſhment, that I look upon the ſublimity of Homer, and the majeſty of Virgil, with ſomewhat leſs reverence than I uſed to do. I challenge you, with all your partiality, to ſhow me, in the firſt of theſe, any thing equal to *the allegory of Sin and Death*, either as to the greatneſs and juſtneſs of the invention, or the height and beauty of the colouring." Milton, indeed, in painting Sin, has ſelected, with his uſual ſkill, ſuch circumſtances as exhibit the fair-appearing monſter in a true light; and raiſe, in conſequence, a deteſtation of an object ſo ſpecious and ſo deformed.

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where, complaining of this her dreadful iſſue, ſhe adds,

" *Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits*
" *Grim Death, my ſon and foe; who ſets them on,*
" And me his parent would full ſoon devour
" For want of other prey, but that he knows
" His end with mine involv'd ———"

I need not mention to the reader the beautiful circumſtance in the laſt part of this quotation. He will likewiſe obſerve how naturally the three perſons, concerned in this allegory, are tempted, by one common intereſt, to enter into a confederacy together; and how properly Sin is made [r] the portreſs of Hell, and the only Being that can open the gates to that world of tortures.

The deſcriptive part of this allegory is likewiſe very ſtrong, and full of ſublime ideas. The figure of Death, the regal crown upon his head, the menace of Satan, his advancing to the combat, the outcry at his birth, are circumſtances too noble to be paſſed over in ſilence, and extremely ſuitable to this King of Terrours. I need not mention the juſtneſs of thought, which is obſerved in the generation of theſe ſeveral ſymbolical perſons; that Sin was produced upon the firſt revolt of Satan, that Death appeared ſoon after he was caſt into Hell, and that the terrours of conſcience were conceived at the gate of this place of torments. The deſcription of the gates is very poetical, as the opening of them is full of Milton's ſpirit.

[r] *the portreſs of Hell,*] See the Note on B. ii. 746. Todd.

In Satan's voyage through the Chaos there are *ſeveral imaginary perſons deſcribed, as reſiding in that immenſe waſte of matter. This may perhaps be conformable to the taſte of thoſe criticks, who are pleaſed with nothing in a poet which has not life and manners aſcribed to it; but, for my own part, I am pleaſed moſt with thoſe paſſages in this deſcription which carry in them a greater meaſure of probability, and are ſuch as might poſſibly have happened. Of this kind is his firſt mounting in the ſmoke that riſes from the infernal pit; his falling into a cloud of nitre, and the like combuſtible materials, that by their exploſion ſtill hurried him forward in his voyage; his ſpringing upward like a pyramid of fire; with his laborious

* *ſeveral imaginary perſons* &c.] Dr. Newton has obſerved that Addiſon ſeems to diſapprove of theſe fictitious beings, thinking them perhaps, like Sin and Death, improper for an epick poem: But he contends that Milton may be allowed to place ſuch imaginary perſons in the regions of Chaos, as Virgil deſcribes ſimilar beings within the confines of Hell, *Æn.* vi. 273—281; a paſſage of acknowledged beauty: And it is impoſſible, he adds, to be pleaſed with Virgil, and to be diſpleaſed with Milton. In further juſtification of Milton, doctor Newton alſo refers to the introduction of ſimilar ſhadowy beings in Seneca, *Herc. Fur.* 686, in Statius, *Theb.* vii. 47, in Claudian, *In Ruſin.* i. 30, and in Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* ii. vii. 21, &c. To theſe inſtances might be added the beautiful perſonifications of Sackville in the *Mirrour for Magiſtrates*. See Note on *Par. Loſt*, B. xi. 489. In Maſenius's infernal council, Death, Diſeaſes, Cares, Labour, Grief, Poverty, and Hunger, are perſons. *Sarcotis*, B. i. But Milton has introduced, with much ſublimity, long before this author, many ſhadowy beings, in his poem *In Quintum Novembris*.

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paſſage through that confuſion of elements, which the poet calls

" The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave."

The glimmering light which ſhot into the Chaos from the utmoſt verge of the creation, and the diſtant diſcovery [t] of the earth that hung cloſe by the moon, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.—

Horace adviſes a poet to conſider thoroughly the nature and force of his genius. Milton ſeems to have known perfectly well, wherein his ſtrength lay, and has therefore choſen a ſubject entirely conformable to thoſe talents, of which he was maſter. As his genius was wonderfully turned to the ſublime, his ſubject is the nobleſt that could have entered into the thoughts of man. Every thing that is truly great, and aſtoniſhing, has a place in it. The whole ſyſtem of the intellectual world; the Chaos, and the Creation; Heaven, Earth, and Hell; enter into the conſtitution of his Poem.

Having in the firſt and ſecond books repreſented the infernal world with all its horrours; the thread of his fable naturally leads him into the oppoſite regions of bliſs and glory.

[u] If Milton's majeſty forſakes him any where, it is in thoſe parts of his Poem, where the Divine

[t] *of the earth* &c.] This is a miſtake, into which Dr. Bentley alſo fell; and is corrected in the Note on v. 1052. TODD.

[u] *If Milton's majeſty forſakes him any where*, &c.] It has been often obſerved, that Milton's chief deficiency is in the THIRD BOOK. " The attempt to deſcribe God Almighty himſelf, and to recount dialogues between the Father and the Son," ſays Dr.

Perſons are introduced as ſpeakers. One may, I think, obſerve, that the author proceeds with a kind of fear and trembling, whilſt he deſcribes the ſentiments of the Almighty. He dares not give his imagination its full play, but chooſes to confine himſelf to ſuch thoughts as are drawn from the books of the moſt orthodox divines, and to ſuch expreſſions as may be met with in Scripture. The beauties, therefore, which we are to look for in theſe ſpeeches, are not of a poetical nature; nor ſo proper to fill the mind with ſentiments of grandeur, as with thoughts of devotion. The paſſions, which they are deſigned to raiſe, are a divine love and religious fear. The particular beauty of the ſpeeches in the THIRD BOOK, conſiſts in that ſhortneſs and perſpicuity of ſtyle, in which the poet has couched the greateſt myſteries of Chriſtianity, and drawn together, in a regular ſcheme, the whole diſpenſation of Providence with reſpect to Man. He has repreſented all the abſtruſe doctrines of predeſtination, free-will, and grace; as alſo the great points of incarnation and redemption, (which naturally grow up in a Poem that treats of the Fall of Man,) with great energy of expreſſion, and in a clearer and ſtronger light than I have ever met with in any other writer. As theſe points are dry in themſelves to the generality of readers,

Blair, "was too bold and arduous; and is that wherein the poet, as was to have been expected, has been moſt unſucceſsful." —Milton indeed was conſcious that he had ſoared too high; and therefore, with exemplary humility, acknowledges, B. vii. 23.

"Standing on earth, not rapt above the pole,
"*More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice.*" TODD.

the conciſe and clear manner, in which he has treated them, is very much to be admired; as is likewiſe that particular art which he has made uſe of in the interſperſing of all thoſe graces of poetry, which the ſubject was capable of receiving.

The ſurvey of the whole creation, and of every thing that is tranſacted in it, is a proſpect worthy of Omniſcience; and as much above that, in which Virgil has drawn his Jupiter, as the Chriſtian idea of the Supreme Being is more rational and ſublime than that of the Heathens. The particular objects, on which he is deſcribed to have caſt his eye, are repreſented in the moſt beautiful and lively manner.

Satan's approach to the confines of the creation is finely imaged in the beginning of the ſpeech which immediately follows. The effects of this ſpeech in the bleſſed Spirits, and in the Divine Perſon to whom it was addreſſed, cannot but fill the mind of the reader with a ſecret pleaſure and complacency.

I need not point out the beauty of that circumſtance, wherein the whole hoſt of Angels are repreſented as ſtanding mute; nor ſhow how proper the occaſion was to produce ſuch a ſilence in Heaven. The cloſe of this divine colloquy, and the hymn of angels which follows upon it, are wonderfully beautiful and poetical.

Satan's walk upon the outſide of the univerſe, which at a diſtance appeared to him of a globular form, but, upon his nearer approach, looked like an unbounded plain, is natural and noble: as his roaming upon the frontiers of the creation be-

tween that mafs of matter, which was wrought into a world, and that fhapelefs unformed heap of materials, which ftill lay in chaos and confufion, ftrikes the imagination with fomething aftonifhingly great and wild. I have before fpoken of the Limbo of Vanity, which the poet places upon this outermoft furface of the univerfe; and fhall here explain myfelf more at large on that, and other parts of the Poem, which are of the fame fhadowy nature.

Ariftotle obferves, that the fable of an epick poem fhould abound in circumftances that are both credible and aftonifhing; or, as the French criticks chooſe to phrafe it, the fable fhould be filled with the probable and the marvellous. This rule is as fine and juft as any in Ariftotle's whole art of poetry.

If the fable is only probable, it differs nothing from a true hiftory; if it is only marvellous, it is no better than a romance. The great fecret, therefore, of heroick poetry is to relate fuch circumftances as may produce in the reader at the fame time both belief and aftonifhment. This is brought to pafs, in a well chofen fable, by the account of fuch things as have really happened, or at leaft of fuch things as have happened according to the received opinions of mankind. Milton's fable is a maſter-piece of this nature; as the War in Heaven, the Condition of the fallen Angels, the State of Innocence, the Temptation of the Serpent, and the Fall of Man, though they are very aftonifhing in themfelves, are not only credible, but actual points of faith.

The next method of reconciling miracles with credibility, is by a happy invention of the poet; as, in particular, when he introduces agents of a ſuperiour nature, who are capable of effecting what is wonderful, and what is not to be met with in the ordinary courſe of things. Ulyſſes's ſhip being turned into a rock, and Æneas's fleet into a ſhoal of water-nymphs, though they are very ſurpriſing accidents, are nevertheleſs probable when we are told that they were the gods who thus tranſformed them. It is this kind of machinery which fills the poems both of Homer and Virgil with ſuch circumſtances as are wonderful, but not impoſſible; and ſo frequently produce in the reader the moſt pleaſing paſſion that can riſe in the mind of man, which is admiration. If there be any inſtance in the *Æneid* liable to exception upon this account, it is in the beginning of the third book, where Æneas is repreſented as tearing up the myrtle that dropped blood. To qualify this wonderful circumſtance, Polydorus tells a ſtory from the root of the myrtle; that, the barbarous inhabitants of the country having pierced him with ſpears and arrows, the wood which was left in his body took root in his wounds, and gave birth to that bleeding tree. This circumſtance ſeems to have the marvellous without the probable, becauſe it is repreſented as proceeding from natural cauſes, without the interpoſition of any god, or other ſupernatural power capable of producing it. The ſpears and arrows grow of themſelves without ſo much as the modern help of an enchantment. If we look into the fiction of Milton's fable, though we find it full

of ſurpriſing incidents, they are generally ſuited to our notions of the things and perſons deſcribed, and tempered with a due meaſure of probability. I muſt only make an exception to the Limbo of Vanity, with his epiſode of Sin and Death, and ſome of the imaginary perſons in his Chaos. Theſe paſſages are aſtoniſhing, but not credible; the reader cannot ſo far impoſe upon himſelf as to ſee a poſſibility in them; they are the deſcription of dreams and ſhadows, not of things or perſons. I know that many criticks look upon the ſtories of Circe, Polypheme, the Syrens, nay the whole *Odyſſey* and *Iliad*, to be allegories; but, allowing this to be true, they are fables; which, conſidering the opinions of mankind that prevailed in the age of the poet, might poſſibly have been according to the letter. The perſons are ſuch as might have acted what is aſcribed to them; as the circumſtances, in which they are repreſented, might poſſibly have been truth and realities. This appearance of probability is ſo abſolutely requiſite in the greater kinds of poetry, that Ariſtotle obſerves, the ancient tragick writers made uſe of the names of ſuch great men as had actually lived in the world, though the tragedy proceeded upon adventures they were never engaged in; on purpoſe to make the ſubject more credible. In a word, beſides the hidden meaning of an epick allegory, the plain literal ſenſe ought to appear probable. The ſtory ſhould be ſuch as an ordinary reader may acquieſce in, whatever natural, moral, or political, truth may be diſcovered in it by men of greater penetration.

Satan, after having long wandered upon the ſurface, or outmoſt wall of the univerſe, diſcovers at laſt a wide gap in it, which led into the creation, and is deſcribed as the opening through which the Angels paſs to and fro into the lower world, upon their errands to mankind. His ſitting upon the brink of this paſſage and taking a ſurvey of the whole face of nature that appeared to him new and freſh in all its beauties, with the ſimile illuſtrating this circumſtance, fills the mind of the reader with as ſurprifing and glorious an idea as any that ariſes in the whole Poem. He looks down into that vaſt hollow of the univerſe with the eye, or (as Milton calls it in his firſt book) with the ken of an Angel. He ſurveys all the wonders in this immenſe amphitheatre that lie between both the poles of Heaven, and takes in at one view the whole round of the creation.

His flight between the ſeveral worlds that ſhined on every ſide of him, and the particular deſcription of the ſun, are ſet forth in all the wantonneſs of a luxuriant imagination. His ſhape, ſpeech, and behaviour upon his transforming himſelf into an Angel of light, are touched with exquiſite beauty. The poet's thought of directing Satan to the ſun, which in the vulgar opinion of mankind is the moſt conſpicuous part of the creation, the placing in it an Angel, is a circumſtance very finely contrived, and the more adjuſted to a poetical probability, as it was a received doctrine among the moſt famous philoſophers, that every orb had its *Intelligence*; and as an Apoſtle in Sacred Writ is ſaid to have ſeen ſuch an Angel in the ſun. In the anſwer,

which this Angel returns to the diſguiſed evil Spirit, there is ſuch a becoming majeſty as is altogether ſuitable to a ſuperiour Being. The part of it, in which he repreſents himſelf as preſent at the creation, is very noble in itſelf; and not only proper where it is introduced, but requiſite to prepare the reader for what follows in the ſeventh book:

" I ſaw when at his word the formleſs maſs,
" This world's material mould, came to a heap:
" Confuſion heard his voice, and wild uproar
" Stood rul'd, ſtood vaſt infinitude confin'd;
" Till at his ſecond bidding Darkneſs fled,
" Light ſhone, &c."

In the following part of the ſpeech he points out the earth with ſuch circumſtances, that the reader can ſcarce forbear fancying himſelf employed on the ſame diſtant view of it:

" Look downward on the globe, whoſe hither ſide
" With light from hence, though but reflected, ſhines;
" That place is Earth, the ſeat of Man; that light
" His day, &c."

I muſt not conclude my reflections upon the third book, without taking notice of that celebrated complaint of Milton with which it opens, and which certainly deſerves all the praiſes that have been given it; though, as I have before hinted, it may rather be looked on as an excreſcence, than as an eſſential part of the Poem. The ſame obſervation might be applied to that beautiful digreſſion upon hypocriſy in the ſame book.—

Thoſe, who know how many volumes have been written on the poems of Homer and Virgil, will

eaſily pardon the length of my diſcourſe upon Milton. The *Paradiſe Loſt* is looked upon by the beſt judges, as the greateſt production, or at leaſt the nobleſt work of genius, in our language; and therefore deſerves to be ſet before an Engliſh reader in its full beauty. For this reaſon, though I have already endeavoured to give a general idea of its graces and imperfections, I thought myſelf obliged to conſider every book in particular. The firſt three books I have already diſpatched, and am now entering upon the fourth. I need not acquaint my reader that there are multitudes of beauties in this great author, eſpecially in the deſcriptive parts of his Poem, which I have not touched upon; it being my intention to point out thoſe only, which appear to me the moſt exquiſite, or thoſe which are not ſo obvious to ordinary readers. Every one that has read the criticks who have written upon the *Odyſſey*, the *Iliad*, and the *Æneid*, knows very well, that, though they agree in their opinions of the great beauties in thoſe poems, they have nevertheleſs each of them diſcovered ſeveral maſter-ſtrokes, which have eſcaped the obſervation of the reſt. In the ſame manner, I queſtion not but any writer, who ſhall treat of this ſubject after me, may find ſeveral beauties in Milton, which I have not taken notice of. I muſt likewiſe obſerve, that as the greateſt maſters of critical learning differ among one another, as to ſome particular points in an epick poem, I have not bound myſelf ſcrupulouſly to the rules which any one of them has laid down upon that art, but have taken the liberty ſometimes to join with one, and ſometimes with

another, and ſometimes to differ from all of them, when I have thought that the reaſon of the thing was on my ſide.

We may conſider the beauties of the FOURTH BOOK under three heads. In the firſt are thoſe pictures of ſtill-life, which we meet with in the deſcription of Eden, Paradiſe, Adam's bower, &c. In the next are the machines, which comprehend the ſpeeches and behaviour of the good and bad Angels. In the laſt is the conduct of Adam and Eve, who are the principal actors in the Poem.

In the deſcription of Paradiſe, the poet has obſerved Ariſtotle's rule of laviſhing all the ornaments of diction on the weak unactive parts of the fable, which are not ſupported by the beauty of ſentiments and characters. Accordingly the reader may obſerve, that the expreſſions are more florid and elaborate in theſe deſcriptions, than in moſt other parts of the Poem. I muſt further add, that, though the *drawings* of gardens, rivers, rainbows, and the like dead pieces of nature, are juſtly cenſured in an heroick poem, when they run out into an unneceſſary length; the deſcription of Paradiſe would have been faulty, had not the poet been very particular in it; not only as it is the ſcene of the principal action, but as it is requiſite to give us an idea of that happineſs from which our firſt parents fell. The plan of it is wonderfully beautiful, and formed upon the ſhort ſketch which we have of it in Holy Writ. Milton's exuberance of imagination has poured forth ſuch a redundancy of ornaments on this ſeat of happineſs and inno-

cence, that it would be endleſs to point out each particular.

I muſt not quit this head, without further obſerving, that there is ſcarce a ſpeech of Adam or Eve in the whole Poem, wherein the ſentiments and alluſions are not taken from this their delightful habitation. The reader during their whole courſe of action, always finds himſelf in the walks of Paradiſe. In ſhort, as the criticks have remarked, that, in thoſe poems wherein ſhepherds are actors, the thoughts ought always to take a tincture from the woods, fields, and rivers; ſo we may obſerve, that our firſt parents ſeldom loſe ſight of their happy ſtation in any thing they ſpeak or do; and, if the reader will give me leave to uſe the expreſſion, that their thoughts are always Paradiſiacal.

We are in the next place to conſider the machines of the fourth book. Satan, being now within proſpect of Eden, and looking round upon the glories of the creation, is filled with ſentiments different from thoſe which he diſcovered whilſt he was in Hell. The place inſpires him with thoughts more adapted to it. He reflects upon the happy condition from whence he fell, and breaks forth into a ſpeech that is ſoftened with ſeveral tranſient touches of remorſe and ſelf-accuſation: but at length he confirms himſelf in impenitence, and in his deſign of drawing Man into his own ſtate of guilt and miſery. This conflict of paſſions is raiſed with a great deal of art, as the opening of his ſpeech to the ſun is very bold and noble.

This ſpeech is, I think, the fineſt that is aſcribed to Satan in the whole Poem. The evil Spirit af-

terwards proceeds to make his diſcoveries concerning our firſt parents, and to learn after what manner they may be beſt attacked. His bounding over the walls of Paradiſe; his ſitting in the ſhape of a cormorant upon the tree of life, which ſtood in the center of it, and overtopped all the other trees of the garden; his alighting among the herd of animals, which are ſo beautifully repreſented as playing about Adam and Eve, together with his tranſforming himſelf into different ſhapes, in order to hear their converſation; are circumſtances that give an agreeable ſurpriſe to the reader; and are deviſed with great art, to connect that ſeries of adventures in which the poet has engaged this great artificer of fraud.

The thought [w] of Satan's transformation into a cormorant, and placing himſelf on the tree of life, ſeems raiſed upon that paſſage in the *Iliad*, where two deities are deſcribed, as perching on the top of an oak in the ſhape of vultures.

His planting himſelf at the ear of Eve under the form of a toad, in order to produce vain dreams and imaginations, is a circumſtance of the ſame nature; as his ſtarting up in his own form is wonderfully fine, both in the literal deſcription, and in the moral which is concealed under it. His anſwer upon his being diſcovered, and demanded to give an account of himſelf, is conformable to the pride and intrepidity of his character.

[w] *of Satan's transformation into a cormorant,*] Pope ſays, that the circumſtance of Sleep's ſitting in likeneſs of a bird on the fir-tree upon mount Ida, in the fourteenth *Iliad*, is the paſſage to which Milton here alludes. Todd.

Zephon's rebuke, with the influence it had on Satan, is exquiſitely graceful and moral. Satan is afterwards led away to Gabriel, the Chief of the guardian Angels, who kept watch in Paradiſe. His diſdainful behaviour on this occaſion is ſo remarkable a beauty, that the moſt ordinary reader cannot but take notice of it. Gabriel's diſcovering his approach at a diſtance, is drawn with great ſtrength and livelineſs of imagination.

The conference between Gabriel and Satan abounds with ſentiments proper for the occaſion, and ſuitable to the perſons of the two ſpeakers. Satan clothing himſelf with terrour when he prepares for the combat is truly ſublime, and at leaſt equal to Homer's deſcription of Diſcord celebrated by Longinus, or to that of Fame in Virgil; who are both repreſented with their feet ſtanding upon the earth, and their heads reaching above the clouds.

I muſt here take notice, that Milton is every where full of hints, and ſometimes literal tranſlations, taken from the greateſt of the Greek and Latin poets. But this I may reſerve for a diſcourſe by itſelf, becauſe I would not break the thread of theſe ſpeculations, that are deſigned for Engliſh readers, with ſuch reflections as would be of no uſe but to the learned.

I muſt however obſerve in this place, that the breaking off the combat between Gabriel and Satan, by the hanging out of the golden ſcales in Heaven, is a refinement upon Homer's thought, who tells us, that, before the battle between Hector and Achilles, Jupiter weighed the event of it in a pair

of ſcales. The reader may ſee the whole paſſage in the 22d *Iliad*.

Virgil, before the laſt deciſive combat, deſcribes Jupiter in the ſame manner, as weighing the fates of Turnus and Æneas. Milton, though he fetched this beautiful circumſtance from the *Iliad* and *Æneid*, does not only inſert it as a poetical embelliſhment, like the authors above-mentioned; but makes an artful uſe of it for the proper carrying on of his fable, and for the breaking off the combat between the two warriours, who were upon the point of engaging. To this we may further add, that Milton is the more juſtified in this paſſage, as we find the ſame noble allegory in Holy Writ, where a wicked prince, ſome few hours before he was aſſaulted and ſlain, is ſaid to have been "weighed in the ſcales, and to have been found wanting."

I muſt here take notice, under the head of the machines, that Uriel's gliding down to the earth upon a ſun-beam, with the poet's device to make him *deſcend*, as well in his return to the ſun as in his coming from it, is a prettineſs that might have been admired in a little fanciful poet, but ſeems below the genius of Milton: The deſcription of the hoſt of armed Angels walking their nightly round in Paradiſe, is of another ſpirit:

> "So ſaying, on he led his radiant files,
> "Dazzling the moon;"

as that account of the hymns, which our firſt parents uſed to hear them ſing in theſe their mid-

night walks, is altogether divine, and inexpreſſibly amuſing to the imagination.

We are, in the laſt place, to conſider the parts which Adam and Eve act in the fourth book. The deſcription of them, as they firſt appeared to Satan, is exquiſitely drawn, and ſufficient to make the fallen Angel gaze upon them with all that aſtoniſhment, and thoſe emotions of envy, in which he is repreſented.

There is a fine ſpirit of poetry in the lines which follow, wherein they are deſcribed as ſitting on a bed of flowers by the ſide of a fountain, amidſt a mixed aſſembly of animals.

[x] The ſpeeches of theſe two firſt lovers flow equally from paſſion and ſincerity. The profeſſions they make to one another are full of warmth; but at the ſame time founded on truth. In a word, they are the gallantries of Paradiſe.

The part of Eve's ſpeech, in which ſhe gives an account of herſelf upon her firſt creation, and the manner in which ſhe was brought to Adam, is, I think, as beautiful a paſſage as any in Milton, or perhaps in any other poet whatſoever. Theſe paſſages are all worked off with ſo much art, that they are capable of pleaſing the moſt delicate reader, without offending the moſt ſevere:

"That day I oft remember, when from ſleep, &c."

[x] *The ſpeeches of theſe two firſt lovers* &c.] "Milton has painted the paſſion of love," ſays Dr. Beattie, "as diſtinct from all others, with ſuch peculiar truth and beauty, that we cannot think Voltaire's encomium too high, when he ſays, that love in all other poetry ſeems a weakneſs, but in *Paradiſe Loſt* a virtue." Eſſay on Poetry and Muſick, Chap. 5. TODD.

A poet of leſs judgement and invention than this great author, would have found it very difficult to have filled theſe tender parts of the Poem with ſentiments proper for a ſtate of innocence; to have deſcribed the warmth of love, and the profeſſions of it, without artifice or hyperbole; to have made the man ſpeak the moſt endearing things, without deſcending from his natural dignity, and the woman receiving them without departing from the modeſty of her character; in a word, to adjuſt the prerogatives of wiſdom and beauty, and make each appear to the other in its proper force and lovelineſs. This mutual ſubordination of the two ſexes is wonderfully kept up in the whole Poem, as particularly in the ſpeech of Eve I have before mentioned, and upon the concluſion of it in the following lines:

" So ſpake our general mother, and with eyes
" Of conjugal attraction unreprov'd,
" And meek ſurrender, half-embracing lean'd
" On our firſt father; half her ſwelling breaſt
" Naked met his, under the flowing gold
" Of her looſe treſſes hid: he in delight
" Both of her beauty, and ſubmiſſive charms,
" Smil'd with ſuperiour love."

The poet adds, that the Devil turned away with envy at the ſight of ſo much happineſs.

We have another view of our firſt parents in their evening diſcourſes, which is full of pleaſing images and ſentiments ſuitable to their condition and characters. The ſpeech of Eve, in particular, is dreſſed up in ſuch a ſoft and natural turn of

words and ſentiments, as cannot be ſufficiently admired *.

I ſhall cloſe my reflections upon this book, with obſerving the maſterly tranſition which the poet makes to their evening worſhip in the following lines:

" Thus, at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
" Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
" The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heaven,
" Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
" And ſtarry pole: *Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,*
" *Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,* &c."

Moſt of the modern heroick poets have imitated the ancients in beginning a ſpeech without premiſing, that the perſon ſaid thus or thus; but, as it is eaſy to imitate the ancients in the omiſſion of two or three words, it requires judgement to do it in ſuch a manner as they ſhall not be miſſed, and that the ſpeech may begin naturally without them. [y] There is a fine inſtance of this kind out of Homer, in the twenty third chapter of Longinus.—

We were told in the foregoing book, how the evil Spirit practiſed upon Eve as ſhe lay aſleep, in order to inſpire her with thoughts of vanity, pride, and ambition. The author, who ſhows a wonderful art throughout his whole Poem, in preparing the reader for the ſeveral occurrences that ariſe in it, founds, upon the above mentioned circumſtance,

* See a criticiſm of Addiſon on a fine paſſage in this fourth book, v. 640, &c. in the *Tatler*, Vol. ii. No. 114. TODD.

[y] *There is a fine inſtance* &c.] But ſee the Notes, B. iv. 724. TODD.

the firſt part of the FIFTH BOOK. Adam, upon his awaking, finds Eve ſtill aſleep, with an unuſual diſcompoſure in her looks. The poſture, in which he regards her, is deſcribed with a tenderneſs not to be expreſſed; as the whiſper, with which he awakens her, is the ſofteſt that ever was conveyed to a lover's ear.

I cannot but take notice, that Milton, in the conferences between Adam and Eve, had his eye very frequently upon the book of *Canticles*, in which there is a noble ſpirit of eaſtern poetry, and very often not unlike what we meet with in Homer, who is generally placed near the age of Solomon. I think there is no queſtion but the poet, in the preceding ſpeech, remembered thoſe two paſſages, which are ſpoken on the like occaſion, and filled with the ſame pleaſing images of nature.

" *My beloved ſpake, and ſaid unto me, Riſe up, my love, my fair one, and come away; for lo the winter is paſt, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the ſinging of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. The fig tree putteth forth her green figs, and the vines with the tender grape give a good ſmell. Ariſe, my love, my fair one, and come away. Come, my beloved, let us go forth into the field, let us get up early to the vineyards, let us ſee if the vine flouriſh, whether the tender grape appear, and the pomegranates bud forth.*"

His preferring the garden of Eden to that

——————— " where the ſapient king
" Held dalliance with his fair Egyptian ſpouſe,"

ſhows that the poet had this delightful ſcene in his mind.

Eve's dream is full of thoſe *high conceits ingendering pride*, which, we are told, the Devil endeavoured to inſtil into her. Of this kind is that part of it where ſhe fancies herſelf awakened by Adam in the following beautiful lines:

" Why ſleep'ſt thou, Eve? now is the pleaſant time,
" The cool, the ſilent, ſave where ſilence yields
" To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
" Tunes ſweeteſt his love-labour'd ſong; now reigns
" Full orb'd the moon, and with more pleaſing light
" Shadowy ſets off the face of things: In vain,
" If none regard. Heaven wakes with all his eyes,
" Whom to behold but thee, nature's deſire,
" In whoſe ſight all things joy, with raviſhment,
" Attracted by thy beauty ſtill to gaze!"

An injudicious poet would have made Adam talk through the whole work in ſuch ſentiments as theſe: But flattery and falſhood are not the courtſhip of Milton's Adam, and could not be heard by Eve in her ſtate of innocence; excepting only in a dream, produced on purpoſe to taint her imagination. Other vain ſentiments of the ſame kind, in this relation of her dream, will be obvious to every reader. Though the cataſtrophe of the Poem is finely preſaged on this occaſion, the particulars of it are ſo artfully ſhadowed, that they do not anticipate the ſtory which follows in the ninth book. I ſhall only add, that, though the viſion of itſelf is founded upon truth, the circumſtances of it are full of that wildneſs and inconſiſtency which are natural to a dream. Adam, conformable to

his ſuperiour character for wiſdom, inſtructs and comforts Eve upon this occaſion.

The morning hymn is written in imitation of one of thoſe pſalms, where, in the overflowings of gratitude and praiſe, the pſalmiſt calls not only upon the angels, but upon the moſt conſpicuous parts of the inanimate creation, to join with him in extolling their common Maker. Invocations of this nature fill the mind with glorious ideas of God's works, and awaken that divine enthuſiaſm, which is ſo natural to devotion. But if this calling upon the dead parts of nature, is at all times a proper kind of worſhip; it was in a particular manner ſuitable to our firſt parents, who had the creation freſh upon their minds, and had not ſeen the various diſpenſations of Providence, nor conſequently could be acquainted with thoſe many topicks of praiſe which might afford matter to the devotions of their poſterity. I need not remark the beautiful ſpirit of poety, which runs through this whole hymn, or the holineſs of that reſolution with which it concludes.

Having already mentioned thoſe ſpeeches which are aſſigned to the perſons in this Poem, I proceed to the deſcription which the poet gives of Raphael. His departure from before the throne, and his flight through the choirs of Angels, are finely imaged. As Milton every where fills his Poem with circumſtances that are marvellous and aſtoniſhing, he deſcribes the gate of Heaven as framed after ſuch a manner, that it opened of itſelf upon the approach of the Angel who was to paſs through it.

[z] The poet here ſeems to have regarded two or three paſſages in the 18th *Iliad*, as that in particular, where, ſpeaking of Vulcan, Homer ſays, that he had made twenty tripodes running on golden wheels; which, upon occaſion, might go of themſelves to the aſſembly of the gods, and, when there was no more uſe for them, return again after the ſame manner. Scaliger has rallied Homer very ſeverely upon this point, as M. Dacier has endeavoured to defend it. I will not pretend to determine, whether, in this particular of Homer, the marvellous does not loſe ſight of the probable. As the miraculous workmanſhip of Milton's gates is not ſo extraordinary as this of the tripodes, ſo I am perſuaded he would not have mentioned it, had he not been ſupported in it by a paſſage in the Scripture, which ſpeaks of wheels in Heaven that had life in them, and moved of themſelves, or ſtood ſtill, in conformity with the Cherubims, whom they accompanied.

There is no queſtion but Milton had this circumſtance in his thoughts; becauſe, in the following book, he deſcribes the chariot of the Meſſiah with *living* wheels, according to the plan in Ezekiel's viſion.

[z] *The poet here ſeems to have regarded* &c.] Hume, in his Notes on *Paradiſe Loſt*, 1695, p. 176, ſeems to think Milton indebted rather to *Iliad* v. 749.

Αὐτόμαται δὲ πύλαι μύκον ὐραιῦ, ἃς ἔχον Ὧραι.

And Dr. Newton follows him. But Mr. Upton obſerves, that the paſſage in Milton has its ſanction more from *Pſalm* xxiv. 7, than from Homer. TODD.

I queſtion not but Boſſu, and the two Daciers, who are for vindicating every thing that is cenſured in Homer, by ſomething parallel in Holy Writ, would have been very well pleaſed had they thought of confronting Vulcan's tripodes with Ezekiel's wheels.

Raphael's deſcent to the earth, with the figure of his perſon, is repreſented in very lively colours. Several of the French, Italian, and Engliſh poets, have given a looſe to their imaginations in the deſcription of Angels: But I do not remember to have met with any ſo finely drawn, and ſo conformable to the notions which are given of them in Scripture, as this in Milton. After having ſet him forth in all his heavenly plumage, and repreſented him as alighting upon the earth, the poet concludes his deſcription with a circumſtance, which is altogether new, and imagined with the greateſt ſtrength of fancy:

——— "Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
"And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
"The circuit wide."

Raphael's reception by the guardian Angels; his paſſing through the wilderneſs of ſweets; his diſtant appearance to Adam; have all the graces that poetry is capable of beſtowing. The author afterwards gives us a particular deſcription of Eve in her domeſtick employments.

Though in this, and other parts of the ſame book, the ſubject is only the houſewifery of our firſt parent, it is ſet off with ſo many pleaſing images, and ſtrong expreſſions, as make it none of the leaſt agreeable parts in this divine work.

The natural majeſty of Adam, and at the ſame time his ſubmiſſive behaviour to the ſuperiour Being, who had vouchſafed to be his gueſt; the ſolemn Hail which the Angel beſtows upon the mother of mankind, with the figure of Eve miniſtring at the table; are circumſtances which deſerve to be admired.

Raphael's behaviour is every way ſuitable to the dignity of his nature, and to that character of a ſociable Spirit, with which the author has ſo judiciouſly introduced him. He had received inſtructions to converſe with Adam, as one friend converſes with another, and to warn him of the enemy, who was contriving his deſtruction: Accordingly he is repreſented as ſitting down at table with Adam, and eating of the fruits of Paradiſe. The occaſion naturally leads him to his diſcourſe on the food of Angels. After having thus entered into converſation with Man upon more indifferent ſubjects, he warns him of his obedience; and makes a natural tranſition to the hiſtory of that fallen Angel, who was employed in the circumvention of our firſt parents.

Had I followed Monſieur Boſſu's method, already noticed, I ſhould have dated the action of Paradiſe Loſt from the beginning of Raphael's ſpeech in this book, as he ſuppoſes the action of the *Æneid* to begin in the ſecond book of that poem. I could allege many reaſons for my drawing the action of the *Æneid* rather from its immediate beginning in the firſt book, than from its remote beginning in the ſecond; and ſhow why I have conſidered the ſacking of Troy as an epiſode,

according to the common acceptation of that word. But as this would be a dry, unentertaining, piece of criticiſm, and perhaps unneceſſary to thoſe who have read [a] my obſervations, I ſhall not enlarge upon it. Which ever of the notions be true, the unity of Milton's action is preſerved according to either of them; whether we conſider the Fall of Man in its immediate beginning, as proceeding from the reſolutions taken in the infernal council, or in its more remote beginning, as proceeding from the firſt revolt of the Angels in Heaven. The occaſion which Milton aſſigns for this revolt, as it is founded on hints in Holy Writ, and on the opinion of ſome great writers, ſo it was the moſt proper that the poet could have made uſe of.

The revolt in Heaven is deſcribed with great force of imagination, and a fine variety of circumſtances. The learned reader cannot but be pleaſed with the poet's imitation of Homer in the laſt of the following lines:

> " At length into the limits of the north
> " They came, and Satan took his royal ſeat
> " High on a hill, far blazing, as a mount
> " Raiſ'd on a mount, with pyramids and towers
> " From diamond quarries hewn, and rocks of gold,
> " The palace of great Lucifer, (ſo call
> " That ſtructure in the dialect of men
> " Interpreted)—"

Homer mentions perſons, and things, which, he tells us, in the language of the gods are called by different names from thoſe they go by in the

[a] See before, p. 3—9.

language of men. Milton has imitated him with his uſual judgement in this particular place, wherein he has likewiſe the authority of Scripture to juſtify him. The part of Abdiel, who was the only Spirit that in this infinite hoſt of Angels preſerved his allegiance to his Maker, exhibits to us a noble moral of religious ſingularity. The zeal of the Seraph breaks forth in a becoming warmth of ſentiments and expreſſions, as the character which is given us of him denotes that generous ſcorn and intrepidity which attends heroick virtue. The author doubtleſs deſigned it as a pattern to thoſe, who live among mankind in their preſent ſtate of degeneracy and corruption.—

We are now entering upon the SIXTH BOOK, in which the poet deſcribes the battle of the Angels; having raiſed his reader's expectation, and prepared him for it by ſeveral paſſages in the preceding books. I omitted quoting theſe paſſages in my obſervations on the former books, having purpoſely reſerved them for the opening of this, the ſubject of which gave occaſion to them. The author's imagination was ſo inflamed with this great ſcene of action, that where-ever he ſpeaks of it, he riſes, if poſſible, above himſelf. Thus where he mentions Satan in the beginning of his Poem:

—— " Him the Almighty Power
" Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal ſky,
" With hideous ruin and combuſtion down
" To bottomleſs perdition; there to dwell
" In adamantine chains and penal fire,
" Who durſt defy the Omnipotent to arms."

We have likewiſe ſeveral noble hints of it in the infernal conference:

" O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
" That led the embattled Seraphim to war;
" Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
" That with ſad overthrow and foul defeat
" Hath loſt us Heaven; and all this mighty hoſt
" In horrible deſtruction laid thus low.
" But ſee! the angry victor has recall'd
" His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit
" Back to the gates of Heaven: The ſulphurous hail
" Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
" The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
" Of Heaven receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
" Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
" Perhaps has ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
" To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep."

There are ſeveral other very ſublime images on the ſame ſubject in the firſt book, as alſo in the ſecond.

" What, when we fled amain, purſued and ſtruck
" With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and beſought
" The deep to ſhelter us? this Hell then ſeem'd
" A refuge from thoſe wounds—"

In ſhort, the poet never mentions any thing of this battle, but in ſuch images of greatneſs and terrour as are ſuitable to the ſubject. Among ſeveral others I cannot forbear quoting that paſſage, where the Power, who is deſcribed as preſiding over the chaos, ſpeaks in the ſecond book:

" Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
" With faltering ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,

" Anſwer'd: I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
" That mighty leading Angel, who of late
" Made head againſt Heaven's King, though overthrown.
" I ſaw and heard; for ſuch a numerous hoſt
" Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep,
" With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
" Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heaven-gates
" Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
" Purſuing —"

It required great pregnancy of invention, and ſtrength of imagination, to fill this battle with ſuch circumſtances as ſhould raiſe and aſtoniſh the mind of the reader; and at the ſame time an exactneſs of judgement, to avoid every thing that might appear light or trivial. Thoſe, who look into Homer, are ſurpriſed to find his battles ſtill riſing one above another, and improving in horrour, to the concluſion of the *Iliad*. Milton's fight of Angels is wrought up with the ſame beauty. It is uſhered in with ſuch ſigns of wrath as are ſuitable to Omnipotence incenſed. The firſt engagement is carried on under a cope of fire, occaſioned by the flights of innumerable burning darts and arrows which are diſcharged from either hoſt. The ſecond onſet is ſtill more terrible, as it is filled with thoſe artificial thunders, which ſeem to make the victory doubtful, and produce a kind of conſternation even in the good Angels. This is followed by the tearing up of mountains and promontories; till in the laſt place Meſſiah comes forth in the fulneſs of majeſty and terrour. The pomp of his appearance amidſt the roarings of his thunders, the flaſhes of his lightnings, and the noiſe of his chariot-wheels,

is deſcribed with the utmoſt flights of human imagination.

There is nothing in the firſt and laſt day's engagement which does not appear natural, and agreeable enough to the ideas moſt readers would conceive of a fight between two armies of Angels.

The ſecond day's engagement is apt to ſtartle an imagination, which has not been raiſed and qualified for ſuch a deſcription, by the reading of the ancient poets[b], and of Homer in particular. It was certainly a very bold thought in our author, to aſcribe the firſt uſe of artillery to the rebel angels. But as ſuch a pernicious invention may be well ſuppoſed to have proceeded from ſuch authors; ſo it entered very properly into the thoughts of that Being, who is all along deſcribed as aſpiring to the majeſty of his Maker. Such engines were the only inſtruments he could have made uſe of to imitate thoſe thunders, that in all poetry, both ſacred and profane, are repreſented as the arms of the Almighty. The tearing up the hills was not altogether ſo daring a thought as the former. We are, in ſome meaſure, prepared for ſuch an incident by the deſcription of the giants' war, which we meet with among the ancient poets. What ſtill made this circumſtance the more proper for the poet's uſe, is the opinion of many learned men, that the fable of the giants' war, which makes ſo great a noiſe in antiquity, and gave birth to the ſublimeſt deſcription in Heſiod's works, was

[b] See, however, the Notes, B. vi. 484. Todd.

an allegory founded upon this very tradition of a fight between the good and bad Angels.

It may, perhaps, be worth while to conſider with what judgement Milton, in this narration, has avoided every thing that is mean and trivial in the deſcriptions of the Latin and Greek poets; and at the ſame time improved every great hint which he met with in their works upon this ſubject. Homer in that paſſage, which Longinus has celebrated for its ſublimeneſs, and which Virgil and Ovid have copied after him, tells us, that the giants threw Oſſa upon Olympus, and Pelion upon Oſſa. He adds an epithet to Pelion (εἰνοσίφυλλον) which very much ſwells the idea, by bringing up to the reader's imagination all the woods that grew upon it. There is further a greater beauty in his ſingling out by name theſe three remarkable mountains, ſo well known to the Greeks. This laſt is ſuch a beauty, as the ſcene of Milton's war could not poſſibly furniſh him with. Claudian, in his fragment upon the giants' war, has given full ſcope to that wildneſs of imagination which was natural to him. He tells us that the giants tore up whole iſlands by the roots, and threw them at the gods. He deſcribes one of them in particular taking up Lemnos in his arms, and whirling it to the ſkies, with all Vulcan's ſhop in the midſt of it. Another tears up mount Ida, with the river Enipeus, which ran down the ſides of it; but the poet, not content to deſcribe him with this mountain upon his ſhoulders, tells us that the river flowed down his back as he held it up in that poſture. It is viſible to every judicious reader, that ſuch ideas favour

more of burleſque, than of the ſublime. They proceed from a wantonneſs of imagination, and rather divert the mind than aſtoniſh it. Milton has taken every thing that is ſublime in theſe ſeveral paſſages, and compoſes out of them the following great image:

" From their foundations loofening to and fro,
" They pluck'd the ſeated hills, with all their load,
" Rocks, waters, woods, and by the ſhaggy tops
" Uplifting, bore them in their hands."

We have the full majeſty of Homer in this ſhort deſcription, improved by the imagination of Claudian, without its puerilities.

I need not point out the deſcription of the fallen Angels ſeeing the promontories hanging over their heads in ſuch a dreadful manner, with the other numberleſs beauties in this book, which are ſo conſpicuous, that they cannot eſcape the notice of the moſt ordinary reader.

There are indeed ſo many wonderful ſtrokes of poetry in this book, and ſuch a variety of ſublime ideas, that it would have been impoſſible to have given them a place within the bounds of theſe remarks. Beſides that, I find it in a great meaſure done to my hand at the end of my lord Roſcommon's Eſſay on tranſlated poetry. I ſhall refer my reader thither for ſome of the [c] maſter-ſtrokes

[c] " Have we forgot how Raphael's numerous profe
" Led our exalted ſouls through heavenly camps,
" And mark'd the ground where proud apoſtate Thrones
" Defied Jehovah!—Here, 'twixt hoſt and hoſt,
" (A narrow, but a dreadful, interval,)

of the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*; though at the ſame time there are many others, which that noble author has not taken notice of.

Milton, notwithſtanding the ſublime genius he was maſter of, has in this book drawn to his aſſiſtance all the helps he could meet with among the ancient poets. The ſword of Michael, which makes ſo great a havock among the bad Angels, was given him, we are told, out of the armoury of God:

——— " But the ſword
" Of Michael from the armoury of God
" Was given him temper'd ſo, that neither keen
" Nor ſolid might reſiſt that edge: It met

" Portentous ſight! before the cloudy van
" Satan, with vaſt and haughty ſtrides advanc'd,
" Came towering, arm'd in adamant and gold.
" There, bellowing engines with their fiery tubes
" Diſpers'd ethereal Forms; and down they fell
" By thouſands; Angels on Archangels roll'd;
" Recover'd, to the hills they ran, they flew,
" Which, (with their ponderous load, rocks, waters, woods,)
" From their firm ſeats torn by the ſhaggy tops,
" They bore like ſhields before them through the air,
" Till more incens'd they hurl'd them at their foes.
" All was confuſion; Heaven's foundation ſhook,
" Threatening no leſs than univerſal wrack;
" For Michael's arm main promontories flung,
" And over-preſs'd whole legions weak with ſin;
" Yet they blaſphem'd, and ſtruggled, as they lay;
" Till the great enſign of Meſſiah blaz'd,
" And, arm'd with vengeance, God's victorious Son,
" Effulgence of Paternal Deity,
" Graſping ten thouſand thunders in his hand,
" Drove the old original rebels headlong down,
" And ſent them flaming to the vaſt abyſs."

" The ſword of Satan, with ſteep force to ſmite
" Deſcending, and in half cut ſheer —"

This paſſage is a copy of that in Virgil, wherein the poet tells us, that the ſword of Æneas, which was given him by a deity, broke into pieces the ſword of Turnus, which came from a mortal forge. As the moral in this place is divine, ſo by the way we may obſerve that the beſtowing on a man, who is favoured by Heaven, ſuch an allegorical weapon, is very conformable to the old eaſtern way of thinking. Not only Homer has made uſe of it, but we find the Jewiſh hero in the book of Maccabees, who had fought the battles of the choſen people with ſo much glory and ſucceſs, receiving in his dream a ſword from the hand of the prophet Jeremiah. The paſſage, wherein Satan is deſcribed as wounded by the ſword of Michael, is in imitation of Homer; who tells us, in the ſame manner, that, upon Diomedes wounding the gods, there flowed from the wound an ichor, or pure kind of blood, which was not bred from mortal viands; and that, though the pain was exquiſitely great, the wound ſoon cloſed up and healed in thoſe Beings who are veſted with immortality.

I queſtion not but Milton, in his deſcription of his furious Moloch flying from the battle, and bellowing with the wound he had received, had his eye [d] on Mars in the *Iliad*; who, upon his being wounded, is repreſented as retiring out of the fight, and making an outcry louder than that

[d] *on Mars in the* Iliad;] Or perhaps on the Dragon wounded, in Spenſer. See the Note, B. vi. 362. Todd.

of a whole army when it begins the charge. Homer adds, that the Greeks and Trojans, who were engaged in a general battle, were terrified on each ſide with the bellowing of this wounded deity. The reader will eaſily obſerve how Milton has kept all the horrour of this image, without running into the ridicule of it.

Milton has likewiſe raiſed his deſcription in this book with many images taken out of the poetical parts of Scripture. The Meſſiah's chariot, as I have before taken notice, is formed upon a viſion of Ezekiel, who, as Grotius obſerves, has very much in him of Homer's ſpirit in the poetical parts of his prophecy.

The lines, in that glorious commiſſion which is given the Meſſiah to extirpate the hoſt of rebel Angels, are drawn from a ſublime paſſage in the Pſalms.

The reader will eaſily diſcover many other ſtrokes of the ſame nature.

There is no queſtion but Milton had heated his imagination with the fight of the gods in Homer, before he entered upon this engagement of the Angels. Homer there gives us a ſcene of men, heroes, and gods, mixed together in battle. Mars animates the contending armies, and lifts up his voice in ſuch a manner, that it is heard diſtinctly amidſt all the ſhouts and confuſion of the fight. Jupiter at the ſame time thunders over their heads; while Neptune raiſes ſuch a tempeſt, that the whole field of battle and all the tops of the mountains ſhake about them. The poet tells us, that Pluto himſelf, whoſe habitation was in the very

center of the earth, was ſo affrighted at the ſhock, that he leaped from his throne. Homer afterwards deſcribes Vulcan as pouring down a ſtorm of fire upon the river Xanthus, and Minerva as throwing a rock at Mars; who, he tells us, covered ſeven acres in his fall.

As Homer has introduced into his battle of the gods every thing that is great and terrible in nature, Milton has filled his fight of good and bad Angels with all the like circumſtances of horrour. The ſhout of armies, the rattling of brazen chariots, the hurling of rocks and mountains, the earthquake, the fire, the thunder, are all of them employed to lift up the reader's imagination, and give him a ſuitable idea of ſo great an action. With what art has the poet repreſented the whole body of the earth trembling, even before it was created!

——————— "All Heaven
"Reſounded; and had Earth been then, all Earth
"Had to her center ſhook—"

In how ſublime and juſt a manner does he afterwards deſcribe the whole Heaven ſhaking under the wheels of the Meſſiah's chariot, with that exception of the throne of God!

—— "Under his burning wheels
"The ſtedfaſt empyrean ſhook throughout,
"All but the throne itſelf of God—"

Notwithſtanding the Meſſiah appears clothed with ſo much terrour and majeſty, the poet has ſtill found means to make his readers conceive an idea of him, beyond what he himſelf is able to deſcribe:

" Yet half his ſtrength he put not forth, but check'd
" His thunder in mid volley; for he meant
" Not to deſtroy, but root them out of Heaven."

In a word, Milton's genius, which was ſo great in itſelf, and [e] ſo ſtrengthened by all the helps of

[e] *ſo ſtrengthened by all the helps of learning,*] This obſervation is illuſtrated with remarkable elegance and preciſion, in a printed but unpubliſhed work, entitled " Curſory Remarks on ſome of the ancient Engliſh poets, particularly Milton, 1789," and attributed to Philip Neve, Eſq^r.—" So true is Mr. Addiſon's remark, that *perhaps never was a genius ſo ſtrengthened by learning, as Milton's*, that years might be ſpent in the examination of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, without exhauſting all its topicks of alluſion to ancient and modern learning. Yet the conſtitution of Milton's genius; his creative powers; the excurſions of his imagination to regions, untraced by human pen, unexplored by human thought; were gifts of nature, not effects of learning. Had his ſtudies, by any fatality, been confined to an Engliſh verſion of the ſacred Books, *Paradiſe Loſt* had equally come forth, though with leſs ornament.

" By this view of the genius of Milton may be decided the queſtion, Whether Shakſpeare's powers would have been enlarged, or altered, by learning? Shakſpeare, as Dryden happily expreſſes himſelf, *was naturally learned.* His learning was above the ſtudy of books; and by them he might, like Milton, have illuſtrated nature; have given variety to narration, or energy to alluſion; but never have improved, through the knowledge of others, that firſt knowledge, which was peculiarly his own.

" But the learning of Milton, though not the firſt ſubject of our admiration, is not to be paſſed over, without a degree of praiſe, to which perhaps no other ſcholar is entitled. To both the dialects of Hebrew he added the Greek, Latin, Italian, French, and Spaniſh; and theſe he poſſeſſed, not with ſtudy only, but commanded them in ordinary and familiar uſe. With theſe, aiding his own natural genius, he aſſumed a vigour of intellect, to which difficulties were temptations, that courted all that is arduous; that ſoared to divine counſels, without unworthineſs;

learning, appears in this book every way equal to his ſubject, which was the moſt ſublime that could

and met the majeſty of Heaven, without amazement or confuſion.

" The energy of his mind, upon all occaſions, ſhows itſelf ſuch, that we make no allowances (becauſe we find none neceſſary) for his ſituation. Yet the greateſt work of human genius, his *Paradiſe Loſt*, was not begun till he was blind. Had any one, poſſeſſing all the faculties of man without impair, executed this work, who would not ſay he had written with all nature preſent to his mind; that is, within the power of his mind, by help of that reference or reviſion, which connects ſcience and retrieves learning? But of Milton,

> ——————— from the cheerful ways of men
> Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair
> Preſented with a univerſal blank
> Of nature's works to him expung'd and ras'd,
> And wiſdom at one entrance quite ſhut out—

more muſt be ſaid: he wrote with all nature preſent to his memory.

" That the praiſe of Milton is, like that of Cowley, to have no thought in common with any author, his predeceſſor, cannot be urged. Though he thought for himſelf, he had a juſt deference for the thoughts of others; and, though his genius enabled him without helps to execute, he diſdained not to conſult and direct himſelf by the moſt approved examples. In his Latin elegies, Ovid was his maſter: in his firſt eſſay in maſque, Ben Jonſon: in his Italian Poems, Dante, Petrarca, and Fulvio Teſti. It was his peculiar ſtudy to explore the traces of genius, in whatever authors had gone with eminence before him. He read them all. He took the golden ornaments from the hands of the beſt artifis; he conſidered their faſhion, their workmanſhip, their weight, their alloy; and, ſtoring and arranging them for occaſion, he adapted them, as he ſaw fit, to the chalice, or the pixis, formed from the ſublime patterns of his own mind. Works of exquiſite and wonderful invention; which the moſt learned and the moſt ingenious are the firſt to admire; but which themſelves can never be imitated! To form the *Paradiſe*

enter into the thoughts of a poet. As he knew all the arts of affecting the mind, he knew it was neceſſary to give it certain reſting places, and opportunities of recovering itſelf from time to time: he has therefore with great addreſs interſperſed ſeveral ſpeeches, reflexions, ſimilitudes, and the like reliefs to diverſify his narration, and eaſe the attention of the reader, that he might come freſh to his great action; and, by ſuch a contraſt of ideas, have a more lively taſte of the nobler parts of his deſcription.—

Longinus has obſerved, that there may be a loftineſs in ſentiments where there is no paſſion; and brings inſtances out of ancient authors to ſupport this his opinion. The pathetick, as that great critick obſerves, may animate and inflame the ſublime, but is not eſſential to it. Accordingly, as he further remarks, we very often find that thoſe, who excel moſt in ſtirring up the paſſions, very often want the talent of writing in the great and ſublime manner; and ſo on the contrary. Milton has ſhown himſelf a maſter in both theſe ways of writing. The SEVENTH BOOK, which we are now entering upon, is an inſtance of that ſublime which is not mixed and worked up with paſſion. The author appears in a kind of compoſed and ſedate majeſty; and, though the ſentiments do not give

Loſt, what learning have the *ſacred* or *claſſick* books, that has not been explored? And what are the beauties or the excellencies of either, that he has not there aſſembled and combined? 'Tis a temple, conſtructed to his own immortal fame, of the cedar of Lebanon, the gold of Ophir, and the marble of Paros."
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ſo great an emotion as thoſe in the former book, they abound with as magnificent ideas. The ſixth book, like a troubled ocean, repreſents greatneſs in confuſion; the ſeventh affects the imagination like the ocean in a calm, and fills the mind of the reader, without producing in it any thing like tumult or agitation.

The critick above-mentioned, among the rules which he lays down for ſucceeding in the ſublime way of writing, propoſes to his reader, that he ſhould imitate the moſt celebrated authors who have gone before him, and have been engaged in works of the ſame nature; as in particular, that, if he writes on a poetical ſubject, he ſhould conſider how Homer would have ſpoken on ſuch an occaſion. By this means, one great genius often catches the flame from another; and writes in his ſpirit, without copying ſervilely after him. There are a thouſand ſhining paſſages in Virgil, which have been lighted up by Homer.

Milton, though his own natural ſtrength of genius was capable of furniſhing out a perfect work, has doubtleſs very much raiſed and ennobled his conceptions by ſuch an imitation as that which Longinus has recommended.

In this book, which gives us an account of the ſix days works, the poet received but very few aſſiſtances from heathen writers, who were ſtrangers to the wonders of creation. But, as there are many glorious ſtrokes of poetry upon this ſubject in Holy Writ, the author has numberleſs alluſions to them through the whole courſe of this book. The great critick I have before mentioned, though an

heathen, has taken notice of the ſublime manner in which the law-giver of the Jews has deſcribed the creation in the firſt chapter of Geneſis; and there are many other paſſages in Scripture, which riſe up to the ſame majeſty, where this ſubject is touched upon. Milton has ſhown his judgement very remarkably, in making uſe of ſuch of theſe as were proper for his Poem; and in duly qualifying thoſe high ſtrains of *Eaſtern* poetry, which were ſuited to readers whoſe imaginations were ſet to an higher pitch than thoſe of colder climates.

Adam's ſpeech to the Angel, wherein he deſires an account of what had paſſed within the regions of Nature before the creation, is very great and ſolemn. The following lines, in which he tells him, that the day is not too far ſpent for him to enter upon ſuch a ſubject, are exquiſite in their kind:

" And the great light of day yet wants to run
" Much of his race though ſteep; ſuſpenſe in Heaven,
" Held by thy voice, thy potent voice, he hears,
" And longer will delay to hear thee tell
" His generation, &c."

The Angel's encouraging our firſt parents in a modeſt purſuit after knowledge, and the cauſes which he aſſigns for the creation of the world, are very juſt and beautiful. The Meſſiah, by whom, as we are told in Scripture, the heavens were made, comes forth in the power of his Father; ſurrounded with an hoſt of Angels, and clothed with ſuch a Majeſty as becomes his entering upon a work, which, according to our conceptions, appears the utmoſt exertion of Omnipotence. What

a beautiful deſcription has our author raiſed upon that hint in one of the prophets! "*And behold there came four chariots out from between two mountains, and the mountains were mountains of braſs.*"

" About his chariot numberleſs were pour'd
" Cherub, and Seraph, Potentates, and Thrones,
" And Virtues, winged Spirits, and chariots wing'd
" From the armoury of God; where ſtand of old
" Myriads, between two brazen mountains lodg'd
" Againſt a ſolemn day, harneſs'd at hand,
" Celeſtial equipage; and now came forth
" Spontaneous, for within them Spirit liv'd,
" Attendant on their Lord: Heaven open'd wide
" Her ever-during gates, harmonious ſound
" On golden hinges moving —"

I have before taken notice of theſe chariots of God, and of theſe gates of Heaven; and ſhall here only add, that Homer gives us the ſame idea of the latter, as opening of themſelves; though he afterwards takes off from it, by telling us, that the Hours firſt of all removed thoſe prodigious heaps of clouds which lay as a barrier before them.

I do not know any thing in the whole Poem more ſublime than the deſcription which follows, where the Meſſiah is repreſented at the head of his Angels, as looking down into the chaos, calming its confuſion, riding into the midſt of it, and drawing the firſt outline of the creation.

The thought of the golden compaſſes, ver. 225, is conceived altogether in Homer's ſpirit; and is a very noble incident in this wonderful deſcription. Homer, when he ſpeaks of the gods, aſcribes to

them ſeveral arms and inſtruments, with the ſame greatneſs of imagination: Let the reader only peruſe the deſcription of Minerva's Ægis, or buckler, in the fifth book, with her ſpear which would overturn whole ſquadrons, and her helmet that was ſufficient to cover an army drawn out of an hundred cities. The golden compaſſes in the above-mentioned paſſage appear a very natural inſtrument in the hand of him, whom Plato ſomewhere calls the Divine Geometrician. As poetry delights in clothing abſtracted ideas in allegories and ſenſible images, we find a magnificent deſcription of the creation formed after the ſame manner in one of the prophets, wherein he deſcribes the Almighty Architect as meaſuring the waters in the hollow of his hand, meting out the heavens with his ſpan, comprehending the duſt of the earth in a meaſure, weighing the mountains in ſcales, and the hills in a balance. Another of them, deſcribing the Supreme Being in this great work of creation, repreſents him as laying the foundations of the earth, and ſtretching a line upon it: And in another place as garniſhing the heavens, ſtretching out the north over the empty place, and hanging the earth upon nothing. This laſt noble thought Milton has expreſſed in the following verſe:

"And Earth ſelf-balanc'd on her center hung."

The beauties of deſcription in this book lie ſo very thick, that it is impoſſible to enumerate them in theſe remarks. The poet has employed on them the whole energy of our tongue. The ſeveral great ſcenes of the creation riſe up to view one

after another, in ſuch a manner that the reader ſeems preſent at this wonderful work, and to aſſiſt among the choirs of Angels, who are the ſpectators of it. How glorious is the concluſion of the firſt day!

——— "Thus was the firſt day even and morn:
"Nor paſt uncelebrated, nor unſung
"By the celeſtial quires, when orient light
"Exhaling firſt from darkneſs they beheld;
"Birth-day of Heaven and Earth; with joy and ſhout
"The hollow univerſal orb they fill'd."

We have the ſame elevation of thought in the third day, when the mountains were brought forth, and the deep was made. We have alſo the riſing of the whole vegetable world deſcribed in this day's work, which is filled with all the graces that other poets have laviſhed on their deſcription of the ſpring, and leads the reader's imagination into a theatre equally ſurpriſing and beautiful.

The ſeveral glories of the heavens make their appearance on the fourth day.

One would wonder how the poet could be ſo conciſe in his deſcription of the ſix days works, as to comprehend them within the bounds of an epiſode; and at the ſame time ſo particular, as to give us a lively idea of them. This is ſtill more remarkable in his account of the fifth and ſixth days, in which he has drawn out to our view the whole animal creation, from the reptile to the behemoth. As the lion and the leviathan are two of the nobleſt productions in the world of living creatures, the reader will find a moſt exquiſite ſpirit of poetry in the account which our author

gives us of them. The ſixth day concludes with the formation of Man; upon which the Angel takes occaſion, as he did after the battle in Heaven, to remind Adam of his obedience; which was the principal deſign of this his viſit.

The poet afterwards repreſents the Meſſiah returning into Heaven, and taking a ſurvey of his great work. There is ſomething inexpreſſibly ſublime in this part of the Poem, where the author deſcribes the great period of time, filled with ſo many glorious circumſtances; when the heavens and earth were finiſhed: when the Meſſiah aſcended up in triumph through the everlaſting gates; when he looked down with pleaſure upon his new creation; when every part of nature ſeemed to rejoice in its exiſtence; when the morning ſtars ſang together, and all the ſons of God ſhouted for joy.

I cannot conclude this book upon the creation, without mentioning [f] a poem which has lately appeared under that title. The work was undertaken with ſo good an intention, and is executed with ſo great a maſtery, that it deſerves to be looked upon as one of the moſt uſeful and noble productions in our Engliſh verſe. The reader cannot but be pleaſed to find the depths of philoſophy enlivened with all the charms of poetry; and to ſee ſo great a ſtrength of reaſon, amidſt ſo beautiful a redun-

[f] *a poem which has lately appeared* &c.] This was *The Creation* by Sir Richard Blackmore, publiſhed in 1712; a poem, ſays Dr. Johnſon, which, "if he had written nothing elſe, would have tranſmitted him to poſterity among the firſt favourites of the Engliſh Muſe." See Lives of the Eng. Poets, edit. 1794, vol. iii. p. 72. TODD.

dancy of the imagination. The author has ſhown us that deſign in all the works of nature, which neceſſarily leads us to the knowledge of its firſt cauſe. In ſhort, he has illuſtrated, by numberleſs and inconteſtible inſtances, that divine wiſdom, which the Son of Sirach has ſo nobly aſcribed to the Supreme Being in his formation of the world, when he tells us, that "*He created her, and ſaw her, and numbered her, and poured her out upon all his works.*"—

The accounts, which Raphael gives of the battle of angels and the creation of the world, have in them thoſe qualifications which the criticks judge requiſite to an epiſode. They are nearly related to the principal action, and have a juſt connexion with the fable.

The EIGHTH BOOK opens with a beautiful deſcription of the impreſſion which this diſcourſe of the Archangel made on our firſt parents. Adam afterwards, by a very natural curioſity, enquires concerning the motions of thoſe celeſtial bodies which make the moſt glorious appearance among the ſix days works. The poet here, with a great deal of art, repreſents Eve as withdrawing, from this part of their converſation, to amuſements more ſuitable to her ſex. He well knew that the epiſode in this book, which is filled with Adam's account of his paſſion and eſteem for Eve, would have been improper for her hearing; and has therefore deviſed very juſt and beautiful reaſons for her retiring.

The Angel's returning a doubtful anſwer to Adam's inquiries was not only proper for the moral

reaſon which the poet aſſigns, but becauſe it would have been highly abſurd to have given the ſanction of an Archangel to any particular ſyſtem of philoſophy. The chief points in the Ptolemaick and Copernican hypotheſes are deſcribed with great conciſeneſs and perſpicuity, and at the ſame time dreſſed in very pleaſing and poetical images.

Adam, to detain the Angel, enters afterwards upon his own hiſtory, and relates to him the circumſtances in which he found himſelf upon his creation; as alſo his converſation with his Maker, and his firſt meeting with Eve. There is no part of the Poem more apt to raiſe the attention of the reader, than this diſcourſe of our great anceſtor; as nothing can be more ſurpriſing and delightful to us, than to hear the ſentiments that aroſe in the firſt Man, while he was yet new and freſh from the hands of his Creator. The poet has interwoven every thing which is delivered upon this ſubject of Holy Writ with ſo many beautiful imaginations of his own, that nothing can be conceived more juſt and natural than this whole epiſode. As our author knew this ſubject could not but be agreeable to his reader, he would not throw it into the relation of the ſix days works, but reſerved it for a diſtinct epiſode, that he might have an opportunity of expatiating upon it more at large. Before I enter on this part of the Poem, I cannot but take notice of two ſhining paſſages in the dialogue between Adam and the Angel. The firſt is that wherein our anceſtor gives an account of the pleaſure he took in converſing with him, which contains a very noble moral:

" For, while I ſit with thee, I ſeem in Heaven;
" And ſweeter thy diſcourſe is to my ear
" Than fruits of palm-tree pleaſanteſt to thirſt
" And hunger both, from labour, at the hour
" Of ſweet repaſt; they ſatiate, and ſoon fill,
" Though pleaſant; but thy words, with grace divine
" Imbued, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety."

The other I ſhall mention, is that in which the Angel gives a reaſon why he ſhould be glad to hear the ſtory Adam was about to relate:

" For I that day was abſent, as befel,
" Bound on a voyage uncouth and obſcure,
" Far on excurſion towards the gates of Hell;
" Squar'd in full legion (ſuch command we had)
" To ſee that none thence iſſued forth a ſpy,
" Or enemy, while God was in his work;
" Leſt he, incens'd at ſuch eruption bold,
" Deſtruction with Creation might have mix'd."

There is no queſtion but our poet drew the image in what follows from that in Virgil's ſixth book, where Æneas and the Sybil ſtand before the adamantine gates, which are there deſcribed as ſhut upon the place of torments; and liſten to the groans, the clank of chains, and the noiſe of iron whips, that were heard in thoſe regions of pain and ſorrow:

—— " Faſt we found, faſt ſhut,
" The diſmal gates, and barricado'd ſtrong;
" But long ere our approaching heard within
" Noiſe, other than the ſound of dance or ſong,
" Torment, and loud lament, and furious rage."

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his condition and ſentiments immediately after his cre-

ation. How agreeably does he repreſent the poſture in which he found himſelf, the delightful landſkip that ſurrounded him, and the gladneſs of heart which grew up in him on that occaſion! He is afterwards deſcribed as ſurpriſed at his own exiſtence, and taking a ſurvey of himſelf, and of all the works of nature. He likewiſe is repreſented as diſcovering, by the light of reaſon, that he, and every thing about him, muſt have been the effect of ſome Being infinitely good and powerful; and that this Being had a right to his worſhip and adoration. His firſt addreſs to the ſun, and to thoſe parts of the creation which made the moſt diſtinguiſhed figure, is very natural and amuſing to the imagination. His next ſentiment, when upon his firſt going to ſleep he fancies himſelf loſing his exiſtence, and falling away into nothing, can never be ſufficiently admired. His dream, in which he ſtill preſerves the conſciouſneſs of his exiſtence, and his removal into the garden which was prepared for his reception, are alſo circumſtances finely imagined, and grounded upon what is delivered in ſacred ſtory.

Theſe, and the like wonderful, incidents in this part of the work, have in them all the beauties of novelty; at the ſame time that they have all the graces of nature.

They are ſuch as none but a great genius could have thought of; though, upon the peruſal of them, they ſeem to riſe of themſelves from the ſubject of which he treats. In a word, though they are natural, they are not obvious; which is the true character of all fine writing.

The impreſſion, which the interdiction of the tree of life left in the mind of our firſt parent, is deſcribed with great ſtrength and judgement; as the image of the ſeveral beaſts and birds paſſing in review before him is very beautiful and lively.

Adam, in the next place, deſcribes a conference which he held with his Maker upon the ſubject of ſolitude. The poet here repreſents the Supreme Being, as making an eſſay of his own work, and putting to the trial that reaſoning faculty with which he had endued his creature. Adam urges, in this divine colloquy, the impoſſibility of his being happy, though he was the inhabitant of Paradiſe, and Lord of the whole creation, without the converſation and ſociety of ſome rational creature, who ſhould partake thoſe bleſſings with him. This dialogue, which is ſupported chiefly by the beauty of the thoughts, without other poetical ornaments, is as fine a part as any in the whole Poem: The more the reader examines the juſtneſs and delicacy of its ſentiments, the more he will find himſelf pleaſed with it. The poet has wonderfully preſerved the character of majeſty and condeſcenſion in the Creator, and at the ſame time that of humility and adoration in the creature, as particularly in the following lines:

" Thus I preſumptuous; and the Viſion bright,
" As with a ſmile more brighten'd, thus replied, &c."
—— " I, with leave of ſpeech implor'd,
" And humble deprecation thus replied.
" Let not my words offend thee, heavenly Power,
" My Maker, be propitious while I ſpeak, &c."

Adam then proceeds to give an account of his ſecond ſleep, and of the dream in which he beheld the formation of Eve. The new paſſion that was awakened in him at the ſight of her, is touched very finely:

" Under his forming hands a creature grew,
" Man-like, but different ſex; ſo lovely fair,
" That what ſeem'd fair in all the world, ſeem'd now
" Mean, or in her ſumm'd up, in her contain'd,
" And in her looks; which from that time infus'd
" Sweetneſs into my heart, unfelt before,
" And into all things from her air inſpir'd
" The ſpirit of love and amorous delight."

Adam's diſtreſs upon loſing ſight of this beautiful phantom, with his exclamations of joy and gratitude at the diſcovery of a real creature who reſembled the apparition which had been preſented to him in his dream; the approaches he makes to her; and his manner of courtſhip; are all laid together in a moſt exquiſite propriety of ſentiments.

Though this part of the Poem is worked up with great warmth and ſpirit, the love which is deſcribed in it is every way ſuitable to a ſtate of innocence. If the reader compares the deſcription which Adam here gives of his leading Eve to the nuptial bower, with that which Mr. Dryden has made on the ſame occaſion in a ſcene of his *Fall of Man*, he will be ſenſible of the great care which Milton took to avoid all thoughts on ſo delicate a ſubject that might be offenſive to religion or good-manners. The ſentiments are chaſte, but not cold; and convey to the mind ideas of the moſt tranſporting paſſion, and of the greateſt purity. What a noble

mixture of rapture and innocence has the author joined together, in the reflection which Adam makes on the pleaſures of love, compared to thoſe of ſenſe!

Theſe ſentiments of love in our firſt parent, give the Angel ſuch an inſight into human nature, that he ſeems apprehenſive of the evils which might befal the ſpecies in general, as well as Adam in particular, from the exceſs of this paſſion. He therefore fortifies him againſt it by timely admonitions; which very artfully prepare the mind of the reader for the occurrences of the next book, where the weakness, of which Adam here gives ſuch diſtant diſcoveries, brings about that fatal event which is the ſubject of the Poem. His diſcourſe, which follows the gentle rebuke he received from the Angel, ſhows that his love, however violent it might appear, was ſtill founded in reaſon, and conſequently not improper for Paradiſe.

Adam's ſpeech, at parting with the Angel, has in it a deference and gratitude agreeable to an inferiour nature; and at the ſame time a certain dignity and greatneſs, ſuitable to the father of mankind in his ſtate of innocence.—

If we look into the three great heroick poems which have appeared in the world, we may obſerve that they are built upon very ſlight foundations. Homer lived near 300 years after the Trojan war; and, as the writing of hiſtory was not then in uſe among the Greeks, we may very well ſuppoſe, that the tradition of Achilles and Ulyſſes had brought down but very few particulars to his knowledge;

though there is no queſtion but he has wrought into his two poems ſuch of their remarkable adventures, as were ſtill talked of among his contemporaries.

The ſtory of Æneas, on which Virgil founded his poem, was likewiſe very bare of circumſtances; and by that means afforded him an opportunity of embelliſhing it with fiction, and giving a full range to his own invention. We find, however, that he has interwoven, in the courſe of his fable, the principal particulars, which were generally believed among the Romans, of Æneas's voyage and ſettlement in Italy.

The reader may find an abridgement of the whole ſtory as collected out of the ancient Hiſtorians, and as it was received among the Romans, in Dionyſius Halicarnaſſeus.

Since none of the criticks have conſidered Virgil's fable, with relation to this hiſtory of Æneas; it may not perhaps be amiſs to examine it in this light, ſo far as regards my preſent purpoſe. Whoever looks into the abridgement abovementioned, will find that the character of Æneas is filled with piety to the gods, and a ſuperſtitious obſervation of prodigies, oracles, and predictions. Virgil has not only preſerved this character in the perſon of Æneas, but has given a place in his poem to thoſe particular prophecies which he found recorded of him in hiſtory and tradition. The poet took the matters of fact as they came down to him; and circumſtanced them after his own manner, to make them appear the more natural, agreeable, or ſurpriſing. I believe very many readers have been ſhocked at

that ludicrous prophecy, which one of the Harpies pronounces to the Trojans in the third book; namely, that, before they had built their intended city, they ſhould be reduced by hunger to eat their very tables. But, when they hear that this was one of the circumſtances that had been tranſmitted to the Romans in the hiſtory of Æneas, they will think the poet did very well in taking notice of it. The hiſtorian abovementioned acquaints us, a propheteſs had foretold Æneas, that he ſhould take his voyage weſtward, till his companions ſhould eat their tables; and that accordingly, upon his landing in Italy, as they were eating their fleſh upon cakes of bread for want of other conveniencies, they afterwards fed on their cakes themſelves; upon which one of the company ſaid merrily, "*We are eating our tables.*" They immediately took the hint, ſays the hiſtorian, and concluded the prophecy to be fulfilled. As Virgil did not think it proper to omit ſo material a particular in the hiſtory of Æneas, it may be worth while to conſider with how much judgement he has qualified it, and taken off every thing that might have appeared improper for a paſſage in an heroick poem. The propheteſs, who foretells it, is an hungry Harpy, as the perſon who diſcovers it is young Aſcanius.

"Heus etiam menſas conſumimus, inquit Iulus!"

Such an obſervation, which is beautiful in the mouth of a boy, would have been ridiculous from any other of the company. I am apt to think that the changing of the Trojan fleet into Water-

Nymphs, which is the moſt violent machine in the whole Æneid, and has given offence to ſeveral criticks, may be accounted for the ſame way. Virgil himſelf, before he begins that relation, premiſes, that what he was going to tell appeared incredible, but that it was juſtified by tradition. What further confirms me that this change of the fleet was a celebrated circumſtance in the hiſtory of Æneas, is, that Ovid has given a place to the ſame metamorphoſis in his account of the heathen mythology.

None of the criticks I have met with having conſidered the fable of the *Æneid* in this light, and taken notice how the tradition, on which it was founded, authoriſes thoſe parts in it which appear more exceptionable; I hope the length of this reflection will not make it unacceptable to the curious part of my readers.

The hiſtory, which was the baſis of Milton's Poem, is ſtill ſhorter than either that of the *Iliad*, or *Æneid*. The poet has likewiſe taken care to inſert every circumſtance of it in the body of his fable. The NINTH BOOK, which we are here to conſider, is raiſed upon that brief account in Scripture, wherein we are told that the ſerpent was more ſubtle than any beaſt of the field; that he tempted the Woman to eat of the forbidden fruit; that ſhe was overcome by this temptation; and that Adam followed her example. From theſe few particulars, Milton has formed one of the moſt entertaining fables that invention ever produced. He has diſpoſed of theſe ſeveral circumſtances among ſo many agreeable and natural fictions of

his own, that his whole ſtory looks only like a comment upon Sacred Writ, or rather ſeems to be a full and complete relation of what the other is only an epitome. I have inſiſted the longer on this conſideration, as I look upon the diſpoſition and contrivance of the fable to be the principal beauty of the ninth book, which has more *ſtory* in it, and is fuller of incidents, than any other in the whole Poem. Satan's traverſing the globe, and ſtill keeping within the ſhadow of the night, as fearing to be diſcovered by the Angel of the ſun, who had before detected him, is one of thoſe beautiful imaginations with which he introduces this his ſecond ſeries of adventures. Having examined the nature of every creature, and found out one which was the moſt proper for his purpoſe, he again returns to Paradiſe; and, to avoid diſcovery, ſinks by night with a river that ran under the garden, and riſes up again through a fountain that iſſued from it by the tree of life. The poet, who, as we have before taken notice, ſpeaks as little as poſſible in his own perſon, and, after the example of Homer, fills every part of his work with manners and characters, introduces a ſoliloquy of this infernal agent, who was thus reſtleſs in the deſtruction of Man. He is then deſcribed as gliding through the garden, under the reſemblance of a miſt, in order to find out that creature in which he deſigned to tempt our firſt parents. This deſcription has ſomething in it very poetical and ſurpriſing.

The author afterwards gives us a deſcription of the morning, which is wonderfully ſuitable to a

divine poem, and peculiar to that firſt ſeaſon of nature: He repreſents the Earth, before it was curſed, as a great altar, breathing out its incenſe from all parts, and ſending up a pleaſant ſavour to the noſtrils of its Creator; to which he adds a noble idea of Adam and Eve, as offering their morning worſhip, and filling up the univerſal conſort of praiſe and adoration.

The diſpute, which follows between our two firſt parents, is repreſented with great art: It proceeds from a difference of judgement, not of paſſion; and is managed with reaſon, not with heat: It is ſuch a diſpute as we may ſuppoſe might have happened in Paradiſe, had Man continued happy and innocent. There is a great delicacy in the moralities which are interſperſed in Adam's diſcourſe, and which the moſt ordinary reader cannot but take notice of. That force of love, which the father of mankind ſo finely deſcribes in the eighth book, ſhows itſelf here in many fine inſtances: As in thoſe fond regards he caſts towards Eve at her parting from him; in his impatience and amuſement during her abſence; but particularly in that paſſionate ſpeech, where, ſeeing her irrecoverably loſt, he reſolves to periſh with her rather than to live without her:

——————" Some curſed fraud
" Of enemy hath beguil'd thee, yet unknown,
" And me with thee hath ruin'd; for with thee
" Certain my reſolution is to die:
" How can I live without thee! how forego
" Thy ſweet converſe, and love ſo dearly join'd,
" To live again in theſe wild woods forlorn!

" Should God create another Eve, and I
" Another rib afford, yet loſs of thee
" Would never from my heart; no, no! I feel
" The link of nature draw me: fleſh of fleſh,
" Bone of my bone thou art, and from thy ſtate
" Mine never ſhall be parted, bliſs or woe!"

The beginning of this ſpeech, and the preparation to it, are animated with the ſame ſpirit as the concluſion, which I have here quoted.

The ſeveral wiles which are put in practice by the Tempter, when he found Eve ſeparated from her huſband; the many pleaſing images of nature which are intermixed in this part of the ſtory, with its gradual and regular progreſs to the fatal cataſtrophe; are ſo very remarkable, that it would be ſuperfluous to point out their reſpective beauties.

I have avoided mentioning any particular ſimilitudes in my remarks on this great work, becauſe I have given a general account of them in my obſervations on the firſt book. There is one, however, in this part of the Poem which I ſhall here quote, as it is not only very beautiful, but the cloſeſt of any in the whole Poem; I mean that, where the ſerpent is deſcribed as rolling forward in all his pride, animated by the evil Spirit, and conducting Eve to her deſtruction, while Adam was at too great a diſtance from her to give her his aſſiſtance. Theſe ſeveral particulars are all of them wrought into the following ſimilitude.

——————" Hope elevates, and joy
" Brightens his creſt; as when a wandering fire,
" Compact of unctuous vapour, which the night
" Condenſes, and the cold environs round,

" Kindled through agitation to a flame,
" Which oft, they ſay, ſome evil Spirit attends,
" Hovering and blazing with deluſive light,
" Miſleads the amaz'd night-wanderer from his way
" To bogs and mires, and oft through pond or pool;
" There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far."

That ſecret intoxication of pleaſure, with all thoſe tranſient fluſhings of guilt and joy, which the poet repreſents in our firſt parents upon their eating the forbidden fruit, to thoſe flaggings of ſpirit, damps of ſorrow, and mutual accuſations which ſucceed it, are conceived with a wonderful imagination, and deſcribed in very natural ſentiments.

When Dido, in the fourth *Æneid*, yielded to that fatal temptation which ruined her, Virgil tells us the Earth trembled, the Heavens were filled with flaſhes of lightning, and the Nymphs howled upon the mountain tops. Milton, in the ſame poetical ſpirit, has deſcribed all Nature as diſturbed upon Eve's eating the forbidden fruit.

Upon Adam's falling into the ſame guilt, the whole creation appears a ſecond time in convulſions.

As all Nature ſuffered by the guilt of our firſt parents, theſe ſymptoms of trouble and conſternation are wonderfully imagined, not only as prodigies, but as marks of her ſympathizing in the Fall of Man.

Adam's converſe with Eve, after having eaten the forbidden fruit, is an exact copy of that between Jupiter and Juno in the fourteenth *Iliad*. Juno there approaches Jupiter with the girdle

which ſhe had received from Venus; upon which he tells her, that ſhe appeared more charming and deſirable than ſhe had ever done before, even when their loves were at the higheſt. The poet afterwards deſcribes them as repoſing on a ſummit of mount Ida, which produced under them a bed of flowers, the lotos, the crocus, and the hyacinth; and concludes his deſcription with their falling aſleep.

Let the reader compare this with the following paſſage in Milton, which begins with Adam's ſpeech to Eve:

" For never did thy beauty, ſince the day
" I ſaw thee firſt and wedded thee, adorn'd
" With all perfections, ſo inflame my ſenſe
" With ardour to enjoy thee, fairer now
" Than ever, bounty of this virtuous tree!
" So ſaid he, and forbore not glance or toy
" Of amorous intent; well underſtood
" Of Eve, whoſe eye darted contagious fire.
" Her hand he ſeiz'd; and to a ſhady bank,
" Thick over-head with verdant roof imbower'd,
" He led her nothing loth: flowers were the couch,
" Panſies, and violets, and aſphodel,
" And hyacinth; Earth's freſhe't ſofteſt lap.
" There they their fill of love and love's diſport
" Took largely, of their mutual guilt the ſeal,
" The ſolace of their ſin; till dewy ſleep
" Oppreſs'd them —"

As no poet ſeems ever to have ſtudied Homer more, or to have reſembled him in the greatneſs of genius, than Milton; I think I ſhould have given but a very imperfect account of his beauties, if I had not obſerved the moſt remarkable paſ-

ſages which look like parallels in theſe two great authors. I might, in the courſe of this criticiſm, have taken notice of many particular lines and expreſſions which are tranſlated from the Greek poet; but, as I thought this would have appeared too minute and over-curious, I have purpoſely omitted them. The greater incidents, however, are not only ſet off by being ſhown in the ſame light with ſeveral of the ſame nature in Homer, but by that means may be alſo guarded againſt the cavils of the taſteleſs or ignorant.—

The TENTH BOOK of *Paradiſe Loſt* has a greater variety of perſons in it than any other in the whole Poem. The author, upon the winding up of his action, introduces all thoſe who had any concern in it; and ſhows, with great beauty, the influence which it had upon each of them. It is like the laſt act of a well-written tragedy; in which all, who had a part in it, are generally drawn up before the audience, and repreſented under thoſe circumſtances in which the determination of the action places them.

I ſhall therefore conſider this book under four heads, in relation to the celeſtial, the infernal, the human, and the imaginary, perſons; who have their reſpective parts allotted in it.

To begin with the celeſtial perſons: The guardian Angels of Paradiſe are deſcribed as returning to Heaven upon the Fall of Man, in order to approve their vigilance: their arrival, their manner of reception, with the ſorrow which appeared in themſelves, and in thoſe Spirits who are ſaid to

rejoice at the converſion of a ſinner, are very finely laid together in the beginning of this book.

The ſame Divine Perſon, who in the foregoing parts of this Poem interceded for our firſt parents before their Fall, overthrew the rebel Angels, and created the world, is now repreſented as deſcending to Paradiſe, and pronouncing ſentence upon the three offenders. The cool of the evening being a circumſtance with which Holy Writ introduces this great ſcene, it is poetically deſcribed by our author; who has alſo kept religiouſly to the form of words, in which the three ſeveral ſentences were paſſed upon Adam, Eve, and the ſerpent. He has rather choſen to neglect the numerouſneſs of his verſe, than to deviate from thoſe ſpeeches which are recorded on this great occaſion. The guilt and confuſion of our firſt parents ſtanding naked before their judge, is touched with great beauty. Upon the arrival of Sin and Death into the works of the creation, the Almighty is again introduced as ſpeaking to his Angels that ſurrounded him:

" See, with what heat theſe dogs of hell advance
" To waſte and havock yonder world, which I
" So fair and good created; &c."

The following paſſage is formed upon that glorious image in Holy Writ, which compares the voice of an innumerable hoſt of Angels, uttering hallelujahs, to the voice of mighty thunderings, or of many waters:

" He ended, and the heavenly audience loud
" Sung hallelujah, as the ſound of ſeas,

" Through multitude that ſung: Juſt are thy ways,
" Righteous are thy decrees in all thy works;
" Who can extenuate thee? —"

Though the author in the whole courſe of his Poem, particularly in the book we are now examining, has infinite alluſions to places of Scripture, I have only taken notice in my remarks of ſuch as are of a poetical nature, and which are woven with great beauty into the body of this fable. Of this kind is that paſſage in the preſent book, where, deſcribing Sin as marching through the works of nature, he adds,

——————" Behind her Death
" Cloſe following pace for pace, not mounted yet
" On his pale horſe —"

Which alludes to that paſſage in Scripture ſo wonderfully poetical, and terrifying to the imagination. " *And I looked and behold a pale horſe, and his name that ſat on him was* Death, *and* Hell *followed with him: and power was given unto them over the fourth part of the earth, to kill with ſword, and with hunger, and with ſickneſs, and with the beaſts of the earth.*" Under this firſt head of celeſtial perſons we muſt likewiſe take notice of the command which the Angels received, to produce the ſeveral changes in nature, and fully the beauty of the creation. Accordingly they are repreſented as infecting the ſtars, and planets, with malignant influences; weakening the light of the ſun; bringing down the winter into the milder regions of nature; planting winds, and ſtorms, in ſeveral quarters of the ſky; ſtoring the clouds with

thunder; and, in ſhort, perverting the whole frame of the univerſe to the condition of its criminal inhabitants. As this is a noble incident in the Poem, the following lines in which we ſee the Angels heaving up the earth, and placing it in a different poſture to the ſun from what it had before the Fall of Man, is conceived with that ſublime imagination which was ſo peculiar to this great author.

" Some ſay he bid his Angels turn aſcanſe
" The poles of earth twice ten degrees and more
" From the ſun's axle; they with labour puſh'd
" Oblique the centrick globe.—"

We are in the ſecond place to conſider the infernal agents under the view which Milton has given us of them in this book. It is obſerved by thoſe who would ſet forth the greatneſs of Virgil's plan, that he conducts his reader through all the parts of the earth which were diſcovered in his time. Aſia, Africa, and Europe, are the ſeveral ſcenes of his fable. The plan of Milton's Poem is of an infinitely greater extent, and fills the mind with many more aſtoniſhing circumſtances. Satan, having ſurrounded the earth ſeven times, departs at length from Paradiſe. We then ſee him ſteering his courſe among the conſtellations, and, after having traverſed the whole creation, purſuing his voyage through the chaos, and entering into his own infernal dominions.

His firſt appearance in the aſſembly of fallen Angels, is worked up with circumſtances which give a delightful ſurpriſe to the reader: but there is no incident in the whole Poem which does this

more than the transformation of the whole audience, that follows the account their leader gives them of his expedition. The gradual change of Satan himſelf is deſcribed after Ovid's manner, and may vie with any of thoſe celebrated transformations which are looked upon as the moſt beautiful parts in that poet's works. Milton never fails of improving his own hints, and beſtowing the laſt finiſhing touches, in every incident which is admitted into his Poem. The unexpected hiſs which ariſes in this epiſode; the dimenſions and bulk of Satan, ſo much ſuperiour to thoſe of the infernal Spirits who lay under the ſame transformation, with the annual change which they are ſuppoſed to ſuffer; are inſtances of this kind. The beauty of the diction is very remarkable in this whole epiſode, as I have before obſerved the great judgement with which it was contrived.

The parts of Adam and Eve, or the human perſons, come next under our conſideration. Milton's art is no where more ſhown than in his conducting the parts of theſe our firſt parents. The repreſentation he gives of them, without falſifying the ſtory, is wonderfully contrived to influence the reader with pity and compaſſion towards them. Though Adam involves the whole ſpecies in miſery, his crime proceeds from a weakneſs which every man is inclined to pardon and commiſerate, as it ſeems rather the frailty of human nature, than of the perſon who offended. Every one is apt to excuſe a fault which he himſelf might have fallen into. It was the exceſs of love for Eve, that ruined Adam, and his poſterity. I need not add,

that the author is juſtified in this particular by many of the fathers, and the moſt orthodox writers. Milton has by this means filled a great part of his Poem with that kind of writing which the French criticks call the *tender*, and which is in a particular manner engaging to all ſorts of readers.

Adam and Eve, in the book we are now conſidering, are likewiſe drawn with ſuch ſentiments as do not only intereſt the reader in their afflictions, but raiſe in him the moſt melting paſſions of humanity and commiſeration. When Adam ſees the ſeveral changes of nature produced about him, he appears in a diſorder of mind ſuitable to one who had forfeited both his innocence and his happineſs; he is filled with horrour, remorſe, deſpair: in the anguiſh of his heart he expoſtulates with his Creator for having given him an unaſked exiſtence.

He immediately recovers from his preſumption, owns his doom to be juſt, and begs that the death which is threatened him may be inflicted on him.

The whole ſpeech is full of the like emotion, and varied with all thoſe ſentiments which we may ſuppoſe natural to a mind ſo broken and diſturbed: I muſt not omit that generous concern which our firſt father ſhows in it for his poſterity, and which is ſo proper to affect the reader:

——————" Hide me from the face
" Of God, whom to behold was then my highth
" Of happineſs! Yet well, if here would end
" The miſery; I deſerv'd it, and would bear
" My own deſervings; but this will not ſerve:
" All that I eat, or drink, or ſhall beget,
" Is propagated curſe. O voice, once heard

" Delightfully, *Encreaſe and multiply*;
" Now death to hear! ——————
—————— " In me all
" Poſterity ſtands curs'd: Fair patrimony,
" That I muſt leave ye, Sons! O, were I able
" To waſte it all myſelf, and leave ye none!
" So diſinherited, how would you bleſs
" Me, now your curſe! Ah, why ſhould all mankind,
" For one man's fault, thus guiltleſs be condemn'd,
" If guiltleſs? But from me what can proceed,
" But all corrupt? —"

Who can afterwards behold the father of mankind, extended upon the earth, uttering his midnight complaints, bewailing his exiſtence, and wiſhing for death, without ſympathizing with him in his diſtreſs?—The part of Eve in this book is no leſs paſſionate, and apt to ſway the reader in her favour. She is repreſented with great tenderneſs as approaching Adam, but is ſpurned from him with a ſpirit of upbraiding and indignation, conformable to the nature of man, whoſe paſſions had now gained the dominion over him. The following paſſage, wherein ſhe is deſcribed as renewing her addreſſes to him, with the whole ſpeech that follows it, have ſomething in them exquiſitely moving and pathetick.

" He added not, and from her turn'd; But Eve,
" Not ſo repuls'd, with tears that ceas'd not flowing
" And treſſes all diſorder'd, at his feet
" Fell humble: and, embracing them, beſought
" His peace, and thus proceeded in her plaint.
" Forſake me not thus, Adam! Witneſs Heaven
" What love ſincere, and reverence in my heart
" I bear thee, and unweeting have offended,

" Unhappily deceiv'd! Thy fuppliant
" I beg, and clafp thy knees; bereave me not,
" Whereon I live, thy gentle looks, thy aid,
" Thy counfel, in this uttermoft diftrefs,
" My only ftrength and ftay: Forlorn of thee,
" Whither fhall I betake me, where fubfift?
" While yet we live, fcarce one fhort hour perhaps,
" Between us two let there be peace; &c."

Adam's reconcilement to her is worked up in the fame fpirit of tendernefs. Eve afterwards propofes to her hufband, in the blindnefs of her defpair, that, to prevent their guilt from defcending upon pofterity, they fhould refolve to live childlefs; or, if that could not be done, they fhould feek their own deaths by violent methods. As thofe fentiments naturally engage the reader to regard the mother of mankind with more than ordinary commiferation, [g] they likewife contain a very fine moral. The refolution of dying to end

[g] *they likewife contain a very fine moral.*] Milton frequently takes occafion to recommend "the bearing well of all calamities; extolling patience as the trueft fortitude." How would his pious fpirit have been grieved, if he had lived to mark the profligacy of thofe, who, thinking of themfelves more highly than they ought to think, have, in modern times, affected to defpife the Chriftian leffon which he teaches; who have defended even the guilt of fuicide, and proclaimed the eternity of death! See alfo the Note on *Par. Loft*, B. xii. 434.—Milton's moral is indeed fublime: It "raifes the attentive mind" (as Adam's mind was raifed) "to better hopes" than the thought of felf-deftruction in diftrefs and mifery: It teaches us to await, in awful expectation, our laft hour; and humbly to feek, in the mercy of God, a "remedy to the evils which our own mifdeeds have wrought." It is remarkable that, in the *Adamo* of Andreini, Eve tempts Adam to fuicide, A. iv. S. v. TODD.

our miſeries, does not ſhow ſuch a degree of magnanimity as a reſolution to bear them, and ſubmit to the diſpenſations of Providence. Our author has therefore, with great delicacy, repreſented Eve as entertaining this thought, and Adam as diſapproving it.

We are, in the laſt place, to conſider the imaginary perſons, or Death and Sin, who act a large part in this book. Such beautiful extended allegories are certainly ſome of the fineſt compoſitions of genius; but, as I have before obſerved, are not agreeable to the nature of an heroick poem. This of Sin and Death is very exquiſite in its kind, if not conſidered as a part of ſuch a work. The truths contained it are ſo clear and open, that I ſhall not loſe time in explaining them; but ſhall only obſerve, that a reader, who knows the ſtrength of the Engliſh tongue, will be amazed to think how the poet could find ſuch apt words and phraſes to deſcribe the actions of thoſe two imaginary perſons, and particularly in that part where Death is exhibited as forming a bridge over the chaos; a work ſuitable to the genius of Milton.

Since the ſubject I am upon gives me an opportunity of ſpeaking more at large of ſuch ſhadowy and imaginary perſons as may be introduced into heroick poems, I ſhall beg leave to explain myſelf in a matter which is curious in its kind, and which none of the criticks have treated of. It is certain, Homer and Virgil are full of imaginary perſons; who are very beautiful in poetry, when they are juſt ſhown without being engaged in any ſeries of action. Homer indeed repreſents Sleep as a

perſon, and aſcribes a ſhort part to him in his *Iliad*; but we muſt conſider, that, though we now regard ſuch a perſon as entirely ſhadowy and unſubſtantial, the Heathens made ſtatues of him, placed him in their temples, and looked upon him as a real deity. When Homer makes uſe of other ſuch allegorical perſons, it is only in ſhort expreſſions, which convey an ordinary thought to the mind in the moſt pleaſing manner, and may rather be looked upon as poetical phraſes, than allegorical deſcriptions. Inſtead of telling us that men naturally fly when they are terrified, he introduces the perſons of Flight and Fear, who, he tells us, are inſeparable companions. Inſtead of ſaying that the time was come when Apollo ought to have received his recompence, he tells us, that the Hours brought him his reward. Inſtead of deſcribing the effects which Minerva's Ægis produced in battle, he tell us that the brims of it were encompaſſed by Terrour, Rout, Diſcord, Fury, Purſuit, Maſſacre, and Death. In the ſame figure of ſpeaking, he repreſents Victory as following Diomedes; Diſcord as the mother of funerals and mourning; Venus as dreſſed by the Graces; Bellona as wearing terrour and conſternation like a garment. I might give ſeveral other inſtances out of Homer, as well as a great many out of Virgil. Milton has likewiſe very often made uſe of the ſame way of ſpeaking, as where he tells us, that Victory ſat on the right hand of the Meſſiah, when he marched forth againſt the rebel Angels; that, at the riſing of the ſun, the Hours unbarred the gates of light; that Diſcord was the daughter of Sin. Of the ſame nature are thoſe ex-

preſſions, where, deſcribing the ſinging of the nightingale, he adds, "*Silence was pleaſed;*" and, upon the Meſſiah's bidding peace to the chaos, "*Confuſion heard his voice.*" I might add innumerable inſtances of our poet's writing in this beautiful figure. It is plain that theſe I have mentioned, in which perſons of an imaginary nature are introduced, are ſuch ſhort allegories as are not deſigned to be taken in the literal ſenſe, but only to convey particular circumſtances to the reader, after an unuſual and entertaining manner. But when ſuch perſons are introduced as principal actors, and engaged in a ſeries of adventures, they take too much upon them; and are by no means proper for an heroick poem, which ought to appear credible in its principal parts. I cannot forbear therefore thinking that Sin and Death [h] are as improper agents

[h] *are as improper agents in a work of this nature,* &c.] Yet, as doctor Newton has obſerved, "Milton may rather be juſtified for introducing ſuch imaginary beings as Sin and Death, becauſe a great part of his Poem lies in the inviſible world, and ſuch fictitious beings may better have a place there; and the actions of Sin and Death are at leaſt as probable as thoſe aſcribed to the good or evil Angels. Beſides, as Milton's ſubject neceſſarily admitted ſo few real perſons, he was in a manner obliged to ſupply that defect by introducing imaginary ones; and the characters of Sin and Death are perfectly agreeable to the hints and ſketches, which are given of them in Scripture. The Scripture had made perſons of them before in ſeveral places; only the Scripture has repreſented them as I may ſay in miniature, and he has drawn them in their full length and proportions." He has alſo exactly followed the genealogy of Sin and Death, as deſcribed by St. James. See the Note on *Par. Loſt*, B. ii. 648. The Poem, therefore, may be conſidered as free from the imperfection with which it has been charged. See alſo before, p. 60. TODD.

in a work of this nature, as Strength and Neceſſity in one of the tragedies of Æſchylus, who repreſented thoſe two perſons nailing down Prometheus to a rock; for which he has been juſtly cenſured by the greateſt criticks. I do not know any imaginary perſon made uſe of in a more ſublime manner of thinking than that in one of the prophets, who, deſcribing God as deſcending from Heaven and viſiting the ſins of mankind, adds that dreadful circumſtance, "*Before him went the Peſtilence.*" It is certain, this imaginary perſon might have been deſcribed in all her purple ſpots. The Fever might have marched before her, Pain might have ſtood at her right hand, Phrenzy on her left, and Death in her rear. She might have been introduced as gliding down from the tail of a comet, or darted from the earth in a flaſh of lightning: She might have tainted the atmoſphere with her breath; the very glaring of her eyes might have ſcattered infection. But I believe every reader will think, that in ſuch ſublime writings the mentioning of her, as it is done in Scripture, has ſomething in it more juſt, as well as great, than all that the moſt fanciful poet could have beſtowed upon her in the richneſs of her imagination.—

Milton has ſhown a wonderful art in deſcribing that variety of paſſions, which aroſe in our firſt parents upon the breach of the commandment that had been given them. We ſee them gradually paſſing from the triumph of their guilt through remorſe, ſhame, deſpair, contrition, prayer, and hope, to a perfect and complete repentance. At the end of the tenth book they are repreſented as

proſtrating themſelves upon the ground, and watering the earth with their tears: To which the poet joins this beautiful circumſtance, that they offered up their penitential prayers, on the very place where their Judge appeared to them when he pronounced their ſentence.

There is a beauty of the ſame kind in a tragedy of Sophocles, where Oedipus, after having put out his own eyes, inſtead of breaking his neck from the palace-battlements, (which furniſhes ſo elegant an entertainment for our Engliſh audience,) deſires that he may be conducted to mount Cithæron, in order to end his life in that very place where he was expoſed in his infancy, and where he ſhould then have died, had the will of his parents been executed.

As the author never fails to give a poetical turn to his ſentiments, he deſcribes in the beginning of the ELEVENTH BOOK the acceptance which theſe their prayers met with, in a ſhort allegory, formed upon that beautiful paſſage in Holy Writ: "*And another Angel came and ſtood at the altar, having a golden cenſer; and there was given unto him much incenſe, that he ſhould offer it with the prayers of all ſaints upon the golden altar, which was before the throne: And the ſmoke of the incenſe, which came with the prayers of the ſaints, aſcended up before God.*" We have the ſame thought expreſſed a ſecond time in the interceſſion of the Meſſiah, which is conceived in very emphatical ſentiments and expreſſions.

Among the poetical parts of Scripture, which Milton has ſo finely wrought into this part of his

narration, I muſt not omit that wherein Ezekiel, ſpeaking of the Angels who appeared to him in a viſion, adds, that "*every one had four faces*, and that *their whole bodies, and their backs, and their hands, and their wings, were full of eyes round about.*"—

——— "The cohort bright
"Of watchful Cherubim; four faces each
"Had, like a double Janus, all their ſhape
"Spangled with eyes —"

The aſſembling of all the Angels in Heaven to hear the ſolemn decree paſſed upon Man, is repreſented in very lively ideas. The Almighty is here deſcribed as remembering mercy in the midſt of judgement, and commanding Michael to deliver his meſſage in the mildeſt terms, leſt the ſpirit of Man, which was already broken with the ſenſe of his guilt and miſery, ſhould fail before him.

The conference of Adam and Eve is full of moving ſentiments. Upon their going abroad after the melancholy night which they had paſſed together, they diſcover the lion and the eagle purſuing, each of them, their prey towards the eaſtern gates of Paradiſe. There is a double beauty in this incident, not only as it preſents great and juſt omens, which are always agreeable in poetry, but as it expreſſes that enmity which was now produced in the animal creation. The poet to ſhow the like changes in nature, as well as to grace his fable with a noble prodigy, repreſents the ſun in an eclipſe. This particular incident has likewiſe a fine effect upon the imagination of the reader, in

regard to what follows; for, at the ſame time that the ſun is under an eclipſe, a bright cloud deſcends in the weſtern quarter of the heavens, filled with an hoſt of Angels, and more luminous than the ſun itſelf. The whole theatre of nature is darkened, that this glorious machine may appear in all its luſtre and magnificence.

I need not obſerve how properly this author, who always ſuits his parts to the actors whom he introduces, has employed Michael in the expulſion of our firſt parents from Paradiſe. The Archangel on this occaſion neither appears in his proper ſhape, nor in that familiar manner with which Raphael, the ſociable Spirit, entertained the father of mankind before the Fall. His perſon, his port, and behaviour, are ſuitable to a ſpirit of the higheſt rank, and are exquiſitely deſcribed.

[i] Eve's complaint, upon hearing that ſhe was to be removed from the garden of Paradiſe, is won-

[i] *Eve's complaint*, &c.] Mr. Thyer obſerves, that, to the remark of Addiſon upon the beauty and propriety of Eve's complaint, may be added "the fine contraſt which there is betwixt that and Adam's ſorrow, which was ſilent and thoughtful, as Eve's was loud and haſty; both conſiſtent with the different characters of the ſexes, which Milton has indeed kept up with great exactneſs through the whole Poem."

But this paſſage is alſo heightened by the poet's rhetorical art; and has been noticed, in this impreſſive point of view, by Dr. Beattie: "Pierced to the heart at the thought of leaving the garden of Eden, Eve, in all the violence of ungovernable ſorrow, breaks forth into a pathetick *apoſtrophe* to Paradiſe, to the flowers ſhe had reared, and the nuptial bower ſhe had adorned. Adam makes no addreſs to the walks, the trees, or the flowers of the garden, the loſs whereof did not ſo much afflict him; but, in his reply to the Archangel, expreſſes, *without a figure*, his regret for

derfully beautiful: The ſentiments are not only proper to the ſubject, but have ſomething in them particularly ſoft and womaniſh.

Adam's ſpeech abounds with thoughts which are equally moving, but of a more maſculine and elevated turn. Nothing can be conceived more ſublime and poetical than the following paſſage in it:

" This moſt afflicts me, that, departing hence,
" As from his face I ſhall be hid, depriv'd
" His bleſſed countenance: Here I could frequent,
" With worſhip, place by place where he vouchſaf'd
" Preſence Divine; and to my ſons relate,
" On this mount he appear'd; under this tree
" Stood viſible; among theſe pines his voice
" I heard; here with him at this fountain talk'd:
" So many grateful altars I would rear
" Of graſſy turf, and pile up every ſtone
" Of luſtre from the brook, in memory
" Or monument to ages; and thereon
" Offer ſweet-ſmelling gums, and fruits, and flowers:
" In yonder nether world where ſhall I ſeek
" His bright appearances, or footſteps trace?
" For though I fled him angry, yet, recall'd
" To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
" Gladly behold though but his utmoſt ſkirts
" Of glory; and far off his ſteps adore."

The Angel afterwards leads Adam to the higheſt mount of Paradiſe, and lays before him a whole

being baniſhed from a place where he had ſo often been honoured with a manifeſtation of the Divine Preſence. The uſe of the apoſtrophe in the one caſe, and the omiſſion of it in the other, not only gives a beautiful variety to the ſtyle, but alſo marks the ſuperior elevation and compoſure of mind, by which the poet had all along diſtinguiſhed the character of Adam." *Eſſay on Poetry and Muſick*, ſect. iii. Todd.

hemiſphere, as a proper ſtage for thoſe viſions which were to be repreſented on it. I have before obſerved how the plan of Milton's Poem is in many particulars greater than that of the *Iliad* or *Æneid*. Virgil's hero, in the laſt of theſe poems, is entertained with a ſight of all thoſe who are to deſcend from him; but, though that epiſode is juſtly admired as one of the nobleſt deſigns in the whole *Æneid*, every one muſt allow that this of Milton is of a much higher nature. Adam's viſion is not confined to any particular tribe of mankind, but extends to the whole ſpecies.

In this great review which Adam takes of all his ſons and daughters, the firſt objects he is preſented with exhibit to him the ſtory of Cain and Abel, which is drawn together with much cloſeneſs and propriety of expreſſion. That curioſity and natural horrour, which ariſe in Adam at the ſight of the firſt dying man, are touched with great beauty:

" But have I now ſeen Death? Is this the way
" I muſt return to native duſt? O ſight
" Of terrour, foul and ugly to behold,
" Horrid to think, how horrible to feel!"

The ſecond viſion ſets before him the image of death in a great variety of appearances. The Angel, to give him a general idea of thoſe effects which his guilt had brought upon his poſterity, places before him a large hoſpital or lazar-houſe, filled with perſons lying under all kinds of mortal diſeaſes. How finely has the poet told us that the ſick perſons languiſhed under lingering and in-

curable diſtempers, by an apt and judicious uſe of ſuch imaginary Beings as thoſe I have before mentioned:

" Dire was the toſſing, deep the groans; Deſpair
" Tended the ſick, buſieſt from couch to couch;
" And over them triumphant Death his dart
" Shook, but delay'd to ſtrike, though oft invok'd
" With vows, as their chief good, and final hope."

The paſſion, which likewiſe riſes in Adam on this occaſion is very natural:

" Sight ſo deform what heart of rock could long
" Dry-ey'd behold? Adam could not, but wept,
" Though not of woman born; compaſſion quell'd
" His beſt of man, and gave him up to tears."

The diſcourſe between the Angel and Adam, which follows, abounds with noble morals.

As there is nothing more delightful in poetry, than a contraſt and oppoſition in incidents, the author, after this melancholy proſpect of death and ſickneſs, raiſes up a ſcene of mirth, love, and jollity. The ſecret pleaſure that ſteals into Adam's heart, as he is intent upon this viſion, is imagined with great delicacy. I muſt not omit the deſcription of the looſe female troop, who ſeduced the ſons of God, as they are called in Scripture:

" For that fair female troop thou ſaw'ſt, that ſeem'd
" Of goddeſſes, ſo blithe, ſo ſmooth, ſo gay,
" Yet empty of all good wherein conſiſts
" Woman's domeſtick honour, and chief praiſe;
" Bred only and completed to the taſte
" Of luſtful appetence, to ſing, to dance,
" To dreſs, and troll the tongue, and roll the eye:

" To theſe that ſober race of men, whoſe lives
" Religious titled them the ſons of God,
" Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame,
" Ignobly, to the trains and to the ſmiles
" Of theſe fair atheiſts —"

The next viſion is of a quite contrary nature, and filled with the horrours of war. Adam, at the ſight of it, melts into tears; and breaks out into that paſſionate ſpeech,

——— " O! what are theſe?
" Death's miniſters, not men! who thus deal death
" Inhumanly to men, and multiply
" Ten thouſandfold the ſin of him who ſlew
" His brother: for of whom ſuch maſſacre
" Make they, but of their brethren; men of men!"

Milton, to keep up an agreeable variety in his viſions, after having raiſed in the mind of his reader the ſeveral ideas of terrour which are conformable to the deſcription of war, paſſes on to thoſe ſofter images of triumphs and feſtivals, in that viſion of lewdneſs and luxury which uſhers in the Flood.

As it is viſible that the poet had his eye upon Ovid's account of the univerſal deluge, the reader may obſerve with how much judgement he has avoided every thing that is redundant or puerile in the Latin poet. We do not here ſee the wolf ſwimming among the ſheep, or any of thoſe wanton imaginations, which Seneca found fault with, as unbecoming the great cataſtrophe of Nature. If our poet has imitated that verſe in which Ovid tells us that there was nothing but ſea, and that this ſea had no ſhore to it, he has not ſet the

thought in ſuch a light as to incur the cenſure which critics have paſſed upon it. The latter part of that verſe in Ovid is idle and ſuperfluous, but juſt and beautiful in Milton:

" Jamque mare et tellus nullum diſcrimen habebant,
" Nil niſi pontus erat, deerant quoque littora ponto."

——— " Sea cover'd ſea,
" Sea without ſhore —"

In Milton the former part of the deſcription does not foreſtal the latter. How much more great and ſolemn on this occaſion is that which follows in our Engliſh poet;

——— " And in their palaces,
" Where luxury late reign'd, ſea-monſters whelp'd
" And ſtabled —'

than that in Ovid, where we are told that the ſea-calves lay in thoſe places where the goats were uſed to browſe! The reader may find ſeveral other parallel paſſages in the Latin and Engliſh deſcription of the deluge, wherein our poet has viſibly the advantage. The ſky's being overcharged with clouds, the deſcending of the rains, the riſing of the ſeas, and the appearance of the rainbow, are ſuch deſcriptions as every one muſt take notice of. The circumſtance relating to Paradiſe is finely imagined, and ſuitable to the opinions of many learned authors:

——— " Then ſhall this mount
" Of Paradiſe by might of waves be mov'd
" Out of his place, puſh'd by the horned flood,
" With all his verdure ſpoil'd, and trees adrift

" Down the great river to the opening gulf,
" And there take root an iſland ſalt and bare,
" The haunt of ſeals, and orcs, and ſea-mews' clang."

The tranſition which the poet makes, from the viſion of the deluge, to the concern it occaſioned in Adam, is exquiſitely graceful, and copied after Virgil, though the firſt thought it introduces is rather in the ſpirit of Ovid:

" How didſt thou grieve then, Adam to behold
" The end of all thy offspring, end ſo ſad,
" Depopulation! Thee another flood,
" Of tears and ſorrow a flood, thee alſo drown'd,
" And ſunk thee as thy ſons; till, gently rear'd
" By the Angel, on thy feet thou ſtood'ſt at laſt,
" Though comfortleſs; as when a father mourns
" His children, all in view deſtroyed at once."

I have been the more particular in my quotations out of the eleventh book of *Paradiſe Loſt*, becauſe it is not generally reckoned among the moſt ſhining books of this Poem; for which reaſon the reader might be apt to overlook thoſe many paſſages in it which deſerve our admiration. The eleventh and twelfth are indeed built upon that ſingle circumſtance of the removal of our firſt parents from Paradiſe; but, though this is not in itſelf ſo great a ſubject as that in moſt of the foregoing books, it is extended and diverſified with ſo many ſurpriſing incidents and pleaſing epiſodes, that theſe two laſt books can by no means be looked upon as unequal parts of this divine Poem. I muſt further add, that, had not Milton repreſented our firſt parents as driven out of Paradiſe, his Fall of Man would not have been complete,

and conſequently his action would have been imperfect.—

Milton, after having repreſented in viſion the hiſtory of mankind to the firſt great period of nature, deſpatches the remaining part of it in narration. He has deviſed a very handſome reaſon for the Angel's proceeding with Adam after this manner; though, doubtleſs, the true reaſon was the difficulty which the poet would have found to have ſhadowed out ſo mixed and complicated a ſtory in viſible objects. I could wiſh, however, that the author had done it, whatever pains it might have coſt him. To give my opinion freely, I think that the exhibiting part of the hiſtory of mankind in viſion, and part in narrative, is as if an hiſtory-painter ſhould put in colours one half of his ſubject, and write down the remaining part of it. [k] If

[k] *If Milton's Poem flags any where, it is in this narration;*] "If we have an eye only to poetick decoration," ſays Mr. Thyer, "the remark is juſt: but if we view it in another light, and conſider in how ſhort a compaſs he has compriſed, and with what ſtrength and clearneſs he has expreſſed, the various actings of God towards mankind, and the moſt ſublime and deep truths both of the Jewiſh and Chriſtian theology; it muſt excite no leſs admiration in the mind of an attentive reader, than the more ſprightly ſcenes of love and innocence in Eden, or the more turbulent ones of angelick war in Heaven. This contrivance of Milton's to introduce into his Poem ſo many things poſterior to the time of action fixed in his firſt plan, by a viſionary prophetick relation of them, is, it muſt be allowed, common, with our author, to Virgil and moſt epick poets ſince his time; but there is one thing to be obſerved ſingular in our Engliſh poet, which is, that whereas they have all done it principally, if not wholly, to have an opportunity of complimenting their own country and friends, he has not the leaſt mention of, or friendly alluſion to, his."

Milton's Poem flags any where, it is in this narration; where in ſome places the author has been ſo attentive to his divinity, that he has neglected his poetry. The narration, however, riſes very happily on ſeveral occaſions, where the ſubject is capable of poetical ornaments, as particularly in the confuſion which he deſcribes among the builders of Babel, and in his ſhort ſketch of the plagues of Egypt. The ſtorm of hail and fire, and the darkneſs that overſpread the land for three days, are deſcribed with great ſtrength. The beautiful paſſage, which follows, is raiſed upon noble hints in Scripture:

——————" Thus with ten wounds
" The river-dragon tam'd at length ſubmits
" To let his ſojourners depart; and oft
" Humbles his ſtubborn heart; but ſtill, as ice

With deference to preceding opinions, it ſeems to me, however, that Milton has not entirely omitted to beſtow poetical decoration on the concluſion of his divine Poem; that the twelfth book can boaſt a variety of elegant numbers, and a moſt judicious ſelection of words. The exhibiting part of the hiſtory of mankind in viſion, and part in narrative, is not perhaps exactly ſubject to the cenſure of Mr. Addiſon. It ſhould be remembered not only that the Angel artfully aſſigns the reaſon for diſcontinuing the viſion, and introducing the narration:

——————————" I perceive
" Thy mortal ſight to fail; objects divine
" *Muſt needs impair and weary human ſenſe*—"

but alſo that many circumſtances in the narration, which ſucceeds, were not capable of being repreſented to the ſight. And thus the reader may admire the judgement with which Milton planned, as well as the perſpicuity with which he has arranged, the concluding parts of *Paradiſe Loſt*. TODD.

" More harden'd after thaw: till, in his rage
" Purſuing whom he late diſmiſs'd, the ſea
" Swallows him with his hoſt; but them lets paſs
" As on dry land between two cryſtal walls;
" Aw'd by the rod of Moſes ſo to ſtand
" Divided —"

The river-dragon is an alluſion to the crocodile, which inhabits the Nile, from whence Egypt derives her plenty. This alluſion is taken from that ſublime paſſage in Ezekiel; "*Thus ſaith the Lord God, Behold I am againſt thee, Pharaoh king of Egypt, the great dragon that lyeth in the midſt of his rivers, which hath ſaid, My river is mine own, and I have made it for myſelf.*" Milton has given us another very noble and poetical image in the ſame deſcription, which is copied almoſt word for word out of the hiſtory of Moſes:

" All night he will purſue, but his approach
" Darkneſs defends between till morning watch; &c."

As the principal deſign of this epiſode was to give Adam an idea of the Holy Perſon who was to reinſtate human nature in that happineſs and perfection from which it had fallen, the poet confines himſelf to the line of Abraham, from whence the Meſſiah was to deſcend. The Angel is deſcribed as ſeeing the patriarch actually travelling towards the Land of Promiſe, which gives a particular livelineſs to this part of the narration.

" I ſee him, but thou canſt not, with what faith
" He leaves his Gods, his friends, his native ſoil,
" Ur of Chaldea, paſſing now the ford
" To Haran; after him a cumbrous train
" Of herds and flocks, and numerous ſervitude;

" Not wandering poor, but truſting all his wealth
" With God, who call'd him, in a land unknown.
" Canaan he now attains; I ſee his tents
" Pitch'd about Sechem, and the neighbouring plain
" Of Moreh; there by promiſe he receives
" Gift to his progeny of all that land,
" From Hamath northward to the Deſart ſouth;
" (Things by their names I call, though yet unnam'd.)"

As Virgil's viſion in the ſixth *Æneid* probably gave Milton the hint of this whole epiſode, the laſt line is a tranſlation of that verſe where Anchiſes mentions the names of places, which they were to bear hereafter.

" *Hæc tum nomina erunt, nunc ſunt ſine nomine terræ.*"

The poet has very finely repreſented the joy and gladneſs of heart which riſes in Adam upon his diſcovery of the Meſſiah. As he ſees his day at a diſtance through types and ſhadows, he rejoices in it; but when he finds the redemption of man completed, and Paradiſe again renewed, he breaks forth in rapture and tranſport;

" O Goodneſs infinite, Goodneſs immenſe!
" That all this good of evil ſhall produce, &c."

I have before hinted, that an heroick poem, according to the opinion of the beſt criticks, ought to end happily, and leave the mind of the reader, after having conducted it through many doubts and fears, ſorrows and diſquietudes, in a ſtate of tranquillity and ſatisfaction. Milton's fable, which had ſo many other qualifications to recommend it, was deficient in this particular. It is here, therefore, that the poet has ſhown a moſt exquiſite

judgement, as well as the fineſt invention, by finding out a method to ſupply this natural defect in his ſubject. Accordingly he leaves the Adverſary of mankind, in the laſt view which he gives of him, under the loweſt ſtate of mortification and diſappointment. We ſee him chewing aſhes, groveling in the duſt, and loaden with ſupernumerary pains and torments. On the contrary, our two firſt parents are comforted by dreams and viſions, cheered with promiſes of ſalvation, and, in a manner, raiſed to a greater happineſs, than that which they had forfeited: In ſhort, Satan is repreſented miſerable in the height of his triumphs, and Adam triumphant in the height of miſery.

Milton's Poem ends very nobly. The laſt ſpeeches of Adam and the Archangel are full of moral and inſtructive ſentiments. The ſleep that fell upon Eve, and the effects it had in quieting the diſorders of her mind, produce the ſame kind of conſolation in the reader; who cannot peruſe the laſt beautiful ſpeech, which is aſcribed to the mother of mankind, without a ſecret pleaſure and ſatisfaction.

The following lines, which conclude the Poem, riſe in a moſt glorious blaze of poetical images and expreſſions.

Heliodorus in his Æthiopicks acquaints us, that the motion of the gods differs from that of mortals; as the former do not ſtir their feet, or proceed ſtep by ſtep, but ſlide over the ſurface of the earth by an uniform ſwimming of the whole body. The reader may obſerve with how poetical a deſcription

Milton has attributed the ſame kind of motion to the Angels who were to take poſſeſſion of Paradiſe:

" So ſpake our mother Eve; and Adam heard
" Well pleas'd, but anſwer'd not; for now too nigh
" The Archangel ſtood; and, from the other hill
" To their fix'd ſtation, all in bright array
" The Cherubim deſcended; on the ground
" Gliding meteorous, as evening-miſt
" Riſen from a river o'er the mariſh glides,
" And gathers ground faſt at the labourer's heel
" Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
" The brandiſh'd ſword of God before them blaz'd,
" Fierce as a comet —"

The author helped his invention in the following paſſage, by reflecting on the behaviour of the Angel, who, in Holy Writ, has the conduct of Lot and his family. The circumſtances drawn from that relation are very gracefully made uſe of on this occaſion:

" In either hand the haſtening Angel caught
" Our lingering parents, and to the eaſtern gate
" Led them direct; and down the cliff as faſt
" To the ſubjected plain; then diſappear'd:
" They, looking back, &c."

The ſcene which our firſt parents are ſurpriſed with, upon their looking back on Paradiſe, wonderfully ſtrikes the reader's imagination; as nothing can be more natural than the tears they ſhed on that occaſion:

" They, looking back, all the eaſtern ſide beheld
" Of Paradiſe, ſo late their happy ſeat,
" Wav'd over by that flaming brand; the gate
" With dreadful faces throng'd, and fiery arms:

" Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them ſoon;
" The world was all before them, where to chooſe
" Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide."

If I might preſume to offer at the ſmalleſt alteration in this divine work, [1] I ſhould think the Poem would end better with the paſſage here quoted, than with the two verſes which follow:

" They, hand in hand, with wandering ſteps and ſlow,
" Through Eden took their ſolitary way."

Theſe two verſes, though they have their beauty, fall very much below the foregoing paſſage, and renew in the mind of the reader that anguiſh which was pretty well laid by that conſideration;

" The world was all before them where to chooſe
" Their place of reſt, and Providence their guide."

The number of books in *Paradiſe Loſt* is equal to thoſe of the *Æneid*. Our author in his firſt edition had divided his Poem into ten books, but afterwards broke the ſeventh, and the eleventh, each of them into two different books, by the help of ſome ſmall additions. This ſecond diviſion was made with great judgement, as any one may ſee who will be at the pains of examining it. It was not done for the ſake of ſuch a chimerical beauty as that of reſembling Virgil in this particular, but for the more juſt and regular diſpoſition of this great work.

[1] *I ſhould think the Poem would end better* &c.] The criticks are divided on this point. See the Notes on B. xii. 648.
TODD.

Thoſe who have read Boſſu, and many of the criticks who have written ſince his time, will not pardon me if I do not find out the particular moral which is inculcated in *Paradiſe Loſt*. Though I can by no means think with the laſt mentioned French author, that an epick writer firſt of all pitches upon a certain moral, as the ground-work and foundation of his poem, and afterwards finds out a ſtory to it: I am, however, of opinion, that no juſt heroick poem ever was or can be made, from whence one great moral may not be deduced. That, which reigns in Milton, is the moſt univerſal and moſt uſeful that can be imagined: It is in ſhort this, *That obedience to the Will of God makes men happy, and that diſobedience makes them miſerable.* This is viſibly the moral of the principal fable, which turns upon Adam and Eve, who continued in Paradiſe, while they kept the command that was given them, and were driven out of it as ſoon as they had tranſgreſſed. This is likewiſe the moral of the principal epiſode, which ſhows us how an innumerable multitude of Angels fell from their ſtate of bliſs, and were caſt into Hell upon their diſobedience. Beſides this great moral, which may be looked upon as the ſoul of the fable, there are an infinity of under morals which are to be drawn from the ſeveral parts of the Poem; and which makes this work more uſeful, and inſtructive, than any other poem in any language.

Thoſe who have criticiſed on the *Odyſſey*, the *Iliad*, and *Æneid*, have taken a great deal of pains to fix the number of months and days contained

in the action of each of thofe poems. If any one thinks it worth his while to examine this particular in Milton, [m] he will find that from Adam's firft appearance in the fourth book, to his expulfion from Paradife in the twelfth, the author reckons ten days. As for that part of the action which is defcribed in the three firft books, as it does not pafs within the regions of nature, I have before obferved that it is not fubject to any calculations of time.

I have now finifhed my obfervations on a work, which does an honour to the Engliſh nation. I have taken a general view of it under thefe four heads, [n] the FABLE, the CHARACTERS, the SEN-

[m] *he will find* &c.] See the minute account of the action, in a preceding Note, pp. 9. 10, 11. TODD.

[n] *the fable, the characters, the fentiments, and the* LANGUAGE.] There is yet a beauty in Milton's LANGUAGE, of which little notice has been taken by Mr. Addifon; and of which (although thefe ornaments are more frequent in his earlier poems) there are many examples in the *Paradife Loft:* I mean his compound epithets; fuch as "*fky-tinctur'd* grain,"—"*fable-veſted* Night,"—"*heaven-warning* champions,"—"*night-warbling* bird,"—"*love-labour'd* fong, &c." See many more in Peck's *Memoirs of Milton*, 1740, pp. 117, &c. Mr. Addifon cites only "*hell-doom'd.*"

It may not be improper to add a few remarks refpecting thefe combinations of words. They abound in our elder poetry, and are often remarkably fignificant and happy. Spenfer and Shakfpeare afford many beautiful inftances. In Sylveſter's Du Bartas, there is fcarcely a page in which a compound epithet may not be found. Dr. Warton has cenfured this immoderate ufe of them in Sylveſter. Yet there are many epithets of great merit in this voluminous author; and with which Milton appears to have been pleafed; fuch as "*love-darting* eye,"—"*flowery-mantled* earth,"—"*fmooth-fliding* floods, &c." Browne, in his

TIMENTS, and the LANGUAGE. I have, in the next place, ſpoken of the cenſures which our author may incur under each of theſe heads; of which I might have enlarged the number, if I had been diſpoſed to dwell on ſo ungrateful a ſubject. I believe, however, that the ſevereſt reader will not find any little fault in heroick poetry, which this author has fallen into, that does not come under one of thoſe heads among which I have diſtributed his ſeveral blemiſhes.

After having thus treated at large of *Paradiſe Loſt*, I could not think it ſufficient to have celebrated this Poem in the whole, without deſcending to particulars. I have, therefore, endeavoured not only to prove that the Poem is beautiful in general, but to point out its particular beauties, and to determine wherein they conſiſt. I have endeavoured

Britannia's Paſtorals, elegantly calls the Morning "*lilly-handed:*" Other decorations of this kind may be found in his poems. Drayton ſeems to have been particularly fond of compounds; for, in his fifty-third Sonnet alone, there occur the "*ſilver-ſanded* ſhore,"—the "*nectar-dropping* ſhowers,"—the "*myrrhe-breathing* zephyr," and the "*dew-impearled* flowers." From Hall's Satires, from the poetry of Daniel, Drummond, Wither, and Craſhaw, many compounds of fine effect might be extracted. Compound epithets indeed were ſo much in faſhion, in the beginning of the ſeventeenth century, that they were often admitted into proſe. Thus in Stafford's *Niobe, or His Age of Teares*, 1611, p. 9, ſpeaking of immodeſt women, "whatſoeuer their *luſt-darting* eyes ſhall ſeize vpon:" Again, ſpeaking of a lady's mouth, "thoſe lippes, the purple porters to that *coralI-paued* palace," p. 122; an epithet, which Milton has differently applied in *Comus*, v. 886. Many more inſtances might be given.

TODD.

to ſhow how ſome paſſages are beautiful by being ſublime, others by being ſoft, others by being natural; which of them are recommended by the paſſion, which by the moral, which by the ſentiment, and which by the expreſſion. I have likewiſe endeavoured to ſhow how the genius of the poet ſhines by a happy invention, a diſtant alluſion, or a judicious imitation; how he has copied or improved Homer or Virgil, and raiſes his own imaginations by the uſe which he has made of ſeveral poetical paſſages in Scripture. I might have inſerted alſo ſeveral paſſages of Taſſo, which our author has imitated; but, as I do not look upon Taſſo to be a ſufficient voucher, I would not perplex my reader with ſuch quotations, as might do more honour to the Italian than the Engliſh poet. In ſhort, I have endeavoured to particularize thoſe innumerable kinds of beauty, which it would be tedious to recapitulate, but which are eſſential to poetry; and which may be met with in the works of this great author *. ADDISON.

* The preceding criticiſm may be found in the following eighteen Papers, in *The Spectator*, viz. Nos. 267, 273, 279, 285, 291, 297, 303, 309, 315, 321, 327, 333, 339, 345, 351, 357, 363, and 369. I have here formed them into a Preliminary Diſcourſe; to which I add, from the 86th, 88th, 90th, 92d, and 94th Papers in *The Rambler*, (which ſeem to have been intended by Dr. Johnſon as a Supplement to Mr. Addiſon's illuſtration of the FABLE, the CHARACTERS, the SENTIMENTS, and the LANGUAGE,) a criticiſm on the VERSIFICATION. See p. 156.

I venture to remark, that two paſſages of uncommon beauty and excellence have eſcaped the notice of Mr. Addiſon: I mean

the ſpeech of Satan in the ninth book, ver. 99, &c. which exhibits perhaps the fineſt traits of character in the whole Poem: and the deſcription of the ſame Infernal Being, in the tenth book, after Eve has been ſeduced, changing his ſhape to obſerve the ſequel; flying when he beholds the Son of God deſcend to judge our firſt parents; returning afterwards, and liſtening to their ſad diſcourſe; and thence gathering his own doom. TODD.

DR. JOHNSON'S REMARKS

ON THE

VERSIFICATION OF MILTON.

" *Legitimúmque ſonum digitis callemus et aure.*"
Hor. *Art. Poet.* v. 274.

——————— " *The ſecret power*[a]
" *Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit*
" *By voice or hand; and various-meaſur'd verſe.*"
Par. Reg. B. iv. 255.

ONE of the ancients has obſerved, that the burthen of government is encreaſed upon princes by the virtues of their immediate predeceſſours. It is, indeed, always dangerous to be placed in a ſtate of unavoidable compariſon with excellence; and the danger is ſtill greater when that excellence is conſecrated by death, when envy and intereſt ceaſe to act againſt it, and thoſe paſſions by which it was at firſt vilified and oppoſed now ſtand in its

[a] Dr. Warton is juſtly ſurpriſed, that Pope ſhould notice two great maſters of VERSIFICATION, Waller and Dryden, and yet omit the name of Milton. " What! did Milton contribute nothing to the harmony and extent of our language?—Surely his verſes *vary* and *reſound ſo much*, and diſplay as much *majeſty* and *energy*, as any that can be found in Dryden." See *Eſſay on Pope*, vol. ii. p. 351, edit. 1782. I ſhall enlarge theſe remarks of Dr. Johnſon by occaſionally introducing other opinions reſpecting MILTON'S VERSIFICATION; together with various proofs, that the poet's " ſkill in harmony was not leſs than his invention or his learning." TODD.

defence, and turn their vehemence againſt honeſt emulation.

He, that ſucceeds a celebrated writer, has the ſame difficulties to encounter: He ſtands under the ſhade of exalted merit, and is hindered from riſing to his natural height, by the interception of thoſe beams which ſhould invigorate and quicken him. He applies to that attention which is already engaged, and unwilling to be drawn off from certain ſatisfaction; or perhaps to an attention already wearied, and not to be recalled to the ſame object. One of the old poets congratulates himſelf that he has the untrodden regions of Parnaſſus before him, and that his garland will be gathered from plantations which no writer had yet culled. But the imitator treads a beaten walk; and, with all his diligence, can only hope to find a few flowers or branches untouched by his predeceſſour; the refuſe of contempt, or the omiſſions of negligence. The Macedonian conquerour, when he was once invited to hear a man that ſung like a nightingale, replied with contempt, that *he had heard the nightingale herſelf*; and the ſame treatment muſt every man expect, whoſe praiſe is, that he imitates another.

Yet, in the midſt of theſe diſcouraging reflections, I am about to offer to the reader ſome obſervations upon *Paradiſe Loſt*; and hope, that, however I may fall below the illuſtrious writer who has ſo long dictated to the commonwealth of learning, my attempt may not be wholly uſeleſs. There are, in every age, new errours to be rectified, and new prejudices to be oppoſed. Falſe taſte is alſo buſy

to miſlead thoſe that are entering upon the regions of learning; and the traveller, uncertain of his way, and forſaken by the ſun, will be pleaſed to ſee a fainter orb ariſe on the horizon, that may reſcue him from total darkneſs, though with weak and borrowed luſtre.

Addiſon, though he has conſidered this Poem under moſt of the general topicks of criticiſm, has barely touched upon the VERSIFICATION; not probably becauſe he thought the art of numbers unworthy of his notice, for he knew with how minute attention the ancient criticks conſidered the diſpoſition of ſyllables, and had himſelf given hopes of ſome metrical obſervations upon the great Roman poet; but being the firſt who undertook to diſplay the beauties, and point out the defects, of Milton, he had many objects at once before him, and paſſed willingly over thoſe which were moſt barren of ideas, and required labour rather than genius.

Yet verſification, or the art of modulating his numbers, is indiſpenſably neceſſary to a poet. Every other power by which the underſtanding is enlightened, or the imagination enchanted, may be exerciſed in proſe. But the poet has this peculiar ſuperiority, that, to all the powers which the perfection of every other compoſition can require, he adds the faculty of joining muſick with reaſon, and of acting at once upon the ſenſes and the paſſions. I ſuppoſe there are few who do not feel themſelves touched by poetical melody, and who will not confeſs that they are more or leſs moved by the ſame thoughts, as they are conveyed by different

ſounds; and more affected by the ſame words in one order, than in another. The perception of harmony is indeed conferred upon men in degrees very unequal; but there are none who do not perceive it, or to whom a regular ſeries of proportionate ſounds cannot give delight.

In treating ON THE VERSIFICATION OF MILTON, I am deſirous to be generally underſtood, and ſhall therefore ſtudiouſly decline the dialect of grammarians; though, indeed, it is always difficult, and ſometimes ſcarcely poſſible, to deliver the precepts of an art without the terms by which the peculiar ideas of that art are expreſſed, and which had not been invented but becauſe the language, already in uſe, was inſufficient. If therefore I ſhall ſometimes ſeem obſcure, may it be imputed to this voluntary interdiction, and to a deſire of avoiding that offence which is always given by unuſual words.

The heroick meaſure of the Engliſh language may be properly conſidered as pure or mixed. It is pure, when the accent reſts upon every ſecond ſyllable through the whole line:

" Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
" But whó can beár th' appróach of cértain fáte."

Dryden.

" Here Love his golden ſhafts employs, here lights
" His cónſtant lámp, and wáves his púrple wíngs,
" Reigns here and revels; not in the bought ſmile
" Of hárlots, lóveleſs, jóyleſs, únendeár'd."

Milton.

The accent may be obſerved in the ſecond line of Dryden, and in the ſecond and fourth of Milton, to repoſe upon every ſecond ſyllable.

The repetition of this ſound or percuſſion at equal times, is the moſt complete harmony of which a ſingle verſe is capable, and ſhould therefore be exactly kept in diſtichs, and generally in the laſt line of a paragraph, that the ear may reſt without any ſenſe of imperfection.

But, to preſerve the ſeries of ſounds untranſpoſed in a long compoſition, is not only very difficult, but tireſome and diſguſting; for we are ſoon wearied with the perpetual recurrence of the ſame cadence. Neceſſity has therefore enforced the mixed meaſure, in which ſome variation of the accents is allowed: This, though it always injures the harmony of the line conſidered by itſelf, yet compenſates the loſs by relieving us from the continual tyranny of the ſame ſound; and makes us more ſenſible of the harmony of the pure meaſure.

Of theſe mixed numbers every poet affords us innumerable inſtances; and Milton ſeldom has two pure lines together, as will appear if any of his paragraphs be read with attention merely to the muſick:

" Thus, at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, both ſtood,
" Both turn'd, and under open ſky ador'd
" The God that made both ſky, air, earth, and heaven,
" Which they beheld, the moon's reſplendent globe,
" *And ſtarry pole: Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,*
" Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
" Which we, in our appointed work employ'd,

" Have finiſh'd, happy in our mutual help
" *And mutual love, the crown of all our bliſs*
" Ordain'd by thee; and this delicious place
" For us too large, where thy abundance wants
" Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
" But thou haſt promis'd from us two a race
" To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
" Thy goodneſs infinite, both when we wake,
" And when we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep."

In this paſſage it will be at firſt obſerved, that all the lines are not equally harmonious; and upon a nearer examination it will be found that only the fifth and ninth lines are regular, and the reſt are more or leſs licentious with reſpect to the accent. In ſome the accent is equally upon two ſyllables together, and in both ſtrong. As

" Thus at their ſhady lodge arriv'd, *both ſtood,*
" *Both turn'd,* and under open ſky ador'd
" The God that made both ſky, *air, earth,* and heaven."

In others the accent is equally upon two ſyllables, but upon both weak:

——————————" a race
" To fill the earth, who ſhall with us extol
" Thy goodneſs *infinite,* both when we wake,
" *And when* we ſeek, as now, thy gift of ſleep."

In the firſt pair of ſyllables the accent may deviate from the rigour of exactneſs, without any unpleaſing diminution of harmony, as may be obſerved in the lines already cited, and more remarkably in this;

——————" Thou alſo mad'ſt the night,
" *Maker* Omnipotent, and thou the day."

But, excepting in the firſt pair of ſyllables, which may be conſidered as arbitrary, a poet, who, not having the invention or knowledge of Milton, has more need to allure his audience by muſical cadences, ſhould ſeldom ſuffer more than one aberration from the rule in any ſingle verſe.

There are two lines in this paſſage more remarkably unharmonious:

——————————" this delicious place
" For us too large, *where thy* abundance wants
" [b] Partakers, and uncropt *falls to* the ground."

[b] *Partakers, and uncropt* falls to *the ground.*] Milton was fond of the ancient meaſures. See his prefaces to Par. Loſt and Samſ. Agoniſtes; and indeed Dr. Johnſon's own remark, pp. 171, 2. Theſe lines exhibit *choriambicks* in the third and fourth, and in the fourth and fifth places:

" For us too large, *whēre thȳ ăbūn*dance wants
" Partakers, and uncropt *fālls tŏ thĕ groūnd.*"

So, in *Par. Reg.* B. iv. 412. in the fourth and fifth places:

" Fierce rain with lightning mix'd, *wātĕr wĭth firē.*"

Milton often introduces this meaſure into his verſes. Thus in *Comus*, in the firſt and ſecond places:

" *Whȳ arĕ yŏu vĕx'd* Lady? why do you frown?"

Again, in *Par. Reg.* B. ii. 180.

" *Cāſt wăntŏn eȳes* on the daughters of men."

Again, B. iv. 289.

" *Līght frŏm ăbovē*, from the fountain of light."

In the ſecond and third places, in *Par. Loſt*, B. viii. 299.

" To the *gārdĕn ŏf bliſs*, thy ſeat prepar'd."

See alſo B. v. 750, B. xi. 79, *Par. Reg.* B. iv. 597, and *Samſ. Agon.* v. 1533. And, laſtly, in the third and fourth places, as well as in the firſt and ſecond, in *Lycidas:*

" Where were ye, Nymphs, *whēn thĕ rĕmōrſeleſs* deep."

TODD.

Here the third pair of ſyllables in the firſt, and fourth pair in the ſecond, verſe, have their accents retrograde or inverted; the firſt ſyllable being ſtrong or acute, and the ſecond weak. The detriment, which the meaſure ſuffers by this inverſion of the accents, is ſometimes leſs perceptible, when the verſes are carried one into another, but is remarkably ſtriking in this place, where the vicious verſe concludes a period; and is yet more offenſive in rhyme, when we regularly attend to the flow of every ſingle line. This will appear by reading a couplet, in which Cowley, an author not ſufficiently ſtudious of harmony, has committed the ſame fault:

——————— "His harmleſs life
"Does with ſubſtantial bleſſedneſs abound,
"And the ſoft wings of peace *cover* him round."

In theſe the law of metre is very groſsly violated by mingling combinations of ſound directly oppoſite to each other, as Milton expreſſes it in his Sonnet to Henry Lawes, by *committing ſhort and long*, and ſetting one part of the meaſure at variance with the reſt. The ancients, who had a language more capable of variety than ours, had two kinds of verſe; the Iambick, conſiſting of ſhort and long ſyllables alternately, from which our heroick meaſure is derived; and the Trochaick, conſiſting in a like alternation of long and ſhort. Theſe were conſidered as oppoſites, and conveyed the contrary images of ſpeed and ſlowneſs; to confound them, therefore, as in theſe lines, is to deviate from the eſtabliſhed practice. But, where

the ſenſes are to judge, authority is not neceſſary; the ear is ſufficient to detect diſſonance; nor ſhould I have ſought auxiliaries, on ſuch an occaſion, againſt any name but that of Milton.—

"There is no reputation for genius," ſays Quintilian, "to be gained by writing on things, which, however neceſſary, have little ſplendour or ſhow. The height of a building attracts the eye, but the foundations lie without regard. Yet, ſince there is not any way to the top of ſcience but from the loweſt parts, I ſhall think nothing unconnected with the art of oratory, which he that wants cannot be an orator."

Confirmed and animated by this illuſtrious precedent, I ſhall continue my inquiries into Milton's art of verſification. Since, however minute the employment may appear of analyſing lines into ſyllables, and whatever ridicule may be incurred by a ſolemn deliberation upon accents and pauſes, it is certain that without this petty knowledge no man can be a poet; and that from the proper diſpoſition of ſingle ſounds reſults that harmony which adds force to reaſon, and gives grace to ſublimity; which ſhackles attention, and governs paſſion.

That verſe may be melodious and pleaſing, it is neceſſary, not only that the words be ſo ranged [c] as that the accent may fall on its proper place,

[c] *as that the accent may fall on its proper place.*] Mr. Tyrwhitt ſays, "It is agreed, I believe, that, in our heroick metre, thoſe verſes, conſidered ſingly, are the moſt harmonious, in which the accents fall upon the even ſyllables; but it has never, that I know, been defined, how far a verſe may vary from this its moſt perfect form, and yet remain a verſe. On the *tenth* (or rhyming)

but that the ſyllables themſelves be ſo choſen as to flow ſmoothly into one another. This is to be effected by a proportionate mixture of vowels and conſonants, and by tempering the mute conſonants with liquids and ſemivowels. The Hebrew grammarians have obſerved, that it is impoſſible to pronounce two conſonants without the intervention of a vowel, or without ſome emiſſion of the breath between one and the other; this is longer and more perceptible, as the ſounds of the conſonants are leſs harmonically conjoined; and by conſequence, the flow of the verſe is longer interrupted.

It is pronounced by Dryden, that a line of monoſyllables is almoſt always harſh, This, with regard to our language, [d] is evidently true, not

ſyllable a ſtrong accent is in all caſes indiſpenſably required; and, in order to make the line tolerably harmonious, it ſeems neceſſary that at leaſt *two more* of the *even* ſyllables ſhould be accented, the *fourth* being (almoſt always) one of them. Milton, however, has not ſubjected his verſe even to theſe rules; and particularly, either by negligence or deſign, he has frequently put an *unaccented* ſyllable in the *fourth* place. See *Par. Loſt*, B. iii. 36, 586, B. v. 413, 750, 874." *Eſſay on the Lang. and Verſif. of Chaucer*, p. 62. The ſecond paſſage, to which Mr. Tyrwhitt refers, is conſidered by another critick as a verſe of admirable effect; the rapidity of the *dactyl* in the *ſecond place*, where it is unuſual, having great force, eſpecially when joined, as in this inſtance, with other quick feet, the *trochee* or *pyrrhick*:

" *Shōots ĭn|vĭsĭble|* virtue even to the deep."

Again, B. ii. 880.

" *With ĭm|pĕtŭoŭs|* recoil, and jarring ſound."

See Foſter's *Eſſ. on Accent*, 2d edit. p. 58. TODD.

[d] *is evidently true,*] With ſubmiſſion to Dr. Johnſon's opinion, I think I may produce, from Milton's poetry, lines conſiſting of

becauſe monoſyllables cannot compoſe harmony, but becauſe our monoſyllables being of Teutonick original, or formed by contraction, commonly begin and end with conſonants, as,

——————— " every lower faculty
" *Of ſenſe*, whereby *they hear, ſee, ſmell, touch, taſte.*"

The difference of harmony, ariſing principally from the collocation of vowels and conſonants, will be ſufficiently conceived by attending to the following paſſages :

" Immortal amarant——there grows,
" And flowers aloft ſhading the fount of life,
" And where the river of bliſs through midſt of Heaven
" *Rolls o'er Elyſian flowers her amber ſtream ;*
" With theſe that never fade the Spirits elect
" *Bind their reſplendent locks inwreath'd with beams.*"

The ſame compariſon that I propoſe to be made between the fourth and ſixth verſes of this paſſage,

monoſyllables, which are by no means harſh; but, on the contrary, moſt muſically expreſſive: As in *Comus*, v. 87, of Thyrſis :

" Who with his ſoft pipe, and ſmooth-dittied ſong,
" *Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar.*"

And in *Par. Loſt*, B. v. 193.

" His praiſe, ye Winds, that from four quarters blow,
" *Breathe ſoft or loud ; and, wave your tops, ye Pines.*"

Many inſtances indeed might be added. I muſt not omit that truly ſublime deſcription at the beginning of the addreſs juſt cited :

" On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
" *Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and* without *end.*" TODD.

may be repeated between the laſt lines of the following quotations:

——————— " Underfoot the violet,
" Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
" *Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with ſtone*
" Of coſtlieſt emblem."—

——————— " Here, in cloſe receſs,
" With flowers, garlands, and ſweet-ſmelling herbs,
" Eſpouſed Eve deck'd firſt her nuptial bed;
" *And heavenly quires the hymenæan ſung.*"

Milton, whoſe ear had been accuſtomed not only to the muſick of the ancient tongues, which, however vitiated by our pronunciation, excell all that are now in uſe; but to the ſoftneſs of the Italian, the moſt mellifluous of all modern poetry; ſeems fully convinced of the unfitneſs of our language for ſmooth verſification, and is therefore pleaſed with an opportunity of calling in a ſofter word to his aſſiſtance; for this reaſon, [e] and I believe for this only, he ſometimes indulges himſelf in a long ſeries of proper names, and introduces them where they add little but muſick to his Poem:

——————— " The richer ſeat
" Of *Atabalipa*; and yet unſpoil'd
" *Guiana*, whoſe great city *Geryon*'s ſons
" Call *El Dorado*."—

——————— " The moon, whoſe orb
" Through optick glaſs the *Tuſcan* artiſt views

[e] *and I believe for this only,*] Yet the ſecond paſſage, which Dr. Johnſon here cites, ſeems to have been introduced by Milton rather as a compliment to Galileo; as an affectionate remembrance alſo of thoſe delightful ſcenes in Italy which the poet had formerly viſited. TODD.

" At evening from the top of *Fefolé*,
" Or in *Valdarno*, to deſcry new lands."

He has, indeed, been [f] more attentive to his ſyllables than to his accents, and does not often offend by colliſions of conſonants, or openings of vowels upon each other; at leaſt, not more often than other writers who have had leſs important or complicated ſubjects to take off their care from the cadence of their lines.

[g] The great peculiarity of Milton's verſification, compared with that of later poets, is the eliſion of

[f] *more attentive to his ſyllables than his accents,*] It ſhould be remembered, however, that the accentuation of words was very unſettled in Milton's time. Many words, as *obſcure*, *ſupreme*, *complete*, *oblique*, *congeal'd*, &c. were accented on either ſyllable, to ſuit the poet's purpoſe. Even *odorous*, with the accent on the ſecond ſyllable, may be found in other poetry; although it has been ſaid to exiſt only in that of Milton. See the Note on *Par. Loſt*, B. v. 482. The Latin accent ſeems to have been intended alſo by Milton in *infinite*, Ibid, B. v. 874.

" Through the *infinite* hoſt—"

Future, *proſtrate*, &c. are alſo thus accented, in ſome places by Milton, like the Latin words from which they are derived. And he is countenanced by Spenſer and Fairfax. TODD.

[g] *The great peculiarity* &c.] I muſt add to Dr. Johnſon's remark, that in our ancient poetry verſes frequently occur, in which diſſyllabick words ſtand in the places of monoſyllables, even where a conſonant intervenes; as *anger*, *iron*, *evil*, *garden*, *ſpirit*, &c. as well as *ruin*, *trial*, *riot*, &c. in which the two vowels are melted together. Thus perhaps (unleſs we may ſuppoſe that Milton intended the "verſe to labour" more ſtrongly by the admiſſion of an *hyperrhythmical ſyllable*,) the diſſyllable *hungri* ſhould be pronounced as a monoſyllable, *Par. Loſt*, B. i. 202. Examples of ſimilar licence occur in *Paradiſe Loſt*, as *higheſt*, B. i. 667, B. iv. 51. Milton long before aſſumed the liberty, ſo much practiſed by the Italian poets, of ſuppreſſing

one vowel before another, or the ſuppreſſion of the laſt ſyllable of a word ending with a vowel, when a vowel begins the following word. As

——— " Knowledge —
" Oppreſſes elſe with ſurfeit, and ſoon turns
" Wiſdom to *folly*, as nouriſhment to wind."

This licence, though now diſuſed in Engliſh poetry, was practiſed by our old writers, and is allowed in many other languages ancient and modern; and therefore the criticks on *Paradiſe Loſt* have, without much deliberation, commended Milton for continuing it. But one language cannot communicate its rules to another. We have already tried and rejected the hexameter of the ancients, the double cloſe of the Italians, and the alexandrine of the French; and the eliſion of vowels, however graceful it may ſeem to other

the laſt ſyllable of a word ending with a vowel; as in his eighth *Sonnet:*

" The houſe of Pindarus, when *temple'* and tower—"

And thus Drummond, in one of his *Sonnets* alſo:

" To ſpread the azure canopy of heaven,
" And *ſpangle'* it all with ſparks of burning gold."

Many inſtances of words of three ſyllables in the places of diſſyllables may likewiſe be found in *Paradiſe Loſt*; which muſt be pronounced, like dactyls, diſtinct, but ſhort. Thus, indeed in his earlieſt poetry, *Hymn on the Nativity*. ſt. ii.

" To hide her guilty front with *innocent* ſnow :"

As in *Macbeth*, A. ii. S. ii.

" Macbeth does murder ſleep, the *innocent* ſleep."

Compare alſo *Comus*, v. 574, 762, 831. And *Samſon Agoniſtes*, v. 627. Where ſee the Note. TODD.

nations, may be very unſuitable to the genius of the Engliſh Tongue.

There is reaſon to believe that we have negligently loſt part of our vowels, and that the ſilent *e*, which our anceſtors added to moſt of our monoſyllables, was once vocal. By this detruncation of our ſyllables, our language is overſtocked with conſonants; and it is more neceſſary to add vowels to the beginning of words, than to cut them off from the end.

Milton therefore ſeems to have ſomewhat miſtaken the nature of our language, of which the chief defect is ruggedneſs and aſperity; and has left our harſh cadences yet harſher. But his eliſions are not all equally to be cenſured: In ſome ſyllables they may be allowed, and perhaps in a few be ſafely imitated. The abſciſion of a vowel is undoubtedly vicious when it is ſtrongly ſounded, and makes, with its aſſociate conſonant, a full and audible ſyllable:

——————— " What he gives —
" Spiritual, may to pureſt Spirits be found
" No ingrateful food: And food alike thoſe pure
" Intelligential ſubſtances require." —

——————— " Heſperian fables true,
" If true, here *only*, and of delicious taſte."—

——————— " Evening now approach'd,
" For we have *alſo* our evening and our morn."—

——— " Of gueſts he makes them ſlaves
" Inhoſpita*bly*, and kills their infant males."

" And vital vir*tue* infus'd, and vital warmth
" Throughout the fluid maſs."

" God made *thee* of choice his own, and of his own
" To ſerve him."—

I believe every reader will agree that in all theſe paſſages, though not equally in all, the muſick is injured, and in ſome the meaning obſcured. There are other lines in which the vowel is cut off, but it is ſo faintly pronounced in common ſpeech, that the loſs of it in poetry is ſcarcely perceived; and therefore ſuch compliance with the meaſure may be allowed:

——————" Nature breeds,
" Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
" Abomina*ble*, inutter*able*, and worſe
" Than fables yet have feign'd"—
——————" From the ſhore
" They view'd the vaſt immeaſura*ble* abyſs."
" Impenetra*ble*, impal'd with circling fire."
" To none communica*ble* in Earth or Heaven."

Yet even theſe contractions encreaſe the roughneſs of a language too rough already; and though in long poems they may be ſometimes ſuffered, it never can be faulty to forbear them.

Milton frequently uſes, in his poems, the hypermetrical or redundant line of eleven ſyllables:

——————" Thus it ſhall befall
" Him, who, to worth in women overtruſt*ing*,
" Lets her will rule."—
" I alſo err'd in over-much admir*ing*."

[h] Verſes of this kind occur almoſt in every page; but, though they are not unpleaſing or diſſonant,

[h] *Verſes of this kind* &c.] Dr. Johnſon has not obſerved, that Milton admits into his poetry, verſes having two redundant ſyllables at the end; as in *Par. Loſt*, B. viii. 216:

they ought not to be admitted into heroick poetry, ſince the narrow limits of our language allow us no other diſtinction of epick and tragick meaſures, than is afforded by the liberty of changing at will the terminations of the dramatick lines, and bringing them by that relaxation of metrical rigour nearer to proſe.—

It is very difficult to write on the minuter parts of literature without failing either to pleaſe or to inſtruct. Too much nicety of detail diſguſts the

" Imbued, bring to their ſweetneſs no ſatiety."

Again, B. ix. 249

" For ſolitude ſometimes is beſt ſociety."

Again, *Par. Reg.* B. i. 302.

" Such ſolitude before choiceſt ſociety."

Such licences may be often obſerved in dramatick poetry. And thus Milton himſelf, in *Comus:*

" And link'd itſelf to carnal ſenſuality."

The brevity of theſe concluding ſyllables, however, may ſeem to exempt the lines from the charge of harſhneſs. The pronunciation of *ſociety*, indeed, is ſo weak, that it is admitted in the middle of an hypermetrical line, in Shakſpeare, with little injury to the melody. See *K. Lear*, A. v. S. iii.

" Shunn'd my abhor'd *(ſociety;)* but then, finding
" Who 'twas that ſo endur'd, &c."

There is perhaps, in this paſſage, what is properly called an hyperrhythmical pauſe; which, a learned critick obſerves, will never offend in dramatick poetry, if not too frequently repeated. See Mitford's Eſſay upon the Harmony of Language, p. 128. Thus in *Comus*, v. 66.

" To quench the drouth *(of Phœbus,)*—which as they taſte."

See alſo the ſame pauſes, ibid. v. 302, 602. TODD.

greateſt part of readers; and to throw a multitude of particulars under general heads, and lay down rules of extenſive comprehenſion, is to common underſtandings of little uſe. They, who undertake theſe ſubjects, are therefore always in danger, as one or other inconvenience ariſes to their imagination, of frighting us with rugged ſcience, or amuſing us with empty ſound.

In criticiſing the work of Milton, there is, indeed, opportunity to interſperſe paſſages that can hardly fail to relieve the languours of attention; and ſince, in examining the variety and choice of the pauſes with which he has diverſified his numbers, it will be neceſſary to exhibit the lines in which they are to be found, perhaps the remarks may be well compenſated by the examples, and the irkſomeneſs of grammatical diſquiſitions ſomewhat alleviated.

Milton formed his ſcheme of verſification by the poets of Greece and Rome, [i] whom he propoſed

[i] *whom he propoſed to himſelf for his models* &c.] This may be particularly obſerved in the fine repetitions and turns of his words. Dr. Newton remarks, that a bare repetition of the words often gives great force and beauty to the ſentence, as in *Iliad* xx. 371, &c. *Iliad* xii. 127, &c. and *Æneid* vii. 586, 7; but that Milton ſeldom repeats the words without the additional beauty of turning them alſo, as in *Par. Loſt*, B. vii. 184.

" *Glory to him*, whoſe juſt avenging ire
" Had driven out the ungodly from his ſight
" And the habitations of the juſt; *to him*
" *Glory* and praiſe—"

See alſo B. iii. 178, &c. B. vii. 25, &c. and particularly B. x. 850, 1. Yet Dryden has ſaid, that he had in vain ſought for theſe graces in the poetry of Milton. They may be found, how-

to himſelf for his models ſo far as the difference of his language from theirs would permit the imitation. There are indeed many inconveniences inſeparable from our heroick meaſure compared with that of Homer and Virgil; inconveniences, which it is no reproach to Milton not to have overcome, becauſe they are in their own nature inſuperable; but againſt which he has ſtruggled with ſo much art and diligence, that he may at leaſt be ſaid to have deſerved ſucceſs.

The hexameter of the ancients may be conſidered as conſiſting of fifteen ſyllables, ſo melodiouſly diſpoſed, that, as every one knows who has examined the poetical authors, very pleaſing and ſonorous lyrick meaſures are formed from the fragments of the heroick. It is, indeed, ſcarce poſſible to break them in ſuch a manner but that *invenias etiam diſjecti membra poetæ*, ſome harmony will ſtill remain, and the due proportions of ſound will always be diſcovered. This meaſure therefore allowed great variety of pauſes, and great liberties of connecting

ever, in his earlieſt, as well as his lateſt, ſtrains. See *Eleg.* iii. 47.

" Serpit odoriferas per opes levis *aura* Favoni,
" *Aura* ſub innumeris humida nata roſis."

And *Par. Reg.* B. ii. 9.

" Now miſſing him, their joy *ſo lately found*,
" *So lately found*, and ſo abruptly gone."

And *Samſ. Agon.* v. 16.

" Retiring from the popular noiſe, I ſeek
" This unfrequented place to find *ſome eaſe*,
" *Eaſe* to the body *ſome*, none to the mind." TODD.

one verſe with another, becauſe, wherever the line was interrupted, either part ſingly was muſical. But the ancients ſeem to have confined this privilege to hexameters; for in their other meaſures, though longer than the Engliſh heroick, thoſe who wrote after the refinements of verſification venture ſo ſeldom to change their pauſes, that every variation may be ſuppoſed rather a compliance with neceſſity than the choice of judgement.

Milton was conſtrained within the narrow limits of a meaſure not very harmonious in the utmoſt perfection; the ſingle parts, therefore, into which it was to be ſometimes broken by pauſes, were in danger of loſing the very form of verſe. This has, perhaps, notwithſtanding all his care, ſometimes happened.

As harmony is the end of poetical meaſures, no part of a verſe ought to be ſo ſeparated from the reſt as not to remain ſtill more harmonious than proſe, or to ſhow, by the diſpoſition of the tones, that it is part of a verſe. This rule in the old hexameter might be eaſily obſerved, but in Engliſh will very frequently be in danger of violation; for the order and regularity of accents cannot well be perceived in a ſucceſſion of fewer than three ſyllables, which will confine the Engliſh poet to only five pauſes; it being ſuppoſed, that, when he connects one line with another, he ſhould never make a full pauſe at leſs diſtance than that of three ſyllables from the beginning or end of a verſe.

That this rule ſhould be univerſally and indiſpenſably eſtabliſhed, perhaps cannot be granted; ſomething may be allowed to variety, and ſome-

thing to the adaptation of the numbers to the ſubject; but it will be found generally neceſſary, and the ear will ſeldom fail to ſuffer by its neglect.

Thus, when a ſingle ſyllable is cut off from the reſt, it muſt either be united to the line with which the ſenſe connects it, or be ſounded alone. [k] If it be united to the other line, it corrupts its harmony; if disjoined, it muſt ſtand alone, and, with regard to muſick, be ſuperfluous; for there is no

[k] *If it be united to the other line, it corrupts its harmony;*] It muſt be noticed, however, that Milton often finiſhes the line with a monoſyllabick adjective disjoined from the ſubſtantive. Nor are ſuch verſes perhaps inharmonious, if the pauſe and emphaſis be duly obſerved. "This ſeparation of ſound between the quality and its ſubject, gives time," ſays Mr. Sheridan, "for the quality to make a ſtronger impreſſion on us; and therefore ſhould never be uſed, but when the poet means that the quality, not the ſubject, ſhould be the principal idea; which is the caſe in the following inſtance:

——————————— "The *bright*
"Pavement, |that like a ſea of jaſper ſhone —"

where the intention of the poet is, to fix our thoughts not on the pavement itſelf, but on the brightneſs of the pavement. And this is the uſe which Milton has always made of this arrangement; as again,

——— "unleſs an age too late, or *cold*
"Climate,| or years, damp my intended wing —"

——— "This happy place, our *ſweet*
"Receſs,| and only conſolation left —"

"Where it is evident, that it is the adjectives which are emphatick; it is the *cóld* climate, the *ſwéet* receſs. And when to the emphaſis there is ſuperadded a pauſe of ſuſpenſion, the attributes become ſtill more diſtinguiſhed." See Sheridan's *Lectures on the Art of Reading*, &c. vol. ii. p. 258. Todd.

harmony in a ſingle ſound, becauſe it has no proportion to another:

——————" Hypocrites auſterely talk,
" Defaming as impure what God declares
" *Pure*; and commands to ſome, leaves free to all."

When two ſyllables likewiſe are abſcinded from the reſt, they evidently want ſome aſſociate ſounds to make them harmonious:

" Eyes ——— more wakeful than to drouſe,
" Charm'd with Arcadian pipe, the paſtoral reed
" Of Hermes, or his opiate rod. *Mean while*,
" To re-ſalute the world with ſacred light,
" Leucothea wak'd."

" He ended, and the ſun gave ſignal high
" To the bright miniſter that watch'd: *he blew*
" His trumpet."

" Firſt in his eaſt the glorious lamp was ſeen,
" Regent of day, and all the horizon round
" Inveſted with bright rays, jocund to run
" His longitude through Heaven's high road; *the gray*
" Dawn, and the Pleiades, before him danc'd
" Shedding ſweet influence."

The ſame defect is perceived in the following line, where the pauſe is at the ſecond ſyllable from the beginning:

——————————" the race
" Of that wild rout that tore the Thracian bard
" In Rhodope, where woods and rocks had ears
" To rapture, till the ſavage clamour drown'd
" Both harp and voice; nor could the Muſe defend
" *Her ſon*. So fail not thou, who thee implores."

When the pauſe falls upon the third ſyllable or the ſeventh, the harmony is better preſerved; but,

as the third and ſeventh are weak ſyllables, the period leaves the ear unſatisfied, and in expectation of the remaining part of the verſe:

——————" He with his horrid crew
" Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf
" Confounded, though immor*tal*: But his doom
" Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
" Both of loſt happineſs, and laſting pain,
" Torments *him*."

" God,——— with frequent intercourſe,
" Thither will ſend his winged meſſengers
" On errands of ſupernal grace. So ſung
" The glorious train aſcend*ing*."

It may be, I think, eſtabliſhed as a rule, that a pauſe, which concludes a period, ſhould be made for the moſt part upon a ſtrong ſyllable, as the fourth, and ſixth; but thoſe pauſes, which only ſuſpend the ſenſe, may be placed upon the weaker. Thus the reſt in the third line of the firſt paſſage ſatisfies the ear better than in the fourth; and the cloſe of the ſecond quotation better than of the third:

——————" The evil, ſoon
" Driven back, redounded as a flood on thoſe
" From whom it *ſprung*; impoſſible to mix
" With *bleſſedneſs*."

——————" What we by day
" Lop overgrown, or prune, or prop, or bind,
" One night or two with wanton growth derides
" Tending to *wild*."

" Theſe paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
" Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
" As we need walk, till younger hands ere long
" Aſſiſt *us*."

The reſt in the fifth place has the ſame inconvenience as in the ſeventh, and third; that the ſyllable is weak:

" Beaſt now with beaſt 'gan war, and fowl with fowl,
" And fiſh with fiſh, to graze the herb all leaving,
" Devour'd each *other*: Nor ſtood much in awe
" Of man, but fled *him*, or, with countenance grim,
" Glar'd on him paſs*ing*."

The nobleſt and moſt majeſtick pauſes, which our verſification admits, are upon the fourth and ſixth ſyllables, which are both ſtrongly ſounded in a pure and regular verſe, and at either of which the line is ſo divided, that both members participate of harmony:

" But now at laſt the ſacred influence
" Of light *appears*, and from the walls of Heaven
" Shoots far into the boſom of dim Night
" A glimmering *dawn*: Here Nature firſt begins
" Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire, &c."

But far above all others, if I can give any credit to my own ear, is the reſt upon the ſixth ſyllable; which, taking in a complete compaſs of ſound, ſuch as is ſufficient to conſtitute one of our lyrick meaſures, makes a full and ſolemn cloſe. Some paſſages, which conclude at this ſtop, I could never read without ſome ſtrong emotions of delight or admiration:

" Before the hills appear'd, or fountain flow'd,
" Thou with eternal Wiſdom didſt converſe,
" Wiſdom thy ſiſter, and with her didſt play
" In preſence of the Almighty Father, pleas'd
" With thy celeſtial *ſong*."

" Or other worlds they ſeem'd, or happy iſles,
" Like thoſe Heſperian gardens fam'd of old,
" Fortunate fields, and groves, and flowery vales,
" Thrice happy iſles; but who dwelt happy there
" He ſtaid not to in*quire*."

——————————" He blew
" His trumpet, heard in Oreb ſince perhaps
" When God deſcended, and perhaps once more
" To ſound at general *doom*."[1]

[1] *To ſound at general* doom.] Theſe beautiful pauſes are indeed moſt frequent in Milton; and I cannot forbear adding to the examples, ſelected by Dr. Johnſon, three paſſages in the *Comus* ſo exquiſitely melodious, and at the ſame time ſo highly poetical and deſcriptive, that " the harp of Orpheus could not be more charming." The firſt is that, in which Milton compliments the ſkill of Henry Lawes:

" Who with his ſoft pipe, and ſmooth-dittied ſong,
" Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
" And huſh the waving *woods*—"

The next is applied to the Lady's ſtrains:

" How ſweetly did they float upon the wings
" Of ſilence, through the empty-vaulted night,
" At every fall ſmoothing the raven down
" Of darkneſs, till it *ſmil'd*!—"

The laſt, to the ſongs of Circe and the Syrens;

" Who, as they ſung, would take the priſon'd ſoul,
" And lap it in Elyſĭŭm—"

The firſt line of the ſecond of theſe paſſages, it may be obſerved, conſiſts of pæons, formed of the pyrrhick and iambick; which powerfully contribute to the beauty and expreſſion:

" How ſwēetlў dĭd thĕy ſlēāt ŭpŏn thĕ wĭngs
" Of *ſilence*—"

The pauſe on the laſt ſyllable of *ſilence* has alſo much effect. The fineneſs of Milton's pauſes and flow of his verſes into each other eminently appears in the very entrance of his *Paradiſe Loſt*,

If the poetry of Milton be examined, with regard to the pauſes and flow of his verſes into each

in the firſt lines of which the ſame numbers, in every reſpect, are hardly once repeated; as Mr. Say has obſerved in his *Remarks on the Numbers of Paradiſe Loſt*, 1745, p. 126. And in the following lines the pauſe will be found in *every part* of the verſe:

——————— " Yet not the more
" Ceaſe I to wan*der*, where the Muſes haunt
" Clear *ſpring*, or ſhady grove, or ſunny hill,
" Smit with the love of ſacred *ſong;* but chief
" Thee Si*on*, and the flowery brooks beneath,
" That waſh thy hallow'd *feet*, and warbling flow,
" Nightly I vi*ſit* —
" Then feed on *thoughts*, that voluntary move
" Harmonious num*bers;* as the wakeful bird
" Sings dark*ling*, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
" Tunes her nocturnal *note*. Thus with the year
" Seaſons re*turn;* but not to me returns
" *Day*, or the ſweet approach of even or morn.—"
" No ſooner had the Almighty *ceas'd*, but all
" The multitude of An*gels*, with a ſhout
" *Loud* as from numbers without num*ber*, ſweet
" As from bleſt voices, uttering joy —"

Mr. Say obſerves, that " the leaſt agreeable pauſes are thoſe at the firſt, or before the laſt, ſyllable. Theſe therefore are ſeldom found in Milton but when they have ſome peculiar beauty, and when either the words or the ideas demand an emphaſis to be laid on them." See his Remarks, &c. p. 145, and ſeq. Such is the beautiful picture, where Adam addreſſes Eve:

——————— " Then with voice
" *Mild;* as when Zephyrus on Flora breathes, &c"

The cloſe of the paſſage, already cited from the third book of *Par. Loſt;* where the pauſe at the firſt ſyllable, and before the laſt, together with a final pauſe, cannot but incline the reader to believe that the poet ſtudied thus to expreſs both the *loudneſs* and the *ſweetneſs* of the angelick ſhout. See alſo B. vii. 322.

other, it will appear that he has performed all that our language would admit; and the comparison of his numbers with those who have cultivated the

——————— " The humble shrub,
" And bush with frizzled hair implicit: Last
" *Rose*, as in dance, the stately trees —"

The criticks have mentioned many other fine examples of the pause on the first syllable; as in *Par. Lost*, B. iv. 351, B. vi. 838, B. viii. 473, B. ix. 122, B. xi. 492, &c. And doctor Newton has also noticed the frequency of this beauty in Homer, as in *Iliad* i. 52, *Iliad* v. 147, 157, &c. The instances in Milton prove with how much sweetness and strength the trochee begins the verse, and how unemphatick would have been an iambus in their places.

Milton has also introduced the trochee into the second, third, and fourth parts of the verse:

" Sweetness *into* my heart, unfelt before —"

" All these our notions vain *sĕcs ănd* derides."

" Of Eve, whose eye *dārtĕd* contagious fire."

Dr. Newton has cited the following verse as an instance of this kind, *Par. Lost*, B. i. 19.

" Who dust defy the *Omnĭ*potent to arms."

But, as Mr. Dunster, the learned editor of *Paradise Regained* has remarked, in a note on B. i. 302 of that poem, Dr. Newton read the line with a *classical eye*, and laid aside his *English ear*, when he thus marked *Omnĭ*potent. For, according to the invariable pronunciation of our language, the ictus falls so strong on the second syllable of *Omnípotent*, that the first is comparatively short: and the verse, scanned accordingly, becomes a pure English Iambick. Many noble instances of the trochee in the third and fourth places of the verse occur in Milton's poetry. Dr. Pemberton proposed to place an iambus instead of a trochee, in the third movement of the following line; to make it, in his opinion, run smoother:

" And towārds thĕ gāte *rōllĭng* hĕr bēstiăl trāin —"

ſame manner of writing, will ſhow that he excelled as much in the lower as the higher parts of his art, and that his ſkill in harmony was not leſs than his invention or his learning.—

It has been long obſerved, that the idea of beauty is vague and undefined; different in different minds, and diverſified by time or place. It has been a term hitherto uſed to ſignify that which pleaſes us we know not why, and in our approbation of which we can juſtify ourſelves only by the concurrence of numbers, without much power of enforcing our opinion upon others by any argument, but example and authority. It is, indeed, ſo little ſubject to the examination of reaſon, that Paſchal ſuppoſes it to end where demonſtration begins; and maintains that, without incongruity and abſurdity, we cannot ſpeak of geometrical beauty.

To trace all the ſources of that various pleaſure which we aſcribe to the agency of beauty, or to diſentangle all the perceptions involved in its idea, would, perhaps, require a very great part of the life of Ariſtotle or Plato. It is, however, in many caſes apparent, that this quality is merely relative and comparative; that we pronounce things beautiful, becauſe they have ſomething which we agree, for whatever reaſon, to call beauty, in a greater

See his *Obſervations on Poetry*, 1738, p. 132. But, as Mr. Say has obſerved, an idea of eaſe and celerity would be painted in the propoſed correction,

" And rŏllĭng towārds *thĕ gāte* hĕr bēſtĭal trāin;"

inſtead of a repreſentation of the difficulty, the pain and the unwieldineſs of Sin's motion, ſo admirably drawn by the ſudden reverſe of the numbers. TODD.

degree than we have been accuſtomed to find it in other things of the ſame kind; and that we transfer the epithet as our knowledge encreaſes, and appropriate it to higher excellence, when higher excellence comes within our view.

Much of the beauty of writing is of this kind; and therefore Boileau juſtly remarks, that the books which have ſtood the teſt of time, and been admired through all the changes which the mind of man has ſuffered from the various evolutions of knowledge, and the prevalence of contrary cuſtoms, have a better claim to our regard than any modern can boaſt; becauſe the long continuance of their reputation proves that they are adequate to our faculties, and agreeable to nature.

It is, however, the taſk of criticiſm to eſtabliſh principles; to improve opinion into knowledge; and to diſtinguiſh thoſe means of pleaſing which depend upon known cauſes and rational deduction, from the nameleſs and inexplicable elegancies which appeal wholly to the fancy, from which we feel delight, but know not how they produce it, and which may well be termed the enchantreſſes of the ſoul. Criticiſm reduces thoſe regions of literature under the dominion of ſcience, which have hitherto known only the anarchy of ignorance, the caprices of fancy, and the tyranny of preſcription.

There is nothing in the art of verſifying ſo much expoſed to the power of imagination as the accommodation of the ſound to the ſenſe, or the repreſentation of particular images, by the flow of the verſe in which they are expreſſed. Every ſtudent has innumerable paſſages, in which he, and

perhaps he alone, diſcovers ſuch reſemblances; and ſince the attention of the preſent race of poetical readers ſeems particularly turned upon this ſpecies of elegance, I ſhall endeavour to examine how much theſe conformities have been obſerved by the poets, or directed by the criticks, how far they can be eſtabliſhed upon nature and reaſon, and on what occaſions they have been practiſed by Milton.

Homer, the father of all poetical beauty, has been particularly celebrated by Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus, as "he that, of all the poets, exhibited the greateſt variety of ſound; for there are," ſays he, "innumerable paſſages, in which length of time, bulk of body, extremity of paſſion, and ſtillneſs of repoſe; or, in which, on the contrary, brevity, ſpeed, and eagerneſs, are evidently marked out by the ſound of the ſyllables. Thus the anguiſh, and ſlow pace, with which the blind Polypheme groped out with his hands the entrance of his cave, are perceived in the cadence of the verſes which deſcribe it:"

Κύκλωψ δὲ ϛενάχων τε, καὶ ὠδίνων ὀδύνῃσι,
Χερσὶ ψηλαφόων —

The critick then proceeds to ſhow, that the efforts of Achilles ſtruggling in his armour againſt the current of a river, ſometimes reſiſting and ſometimes yielding, may be perceived in the eliſions of the ſyllables, the ſlow ſucceſſion of the feet, and the ſtrength of the conſonants:

Δεινὸν δ' ἀμφ' Ἀχιλῆα κυκώμενον ἵϛατο κῦμα,
Ὤθει δ' ἐν σάκεϊ πίπλων ῥόος, ὠδὲ πόδεσσιν
Εἴχε ϛηρίξασθαι —

When Homer deſcribes the cruſh of men daſhed againſt a rock, he collects the moſt unpleaſing and harſh ſounds:

Σὺν δὲ δύω μάρψας, ὅτε σκύλακας ποτὶ γαίῃ
Κόπτ' ἐκ δ' ἐγκέφαλος χαμάδις ῥέε, δεῦε δὲ γαῖαν.

And, when he would place before the eyes ſomething dreadful and aſtoniſhing, he makes choice of the ſtrongeſt vowels, and the letters of moſt difficult utterance:

Τῇδ' ἐπὶ μὲν Γοργὼ βλοσυρῶπις ἐξεφάνωτο
Δεινὸν δερκομένη, περὶ δὲ Δεῖμός τε, Φόβος τέ.

Many other examples Dionyſius produces; but theſe will ſufficiently ſhow, that either he was fanciful, or we have loſt the genuine pronunciation; for I know not whether in any one of theſe inſtances ſuch ſimilitude can be diſcovered. It ſeems, indeed, probable, that the veneration, with which Homer was read, produced many ſuppoſititious beauties; for though it is certain, that the ſound of many of his verſes very juſtly correſponds with the things expreſſed, yet when the force of his imagination, which gave him full poſſeſſion of every object, is conſidered together with the flexibility of his language, of which the ſyllables might be often contracted or dilated at pleaſure, it will ſeem unlikely that ſuch conformity ſhould happen leſs frequently even without deſign.

It is not however to be doubted, that Virgil, who wrote amidſt the light of criticiſm, and who owed ſo much of his ſucceſs to art and labour, endeavoured, among other excellencies, to exhibit

this ſimilitude; nor has he been leſs happy in this than in the other graces of verſification. This felicity of his numbers was, at the revival of learning, diſplayed with great elegance by Vida, in his art of poetry.

From the Italian gardens Pope ſeems to have tranſplanted this flower, the growth of happier climates, into a ſoil leſs adapted to its nature, and leſs favourable to its encreaſe.

" Soft is the ſtrain when Zephyr gently blows,
" And the ſmooth ſtream in ſmoother numbers flows;
" But, when loud billows laſh the ſounding ſhore,
" The hoarſe rough verſe ſhould, like the torrent, roar.
" When Ajax ſtrives ſome rock's vaſt weight to throw,
" The line too labours, and the words move ſlow;
" Not ſo when ſwift Camilla ſcours the plain,
" Flies o'er the unbending corn, and ſkims along the main."

From theſe lines laboured with great attention, and celebrated by a rival wit, may be judged what can be expected from the moſt diligent endeavours after this imagery of ſound. The verſe, intended to repreſent the whiſper of the vernal breeze, muſt be confeſſed not much to excell in ſoftneſs or volubility; and the ſmooth ſtream runs with a perpetual claſh of jarring conſonants. The noiſe and turbulence of the torrent is, indeed, diſtinctly imaged; for it requires very littly ſkill to make our language rough: But in thoſe lines, which mention the effort of Ajax, there is no particular heavineſs, obſtruction, or delay. The ſwiftneſs of Camilla is rather contraſted than exemplified: Why the verſe ſhould be lengthened to expreſs

ſpeed, will not eaſily be diſcovered. In the dactyls, uſed for that purpoſe by the ancients, two ſhort ſyllables were pronounced with ſuch rapidity, as to be equal only to one long; they, therefore, naturally exhibit the act of paſſing through a long ſpace in a ſhort time. But the alexandrine, by its pauſe in the midſt, is a tardy and ſtately meaſure; and the word *unbending*, one of the moſt ſluggiſh and ſlow which our language affords, cannot much accelerate its motion.

Theſe rules, and theſe examples, have taught our preſent criticks to enquire very ſtudiouſly, and minutely, into ſounds and cadences. It is, therefore, uſeful to examine with what ſkill they have proceeded; what diſcoveries they have made; and whether any rules can be eſtabliſhed, which may guide us hereafter in ſuch reſearches.—

The reſemblance of poetick numbers to the ſubject which they mention or deſcribe, may be conſidered as general or particular; as conſiſting in the ſlow and ſtructure of a whole paſſage taken together; or as compriſed in the ſound of ſome emphatical or deſcriptive words; or in the cadence and harmony of ſingle verſes.

The general reſemblance of the ſound to the ſenſe is to be found in every language, which admits of poetry; in every author, whoſe force of fancy enables him to impreſs images ſtrongly on his own mind, and whoſe choice and variety of language readily ſupplies him with juſt repreſentations. To ſuch a writer it is natural to change his meaſures with his ſubject, even without any effort of the underſtanding, or intervention of the

judgement. To revolve jollity and mirth, neceſſarily tunes the voice of a poet to gay and ſprightly notes, as it fires his eyes with vivacity; and reflection on gloomy ſituations, and diſaſtrous events, will ſadden his numbers, as it will cloud his countenance. But in ſuch paſſages there is only the ſimilitude of pleaſure to pleaſure, and of grief to grief, without any immediate application to particular images. The ſame flow or joyous verſification will celebrate the jollity of marriage, and the exultation of triumph; and the ſame languour of melody will ſuit the complaints of an abſent lover, as of a conquered king.

It is ſcarcely to be doubted, that, in many occaſions, we make the muſick which we imagine ourſelves to hear; that we modulate the poem by our own diſpoſition, and aſcribe to the numbers the effects of the ſenſe. We may obſerve in life, that it is not eaſy to deliver a pleaſing meſſage in an unpleaſing manner; and that we readily aſſociate beauty and deformity with thoſe whom, for any reaſon, we love or hate. Yet it would be too daring to declare that all the celebrated adaptations of harmony are chimerical; that Homer had no extraordinary attention to the melody of his verſe, when he deſcribed a nuptial feſtivity;

Νύμφας δ' ἐκ θαλάμων, δαΐδων ὑπολαμπομενάων,
Ἡγίνεον ἀνὰ ἄστυ· πολὺς δ' ὑμέναιος ὀρώρει —

that Vida was merely fanciful, when he ſuppoſed Virgil endeavouring to repreſent, by uncommon ſweetneſs of numbers, the adventitious beauty of Æneas;

" Os humerósque deo ſimilis: namque ipſa decoram
" Cæſariem nato genetrix, luméque juventæ
" Purpureum, et lætos oculis afflârat honores—"

or that Milton did not intend to exemplify the harmony which he mentions;

" Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
" Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praiſe."

That Milton underſtood the force of ſounds well adjuſted, and knew the compaſs and variety of the ancient meaſures, cannot be doubted, ſince he was both a muſician and a critick; but he ſeems to have conſidered theſe conformities of cadence, as either not often attainable in our language, or as petty excellencies unworthy of his ambition; for it will not be found that he has always aſſigned the ſame caſt of numbers to the ſame ſubjects. He has given, in two paſſages, very minute deſcriptions of angelick beauty: But, though the images are nearly the ſame, the numbers will be found upon compariſon very different.

" And now a ſtripling Cherub he appears,
" Not of the prime, yet ſuch as in his face
" Youth ſmil'd celeſtial, and to every limb
" *Suitable grace diffus'd, ſo well he feign'd:*
" Under a coronet his flowing hair
" *In curls on either cheek play'd; wings he wore*
" *Of many a colour'd plume, ſprinkled with gold.*"

Some of the lines of this deſcription are remarkably defective in harmony, and therefore by no means correſpondent with that ſymmetrical elegance, and eaſy grace, which they are intended to exhibit. The failure, however, is fully compenſated by the

repreſentation of Raphael, which equally delights the ear and imagination:

" A Seraph wing'd: Six wings he wore, to ſhade
" His lineaments divine; the pair that clad
" Each ſhoulder broad, came mantling o'er his breaſt
" With regal ornament; the middle pair
" Girt like a ſtarry zone his waiſt, and round
" Skirted his loins and thighs with downy gold
" And colours dipt in Heaven; the third his feet
" Shadow'd from either heel with feather'd mail,
" Sky-tinctur'd grain. Like Maia's ſon he ſtood,
" And ſhook his plumes, that heavenly fragrance fill'd
" The circuit wide."——

The adumbration of particular and diſtinct images, by an exact and perceptible reſemblance of ſound, is ſometimes ſtudied, and ſometimes caſual. Such are *ſtridor*, *balo*, and *boatus*, in Latin; and, in Engliſh, to *growl*, to *buzz*, to *hiſs*, and to *jar*. Words of this kind give to a verſe the proper ſimilitude of ſound, without much labour of the writer, and ſuch happineſs is therefore to be attributed rather to fortune than ſkill; yet they are ſometimes combined with great propriety, and undeniably contribute to enforce the impreſſion of the idea. [m] We hear the paſſing arrow in this line of Virgil;

" Et fugit *horrendùm ſtridens* elapſa ſagitta;"

[n] and the creaking of Hell-gates, in the deſcription of Milton;

[m] *We hear the paſſing arrow* &c.] Do we not alſo hear the " *hiſs of ruſling wings?*" Par. Loſt, B. i. 768.—See alſo B. ii. 661, B. vi. 209, 210, B. vii. 431, and the Note there. TODD.

[n] *and the creaking of Hell-gates,*] The imitation here turns on the force of the words *jarring*, *grate*, and *harſh*; on the reſem-

——————" On a ſudden open fly
" With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
" The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
" Harſh thunder."

But many beauties of this kind, which the moderns, and perhaps the ancients, have obſerved, ſeem to be the product of blind reverence acting upon fancy. Dionyſius himſelf tells us, that the ſound of Homer's verſes ſometimes exhibits the idea of corporeal bulk: Is not this a diſcovery nearly approaching to that of the blind man, who, after long inquiry into the nature of the ſcarlet colour, found that it repreſented nothing ſo much as the clangour of a trumpet? the repreſentative power of poetick harmony conſiſts of ſound and meaſure; of the force of the ſyllables ſingly conſidered, and of the time in which they are pro-

blance between the ſign and the idea. " In this, and in every other inſtance," Mr. Webb obſerves, " where the reſemblance is determined by the ſound, the characters of poetry and muſick are directly oppoſed; for, the nature of articulation ſtrictly conſidered, it will appear that, in poetry, the imitations of harſh and rude ſounds muſt be moſt perfect: in muſick, it is juſt the reverſe. It was for this reaſon, that our incomparable Milton, in his imitations of muſical ideas, threw the force of the imitation, not on the ſound, but on the movement:

——————" ſave where ſilence yields
" To the night-warbling bird, that now awake
" Tunes ſweeteſt his *love-labour'd* ſong."

See *Obſervations on Poetry and Muſick*, 1769, p. 140. This diſtinction, of an imitation by movement, and an imitation by ſound, he remarks in another place, muſt be carefully obſerved in the application of that general maxim,

" The ſound muſt ſeem an echo to the ſenſe." TODD.

nounced. Sound can reſemble nothing but ſound, and time can meaſure nothing but motion and duration.

The criticks, however, have ſtruck out other ſimilitudes; nor is there any irregularity of numbers which credulous admiration cannot diſcover to be eminently beautiful. Thus the propriety of each of theſe lines has been celebrated by writers, whoſe opinion the world has reaſon to regard;

" Vertitur interea cœlum, et *ruit oceano nox* —"

" Sternitur, exanimiſque tremens *procumbit humi bos*—"

" Parturiunt montes, *naſcetur ridiculus mus*—"

If all theſe obſervations are juſt, there muſt be ſome remarkable conformity between the ſudden ſucceſſion of night to day, ° the fall of an ox under a blow, and the birth of a mouſe from a mountain; ſince we are told of all theſe images, that they are very ſtrongly impreſſed by the ſame form and termination of the verſe.

We may, however, without giving way to enthuſiaſm, admit that ſome beauties of this kind may be produced. A ſudden ſtop at an unuſual ſyllable

° *the fall of an ox* &c.] Another excellent critick has alſo ſaid, " I am not at all ſtruck with this imitation, procumbit humi bos; and the reaſon muſt be, that there is nothing either pleaſing or intereſting in the object. But, let the idea be of a nature to engage our attention, and we are no longer indifferent to its accord:

——————— " Scarce from his mould
" Behemoth, biggeſt born of earth, upheav'd
" His vaſtneſs."

See Webb's *Obſervations on Poetry and Muſick*, 1769, p. 146.
TODD.

may image the ceſſation of action, or the pauſe of diſcourſe; and Milton has very happily imitated the repetitions of an echo:

——————— "I fled, and cried out *Death!*
"Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
"From all her caves, and back reſounded *Death!*"

[p] The meaſure or time of pronouncing may be varied ſo as very ſtrongly to repreſent, not only

[p] *The meaſure or time of pronouncing* &c.] This effect, derived principally from the ſituation of the pauſe, has been illuſtrated in the following paſſages:

"All night the dreadleſs Angel,—unpurſued,
"Through Heaven's wide champain held his way—till Morn,
"Wak'd by the circling Hours, with roſy hand
"Unbarr'd the gates of light."

——————— "God had bid the ground be dry,
"All but within thoſe banks where rivers now
"Stream,—and perpetual draw their humid train."

On the latter of which, Mr. Richardſon has remarked, that "you cannot read the laſt line of it otherwiſe than ſlowly, and ſo as to give your mind a picture of the thing deſcribed."—On both, Mr. Mitford has obſerved, that "the pauſe, by aſſigning ſo large a portion of the verſe to thoſe members of the ſentence where Heaven's wide champain and the perpetual flow of the rivers are mentioned, very much helps the idea of the vaſt tract of country through which theſe flow, and of the immenſe length of the Angel's courſe. But Milton has not left the expreſſion to the pauſe alone: He has made the lines of a really unuſual length:

"Throūgh Héaven's| wīdé chā́m|pāin hēld́|hīs wā́y|tīll Mōrn."
"Streā́m, ān̄d | pērpĕtŭ|āl drāw | thēir hū|mid trāin."

"Allowing two times to a long ſyllable, and one to a ſhort one, theſe lines have at leaſt twenty times each; a circumſtance not common in the epick pentameter, and of itſelf ſufficient to make

the modes of external motion, but the quick or ſlow ſucceſſion of ideas, and conſequently the paſſions of the mind. This at leaſt was the power of the ſpondaick and dactylick harmony: but our language can reach no eminent diverſities of ſound. We can indeed ſometimes, by incumbering and retarding the line, ſhow the difficulty of a progreſs made by ſtrong efforts and with frequent interruptions; or mark a ſlow and heavy motion. Thus Milton has imaged the toil of Satan ſtruggling through chaos;

" So he with difficulty and labour hard
" Mov'd on, with difficulty and labour he —"

Thus he has deſcribed the leviathans, or whales,

" [q] Wallowing unwieldy, enormous in their gait."

the movement neceſſarily ſlow." See the *Eſſay* &c., as before, p. 144.—To theſe inſtances of retarded pronunciation I may add the echoing of the ſound to the ſenſe in a line, finely deſcriptive of accelerated motion; where the heavenly Angels, after ſtanding a while in trouble at having beheld the effects of Satan's artillery, thus inſtantaneouſly recover themſelves:

" Their arms away they threw, and to the hills
" *Light as the lightning glimpſe they ran, they flew.*" TODD.

[q] *Wallowing unwieldy*, &c.] The learned critick juſt mentioned remarks, that this line has indeed been admired for its expreſſive unwieldineſs. " Its form," he adds, " is however of a kind perfectly muſical, and by no means peculiarly ſuited to give the idea of unwieldineſs. The expreſſion is in reality not numerical, but literal; a kind of expreſſion of which our language has much more than the Latin or any of the deſcendants of the Latin; perhaps more than the Greek itſelf. When uſed without affectation, it has an agreeable and powerful effect in deſcriptive poetry; and there are many beautiful examples of it in Milton's account of the Creation.—In *Paradiſe Loſt*, B. ii.

But he has at other times neglected ſuch repreſentations, [r] as may be obſerved in the volubility and levity of the following lines, which expreſs an action tardy and reluctant:

——————— " Deſcent and fall
" To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
" When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
" Inſulting, and purſued us through the deep,

933, there is a beautiful inſtance of the union of literal and numerical expreſſion.

" Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
" Ten thouſand fathom deep —"

See *the Eſſay upon the Harmony of Language*, p. 132. The ſame author objects, and juſtly I think, to the accentuation on the firſt ſyllable of *unwieldy*, Par. Loſt, B. iv. 345.

——————— " Bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
" Gamboll'd before them; the *unwieldy* elephant
" To make them mirth us'd all his might —"

Where Dr. Bentley ſays, the poet intended the accent on the firſt ſyllable, in order to make the verſe itſelf *unwieldy*, that the reader might feel as well as underſtand it. But as Mr. Mitford obſerves, with the common accentuation of the word, the accentuation of the verſe is equally good; and the expreſſion, by the admiſſion of a hyperhythmical ſyllable in the third foot which ſeems to conſiſt of three long ſyllables, perhaps greater:

" Gamboll'd before| them; th' unwīél|dў čl|ĕphant —"

See other inſtances of the triſyllabick foot in the Note [h], pp. 169, 170. Todd.

[r] *as may be obſerved in the volubility* &c.] But we muſt here remember the character of the ſpeaker; Moloch, the *moſt impetuous* Spirit that fought in Heaven. The poet finely diſcriminates, by the rapidity of the language, the rath and deſperate ſentiments of him who is the *moſt eager* to renew the war againſt God, and who "appears incenſed at his companions for loſing ſo much time as *even to deliberate* upon it." Todd.

" With what compulſion and laborious flight
" We ſunk thus low? The aſcent is eaſy then."

In another place he deſcribes the gentle glide of ebbing waters in a line remarkably rough, and halting:

——————— " tripping ebb, that ſtole
" With ſoft foot towards the Deep; who now had ſtopt
" His ſluices."

It is not indeed to be expected, that the ſound ſhould always aſſiſt the meaning, but it ought never to counteract it; and therefore Milton has here certainly committed a fault like that of the player, who looked on the earth when he implored the heavens, and to the heavens when he addreſſed the earth.

Thoſe, who are determined to find in Milton an aſſemblage of all the excellencies which ennobled all other poets, will perhaps be offended that I do not celebrate his verſification in higher terms; for there are readers who diſcover that, in this paſſage,

" So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-Fiend lay,"

a *long* form is deſcribed in a *long* line; but the truth is, that length of body is mentioned only in a ſlow line, to which it has the reſemblance only of time to ſpace, of an hour to a maypole.

The ſame turn of ingenuity might perform wonders upon the deſcription of the ark:

" Then, from the mountain hewing timber tall,
" Began to build a veſſel of huge bulk;
" Meaſur'd by cubit, length, and breadth, and highth,

In theſe lines the poet apparently deſigns to fix the attention upon bulk; but this is effected by the enumeration, not by the meaſure; for what analogy can there be between modulations of ſound, and corporeal dimenſions?

Milton, indeed, ſeems only to have regarded this ſpecies of embelliſhment ſo far as not to reject it, when it came unſought; which would often happen to a mind ſo vigorous, employed upon a ſubject ſo various and extenſive. He had, indeed, a greater and a nobler work to perform: A ſingle ſentiment of moral or religious truth, a ſingle image of life or nature, would have been cheaply loſt for a thouſand echoes of the cadence to the ſenſe; and he, who had undertaken to "vindicate the ways of God to Man," might have been accuſed of neglecting his cauſe, had he laviſhed much of his attention upon ſyllables and ſounds. JOHNSON.

The poetry of Milton, if I may venture to differ from the authority of Dr. Johnſon, abounds with inſtances of ſtudied management in the conſtruction of the numbers; which, admitting different and oppoſite movements, repreſent various paſſions and ideas, and exhibit the fineſt gradations of poetick harmony. How truly adapted to the ſubject (to mention an inſtance or two) are the ſmooth and beautiful numbers, in which the poet relates the gentle tale of Adonis, in his firſt book of *Paradiſe Loſt*; and the remarkable diverſification of pauſes, by which, in the eleventh book, the groans of the

ſick are, as it were heard, the buſy employment of Deſpair is marked, and the threatening dart of Death is ſeen! What an example is the deſcription of Satan's rebellion and puniſhment in the beginning of his divine poem; in which paſſage, as an elegant critick obſerves, the poet ſets out with almoſt a proſaick weakneſs of verſe; whence, riſing gradually, like the ſwell of an organ, he ſoars into the higheſt dignity of ſound! See Webb's *Remarks on the Beauties of Poetry*, 1792, p. 14. And *Par. Loſt*, B. i. 34 to 50. See alſo B. i. 663 to 670, in which paſſage the elevated numbers repreſent the circumſtances to the life, and contribute highly to the ſublimity of the deſcription. With ſimilar attention to muſical effect, the ſounds are made, where the ſubject changes to what is ſoft and tender, to diminiſh gradually and breathe impreſſive calmneſs. As in *Par. Loſt*, B. iii. 402.

" Back from purſuit thy Powers with loud acclaim
" Thee only extoll'd, Son of thy Father's might,
" To execute fierce vengeance on his foes:
" *Not ſo on Man; him through their malice fallen,*
" *Father of mercy and grace, thou didſt not doom*
" *So ſtrictly, but much more to pity incline.*"

Mr. Webb remarks, that this fall of notes, or weakneſs in the movement, is in the true ſpirit of muſical imitation; and that the poet was here ſo ſenſible of the happineſs, that in the moment after he repeats the very ſame movement, and contraſts it by meaſures the moſt lofty and ſonorous:

" No ſooner did thy dear and only Son
" Perceive thee purpos'd *not to doom frail Man*

" *So ſtrictly, but much more to pity inclin'd* ——
" Hail, Son of God, Saviour of Men! Thy name
" Shall be the copious matter of my ſong
" Henceforth, and never ſhall my harp thy praiſe
" Forget, nor from thy Father's praiſe disjoin."

Mr. Say indeed has noticed the art ſo often and plainly uſed by Milton; the careleſſneſs of his numbers in ſome places, in order more powerfully to contraſt the muſical flow of thoſe which immediately follow. Thus in *Par. Loſt*, B. iii. 35.

" Blind Thamyris, and blind Mæonides,
" And Tireſias, and Phineus, prophets old:
" *Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move*
" *Harmonious numbers*, &c."

Again, in *Par. Reg.* B. ii. 360, where, after the ſame negligent enumeration of perſons,

—— " knights of Logres, or of Lyones,
" Lancelot, or Pelleas, or Pellenore;"

there follow ſome of the ſweeteſt and moſt imitative verſes in all his poetry:

" *And all the while harmonious airs were heard*
" *Of chiming ſtrings, or charming pipes; and winds*
" *Of gentleſt gale Arabian odours fann'd*
" *From their ſoft wings, and Flora's earlieſt ſmells.*"—

The laws of verſification ſeem to have preſcribed, that the concluding foot of the Engliſh pentameter ſhould be an iambus. It may be proper to obſerve with how much judgement Milton has frequently converted this foot into a ſpondee. As in *Par. Loſt*, B. vii. 216.

" Silence, ye troubled Waves, and thou Deep, peace—"

" a beauty of the ſame kind," doctor Newton ſays, " as the ſpondee in the fifth place in Greek and Latin hexameters, of which there are ſome memorable examples in Virgil, as when he ſpeaks of low valleys, *Georg.* iii. 276, or when he would deſcribe the majeſty of the gods, *Ecl.* iv. 49, *Æn.* viii. 679, or great caution and circumſpection, *Æn.* ii. 68, or a great interval between two men running, *Æn.* v. 320."—I conceive that Milton alſo intended the laſt foot of the following verſe to be a ſpondee, as more dignified and impreſſive than the accentuation, not uncommon indeed in our old poetry, of *ſupreme* on the firſt ſyllable, *Par. Loſt*, B. i. 735.

" And ſat as Princes, whom the Supreme King
" Exalted to ſuch power—"

For the ſame reaſon, a ſpondee ſeems to be the meaſure of the third foot in *Comus*, v. 217.

" That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
" Are but as ſlaviſh miniſters &c "

The feet, immediately preceding *ſupreme*, being in both inſtances unaccented, or pyrrhicks, as in the following line of *Comus*, which exhibits, with fine effect, a ſpondee in the firſt, third, and fifth places:

——————— " their way
" Lies through the perplex'd paths of this drear wood,"

I muſt not omit to mention the ſame unaccented foot, followed by a ſpondee, in *Par. Loſt*, B. iv. 719.

" On him *who had* ſtole Jove's authentick fire —"

becauſe Dr. Pemberton pronounces this line to be faulty by the two ſhort ſyllables, which conſtitute

the ſecond foot; and which he propoſes thus to correct, *Obſerv. on Poetry*, p. 132.

" On him, *whŏ Jove's* authentick fire had ſtole."

But the ſpondee, as it ſtands in the poet's own line, gives a force to the expreſſion which no other collocation of the words can produce. I conſider Milton's happy poſitions of the ſpondee as a principal beauty in his verſification. The maſterly hand of Fuſeli, whoſe pictures and ſketches from the poetical works of Milton have given new grace and pathos to many a ſcene, perhaps could hardly have exhibited, with greater preciſion, on the canvas, the imagery which the following numbers expreſs:

" From his flăck hănd the garland wreath'd for Eve
" Down drŏpt —"

We *ſee* alſo the dejected Samſon, where he ſays,

" So much I feel my genial ſpirits droop,
" My hopes āll flăt —"

Nor can we forbear to notice the energy of the ſame meaſure, where the ſword of Michael met

" The ſword of Satan with ſteep force to ſmite
" Deſcending, and in half cŭt ſheer —"

in which paſſage not only the word *deſcending* is admirably placed, as doctor Newton has obſerved, to expreſs the ſenſe; but the ſpondee, followed by a pauſe, fixes alſo the imagination on the divided ſword of Satan. And I am perſuaded that Pope had attended to the conſtruction of this paſſage, when, in tranſlating the celebrated verſe of Homer,

which deſcribes the ſword of Menelaus ſnapping ſhort, *Iliad* iii. 363, he wrote the following lines:

" The brittle ſteel, unfaithful to his hand,
" Broke ſhort:—the fragments glitter'd on the ſand."

Pope, however, has been ſuppoſed to have here imitated the paſſage in Virgil, where the ſword of Turnus is alſo ſhattered into various fragments, *Æn.* xii. 740.

" Mortalis mucro, glacies ceu futilis, ictu
" *Diſſiluit*:—fulvâ reſplendent fragmina arenâ."

But he ſeems to have had the Miltonick ſpondee alſo in his mind.

Theſe obſervations (not to lengthen them with many other proofs which might be adduced, and which indeed will eſcape the notice of few readers,) ſufficiently prove, it is preſumed, the genius and felicity of Milton in adapting ſound to ſenſe. That there are abſonous lines in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, will not be denied; of which ſome might be the effect of negligence: " To maintain an unremitted excellence of verſification through ſo long a poem," ſays a very judicious writer, " was perhaps beyond the effort of human excellence." Pye's *Comment. on the Poetick of Ariſtotle*, p. 474. Of theſe lines, however, many might alſo have been intentionally ſo conſtructed. Cowper, the impreſſive Cowper, who in modern days has ſo ſweetly awakened the Miltonick harp, obſerves that " a line, rough in itſelf, has yet its recommendations; it ſaves the ear the pain of an irkſome monotony, and ſeems even to add greater

ſmoothneſs to others. Milton, whoſe ear and taſte were exquiſite, has exemplified in his *Paradiſe Loſt* the effect of this practice frequently." *Preſ. to the Tranſlation of the Iliad*, p. x. Thus we may obſerve that he repeats verſes, which ſome have pronounced harſh and unmuſical. Yet the repetition implies that *he* was at leaſt not diſpleaſed with thoſe verſes. Thus, in the ſixth book of *Paradiſe Loſt*:

" *Uni*verſal reproach, far worſe to bear
" Than violence—"

As in *Samſon Agoniſtes*, v. 175.

" *Uni*verſally crown'd with higheſt praiſes—"

notwithſtanding the line might have been written more ſmoothly,

" *Crown'd univerſally* with higheſt praiſes."

Again, in the ſame book of *Par. Loſt*,

" Burnt after them tŏ thĕ bōttŏmlĕſs p̄it—"

So, in *Par. Reg.* B. i. 361.

" With them from bliſs tŏ thĕ bōttŏmlĕſs d̄eep."

In the ſame metre the following verſe concludes, which prevents the ungraceful accentuation of the ſecond ſyllable in *audibly*, maintained by ſome critics, *Par. Loſt*, B. vii. 518.

" Preſent?) thus to his Son aūdĭblў ſp̄ake."

But the great poet has been charged with ſometimes laying the accent on inſignificant particles. If it were requiſite to lay the ſtreſs of the voice on

founds naturally ſhort, the charge might ſeem formidable. How little attention it deſerves, however, may be ſeen in the following inſtance among others accented in a ſimilar manner, *Par. Loſt.* B. ii. 702.

" Thy lingering, *or* with one ſtroke *of* this dart—"

The poet's imagery and meaning would be deſtroyed by ſuch lifeleſs accentuation. The pronunciation may be rather thus marked:

" Thy lĭngĕrĭng, ŏr wĭth *ōne* ſtrōke ŏf *thĭs* dart—"

becauſe " the emphaſis on the word *one*," ſays Mr. Sheridan, " marks the peculiar property of the dart of Death, which does its buſineſs at once, and needs no ſecond ſtroke; and that on the word *this* preſents the dart to view, and the image of Death ſhaking it at Satan." *Lectures* &c. as before, p. 280.

It has been alſo aſſerted, that the reader cannot follow, with any tolerable propriety, what is called irregular accentuation in theſe and ſimilar paſſages:

" And flowers aloft, *ſhadĭng* the fount of life—"

" Abject and loſt lay theſe *cov'rĭng* the flood—"

But *ſhādĭnĭg* is a trochee, of which we have ſeen many pleaſing inſtances in various parts of the verſe; and *cōvĕrĭnĭg* is a dactyl; dactyls being admitted by Milton, like trochees, into the firſt, third, and fourth places. And are theſe lines, thus pronounced, inharmonious?

I may not conclude theſe remarks on Milton's verſification without noticing the alliteration, ſometimes obſervable in his poetry; a figure, much

abuſed indeed by our old poets, and in conſequence finely ridiculed by Shakſpeare. But to the following inſtances few perhaps will affix the name of trifflings, or rather not concede the praiſe of beauty:

" Who with his ſoft pipe, and ſmooth-dittied ſong,
" Well knows to ſtill the wild winds when they roar,
" And huſh the waving woods." *Comus*, v. 86.

" Theſe paths and bowers doubt not but our joint hands
" Will keep from wilderneſs with eaſe, as wide
" As we need walk." *Par. Loſt*, B. ix. 244.

" Defac'd, deflower'd, and now to death devote." Ib. 901.

Such inſtances of beginning ſeveral words in the ſame verſe with the ſame letter, and even of continuing the alliteration in the next verſe, may be found in the beſt claſſick writers.

In the proofs of beautiful verſification which have been adduced, Milton has been conſidered as a writer only of blank verſe. It may be added, that his rhyming poetry would have placed him high in the rank of Engliſh bards, had his blank verſe never been written. Lord Monboddo, in ſome obſervations with which he was long ſince pleaſed to honour me, obſerves, " I hold Milton to be the beſt rhyming poet in Engliſh, as well as the beſt writer of blank verſe.—He has given to his rhyming poetry a variety by long and ſhort verſes, and by rhymes as much varied as poſſible; by diſtich rhymes, alternate rhymes, and rhymes often at the diſtance of four lines; which altogether make ſuch a variety as is not to be found in any other rhyming poem, except that ſhort poem of Dryden's upon St. Cecilia's day. And he has given one variety to his rhyming

verſe, which is not to be found even in Dryden's Ode: and that is a change of the meaſure of the verſe from the iambick, when the accented ſyllable of the foot is laſt, to the trochaick, when it is firſt; which changes altogether the flow of the verſe, and adapts it to ſubjects very different."

I have converſed indeed with few perſons on the ſubject of Milton's verſification, who have not acknowledged themſelves in this reſpect,

——" held with his melodious harmony,
" In willing chains and ſweet captivity."

A late writer, however, of no common taſte and acuteneſs, [a] applying to Milton the want of the power to pleaſe and amuſe in the Paradiſe Loſt, attributes this pretended defect as much to the nature of his VERSIFICATION, as to that of his ſubject. In reply to this depreciation of the great poet, I have been anticipated in ſome degree by Mr. Bowles, the laſt editor of Pope; who, remarking that " [b] Mr. Knight, in his Eſſay on the Principles of Taſte, expreſſes the utmoſt contempt of Milton as a muſical writer, and unfortunately for his own argument produces ſome couplets of Pope;" ſubjoins a corollary to which I ſubſcribe with pleaſure. " Such language every perſon, though he preſumes to judge for himſelf, ſurely ought to diſdain: he ſhould recollect that, whatever he may think himſelf, many have thought other-

[a] Analytical Inquiry into the Principles of Taſte, by Rich. Payne Knight, Eſq. 8vo. 1805. p. 117.

[b] Pope's Works, with Notes, &c. By Rev. W. Liſle Bowles, 8vo. 1806, vol. 10. p. 376.

wife; and the higheſt deference is due to the general deciſion. I do not complain of Mr. Knight's not *feeling* Milton's muſic: but I think neither Mr. Knight or myſelf have a right to make our own *feelings* the teſt and ſtandard of taſte and feeling in numbers."

Though it may ſeldom be ſafe to oppoſe the criticiſms of Mr. Knight, yet, I am perſuaded, my hereſy, in ſome reſpects, will find ſupporters. When Mr. Knight ſays, that "[c] Hall, Donne, Hobbes, and Craſhaw are as licentious in their pauſes as Milton," are we to admit the implication that Milton is a verſifier no better than theſe? No inſinuation can be more unjuſt. Nor in the anomalies of Milton's verſification, which are faſtidiouſly termed the "[d] ſtains of negligence and ruſt of antiquity," can the diſcerning reader find many cauſes of offence. The care, rather than the negligence, of the poet, in regard to theſe matters, may be alſo inferred from his own aſſertion: "[e] This good hap I had from a careful education, to be inured and ſeaſoned betimes with the beſt and eleganteſt authors of the learned tongues, and thereto *brought an ear that could meaſure a juſt cadence and ſcan without articulating; rather nice and humourous in what was tolerable, than patient to read every drawling verſifier.*" We are indebted, it ſeems, to an "[f] hobbling diſtich" for this remarkable aſſertion of Milton.

[c] Eſſay, ut ſupr. p. 115. [d] Ibid.

[e] Apology for Smectymnuus, ſect. 6. [f] Ibid.

To the more brilliant parts of Paradiſe Loſt, Mr. Knight, however, concedes even the beauty of verſification; yet ſtill argues, that blank verſe "[g] requires ſo many inverſions and tranſpoſitions to keep it out of proſe, as render it quite unſuitable to the enthuſiaſtic ſpirit and glowing ſimplicity of heroic narrative."—It was an obſervation of Dr. Woodford, not long after the publication of Paradiſe Loſt, that "[h] though Blank Verſe, as we call it, that is, number metrical (as they would have it) without rhythm, conſidering the natural fitneſs and cuſtomary tendence of our language, may do excellently in the drama, becauſe it comes neareſt the ordinary way of ſpeech, wherein the interlocutors are ſuppoſed to converſe, &c. yet in an Epick Poem, to mention no other, I know not how with us it can be well maintained. For it wants the proper and particular character, which we aſſign Verſe, Rhythm I mean; and were it written as Proſe uſually is, in its juſt periods, would both be read, and be, as indeed it is, no other than poetical Proſe, that is, maſculine Proſe, dreſt up like Hercules by Omphale in the attire of one of her women, but whoſe ſhape and warlike limbs could not be concealed by the diſguiſe." He offers an inſtance "from that moſt excellent and divinely flowing [i] ſpeech of our firſt mother, in the fourth book of Paradiſe Loſt; than which neither Milton himſelf ever ſaid any thing ſofter

[g] Eſſay, ut ſupr. p. 121.

[h] Preface to a Paraphraſe upon the Canticles, &c. By Samuel Woodford, D.D. 8vo. 1679.

[i] Par. Loſt, B. iv. 440, &c.

and more poetical, nor can almoſt be imagined to be ſaid of man." Having exhibited this paſſage [k] written as proſe uſually is, he adds, "Who now in the world would ever dream that this were Verſe, and verſe too the ſofteſt and moſt tuneable, and with as great a πάθος, ſuitable to the occaſion, as can be conceived? I confeſs ſome few words, and manner of contexture, and an image of the thing different, and ſome things more tender than that which Proſe commonly renders, would make it ſuſpected that the writer was in a poetical rapture; but ſtill, through the diſguiſe, the proſe appears, or rather cannot be hid."—

I have thus ſtated perhaps the earlieſt, as well as the lateſt, condemnatory criticiſm on the uſage of blank verſe in an Engliſh heroick poem. Dryden [l] pretends, that the true reaſon why Milton wrote the Paradiſe Loſt in blank verſe was, that *Rhyme was not his talent.* This is a miſrepreſentation, to which no unprejudiced reader of Lycidas, or L'Allegro, or Il Penſeroſo, can liſten with patience. However, let the reader peruſe Milton's own *apo-*

[k] Mr. Knight's exhibition of this kind, (B. v. 404—413.) is certainly one of the leaſt tuneable paſſages, although taken (he reminds us) from one of the moſt admired books of the poem; as it is alſo one of the few paſſages, concerning which no "admirer of the irregular variety of Miltonic pauſes" will be diſpoſed to ſlight the critick's friendly hint of ſcanſion.—For what purpoſe our American brethren adopted this method of writing blank verſe as proſe in the following inſtance, I am unable to ſay; but it may amuſe the reader to be informed of a work entitled, Pſalterium Americanum: The Pſalms in blank verſe, yet printed as proſe. 12mo. Boſton, 1718.

[l] See the dedication of his Juvenal.

logy for the verſe, which was prefixed to his [m] firſt edition of the Paradiſe Loſt, with a new title page, in the year following its original appearance. For an explanation of that formidable circumſtance which had "ſtumbled many," WHY THE POEM RIMES NOT, had, it ſeems, been demanded. TODD.

[m] Now prefixed to all editions of the Poem. See the notes on this apology in the preſent edition.

AN INQUIRY INTO THE ORIGIN OF PARADISE LOST.

" THE petty circumſtances, by which great minds are led to the firſt conception of great deſigns, are ſo various and volatile, that nothing can be more difficult to diſcover: Fancy in particular is of a nature ſo airy, that the traces of her ſtep are hardly to be diſcerned; ideas are ſo fugitive, that if poets, in their life time, were queſtioned concerning the manner in which the ſeeds of conſiderable productions firſt aroſe in their mind, they might not always be able to anſwer the inquiry; can it then be poſſible to ſucceed in ſuch an inquiry concerning a mighty genius, who has been conſigned more than a century to the tomb, eſpecially when, in the records of his life, we can find no poſitive evidence on the point in queſtion? However trifling the chances it may afford of ſucceſs, the inveſtigation is aſſuredly worthy our purſuit; for, as an accompliſhed critick has ſaid, in ſpeaking of another poet, with his uſual felicity of diſcernment and expreſſion, the inquiry cannot be void of entertainment whilſt MILTON is our conſtant theme: whatever may be the fortune of the chace, we are ſure it will lead us through pleaſant proſpects and a fine country." Hayley's *Conjectures on the Origin of Paradiſe Loſt.*

THE earlieſt obſervation reſpecting the Origin of *Paradiſe Loſt* appears to have been made by Voltaire, in the year 1727. He was then ſtudying in England; and had become ſo well acquainted with our language as to publiſh an Engliſh eſſay on epick poetry; in which are the following words:

" Milton, as he was travelling through Italy in his youth, ſaw at Florence a comedy called *Adamo*, written by one Andreini, a player, and dedicated to Mary de Medicis, queen of France. The ſubject of the play was the Fall of Man; the actors, God, the Devils, the Angels, Adam, Eve, the Serpent, Death, and the ſeven mortal Sins: That topick, ſo improper for a drama, but ſo ſuitable to the abſurd genius of the Italian ſtage (as it was at that time), was handled in a manner entirely conformable to the extravagance of the deſign. The ſcene opens with a Chorus of Angels; and a Cherubim thus ſpeaks for the reſt: [a] *Let the rainbow be the fiddleſtick of the heavens! let the planets be the notes of our muſick! let time beat carefully the meaſure, and the winds make the ſharps*, &c. Thus the play begins, and every ſcene riſes above the laſt in profuſion of impertinence!

" Milton pierced through the abſurdity of that performance to the hidden majeſty of the ſubject, which, being altogether unfit for the ſtage, yet might be (for the genius of Milton, and his only,) the foundation of an epick poem.

[a] " A la lira del Ciel Iri ſia l'arco,
" Corde le ſfere ſien, note le ſtelle,
" Sien le pauſe e i ſoſpir l'aure novelle,
" E 'l tempo i tempi à miſurar non parco!"
Choro d' Angeli, &c. Adamo, ed. 1617.

The better judgement of the author, Mr. Walker obſerves, determined him to omit this chorus in a ſubſequent edition of his drama: accordingly it does not appear in that of Perugia, 1641. See the *Hiſtorical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, 1799, p. 169.

"He took from that ridiculous trifle the firſt hint of the nobleſt work, which human imagination has ever attempted, and which he executed more than twenty years after."

That Milton had certainly read the ſacred drama of Andreini, is the opinion both of Dr. Joſeph Warton and of Mr. Hayley. Another elegant critick has obſerved, that Voltaire may have related a tradition perhaps current in England at the time it was viſited by him; [b] "a period at which, it may be preſumed, ſome of the contemporaries of Milton were living, for he was then only about fifty years dead. Milton, with the candour which is uſually united with true genius, probably acknowledged to his friends his obligations to the Italian dramatiſt, and the floating tradition met the ardent inquiries of the French poet." It may be worth mentioning here, that Dante, according to the account of ſome Italian critieks [c], took the hint of his *Inferno* from a nocturnal repreſentation of Hell, exhibited in 1304 on the river Arno at Florence; and that Taſſo is ſaid to have [d] conceived the idea of writing his *Aminta* at the repreſentation, in 1567, of Lo Sfortunato of Agoſtino Argenti in Ferrara.

From the *Adamo* of Andreini a poetical extract, as well as the ſummary of the arguments of each act and ſcene, were given by Dr. Warton, in an appendix to the ſecond volume of his *Eſſay on the Genius and Writings of Pope*, 1782. Mr.

[b] Hiſt. Mem. on Ital. Tragedy, p. 170.
[c] Warton's Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry, vol. iii. p. 241.
[d] Hiſt. Mem. ut ſupr.

Hayley has cited other ſpecimens of the poetry in this "ſpirited, though irregular and fantaſtick, compoſition;" from which Milton's fancy is ſuppoſed to have caught fire. The reader will find a few quotations alſo, from this rare and curious drama, in the Notes on *Paradiſe Loſt*. But, if the *Adamo* be examined with the utmoſt nicety, Milton will be found no ſervile copyiſt: He will be found, as in numberleſs inſtances of his extenſive, his curious, and careful reading, to have improved the ſlighteſt hints into the fineſt deſcriptions. Milton indeed, with the ſkill and grace of an Apelles or a Phidias, has often animated the rude ſketch and the ſhapeleſs block. [e] I mean not to detract from the Italian drama; but let it be here remarked once for all, in Milton's own words, that [f] "*borrowing*, if it

[e] From the remarks of Prince Giacomo Giuſtiniani, (the accompliſhed governour of Perugia,) on the *Adamo*, which were tranſmitted to Mr. Walker, and by Mr. Walker obligingly communicated to me, it appears that the criticks of Italy conſider Milton not a little indebted to their countryman. I will cite the opinion of the liberal and elegant Tiraboſchi: "Certo benche *L'Adamo* dell' Andreini ſia in confronto del *Paradiſo Perduto* ciò che è il Poema di Ennio in confronto a quel di Virgilio, nondimeno non può negarſi che le idee giganteſche, delle quali l' autore Ingleſe ha abbellito il ſuo Poema, di Satana, che entra nel Paradiſo terreſtre, e arde d' invidia al vedere la felicita dell' Uomo, del congreſſo de Demonj, della battaglia degli Angioli contra Lucifero, e più altre ſommiglianti immagini veggonſi nell' *Adamo* adombrate per modo, che a me ſembra molto credibile, che anche il Milton dalle immondezze, ſe così è lecito dire, dell' Andreini raccoglieſſe l'oro, di cui adorno il ſuo Poema. Per altro *L'Adamo* dell' Andreini, benche abbia alcuni tratti di peſſimo guſto, ne hà altri ancora, che ſi poſſon proporre come modello di eccellente poeſia."

[f] Eiconoclaſtes, Proſe-Works, edit. 1698, fol. vol. ii. p. 509.

be *not bettered* by the borrower, among good authors is accounted *plagiarie.*" Let the bitterest enemies of Milton prove, if they can, whether the author of this ingenuous remark may be exhibited in such a light; rather let them acknowledge that, in fully comparing him with those authors who have written on similar subjects, he must ever be considered as

——————— " above the rest
" In shape and gesture proudly eminent."

The drama of Andreini was so little known when Dr. Birch was writing the Life of Milton, that Warburton, in a letter to that learned biographer, preserved in the British Museum, ridicules the relation of Voltaire. " It is said that it appeared by a MS. in Trin. Coll. Camb. that Milton intended an opera of the *Paradise Lost.* Voltaire, on the credit of this circumstance, amongst a heap of impertinency, pretends boldly that he took the hint from a comedy he saw at Florence, called *Adamo.* Others imagined too he conceived the idea in Italy; now I will give you good proof that all this is a vision. In one of his political pamphlets, written early by him, I forget which, he tells the world he had conceived a notion of an epick poem on the story of Adam or Arthur. What then will you say must we do with this circumstance of the Trin. Col. MS? I believe I can explain that matter. When the parliament got uppermost, they suppressed the playhouses; on which Sir John Denham, I think, and others, contrived to get operas performed. This took with the people, and was

much in their taſte; and religious ones being the favourites of that ſanctified people, was, I believe, what inclined Milton at that time (and neither before nor after) to make an opera of it."—Even at a much later period, the very exiſtence of the *Adamo* was denied; for Mr. Mickle, an ardent admirer of Milton, and the very able tranſlator of The Luſiad, calls it "[g] a Comedy which nobody ever ſaw;" and obſerves, "that even ſome *Italian literati* declared that no ſuch author [as Andreini] was known in Italy." Dr. Johnſon alſo, in his *Life of Milton*, calls Voltaire's relation "a wild, unauthoriſed, ſtory."

That Milton had conceived, in his younger days, as Dr. Warburton has obſerved, the notion of an epick poem on the ſtory of Arthur, is evident from his own words in the *Manſus*, v. 80, &c. and the *Epitaphium Damonis*, v. 155, &c: Where ſee the Notes, vol. vii. p. 366, and p. 382. Mr. Hayley, with his uſual acuteneſs and elegance of language, remarks that "it ſeems very probable that Milton, in his collection of Italian books, had brought the *Adamo* of Andreini to England; and that the peruſal of an author, wild indeed, and abounding in groteſque extravagance, yet now and then ſhining with pure and united rays of fancy and devotion, firſt gave a *new bias* to the imagination of the Engliſh poet; or, to uſe the expreſſive phraſe of Voltaire, firſt revealed to him the *hidden majeſty of the ſubject*. The apoſtate angels of Andreini, though ſometimes hideouſly and abſurdly diſguſting, yet

[g] Diſſertation prefixed to the Tranſlation of the Luſiad, 2d edit. Ox. p. ccii.

yet occaſionally ſparkle with ſuch fire as might awaken the emulation of Milton."

The Engliſh reader is indebted to Mr. Hayley for the following analyſis of the arguments of each act and ſcene in the *Adamo*.

"THE CHARACTERS.

" GOD the FATHER.
" CHORUS of SERAPHIM, CHERUBIM, and ANGELS.
" The Archangel MICHAEL.
" ADAM.
" EVE.
" A CHERUB, the guardian of ADAM.
" LUCIFER.
" SATAN.
" BEELZEBUB.
" The SEVEN mortal SINS.
" The WORLD.
" The FLESH.
" FAMINE.
" LABOUR.
" DESPAIR.
" DEATH.
" VAIN GLORY.
" SERPENT.
" VOLANO, an infernal meſſenger.
" CHORUS of PHANTOMS.
" CHORUS of fiery, airy, aquatick, and infernal "SPIRITS."

ACT I. SCENE 1. " Chorus of Angels, ſinging the glory of God.—After their hymn, which ſerves as a prologue, God the Father, Angels, Adam and Eve.—God calls to Lucifer, and bids him ſurvey with confuſion the wonders of his power.—He creates Adam and Eve—their delight and gratitude.

Scene 2. " Lucifer, arifing from Hell—he expreffes his enmity againft God, the good Angels, and Man.

Scene 3. " Lucifer, Satan, and Beelzebub.—Lucifer excites his affociates to the deftruction of Man, and calls other Demons from the abyfs to confpire for that purpofe.

Scene 4, 5, and 6. " Lucifer, fummoning feven diftinct Spirits, commiffions them to act under the character of the feven mortal Sins, with the following names:

" Melecano ——— Pride.
" Lurcone ——— Envy.
" Ruspicano ——— Anger.
" Arfarat ——— Avarice.
" Maltea ——— Sloth.
" Dulciato ——— Luxury.
" Guliar ——— Gluttony.

ACT II. Scene 1. " The Angels, to the number of fifteen, feparately fing the grandeur of God, and his munificence to Man.

Scene 2. " Adam and Eve, with Lurcone and Guliar watching unfeen.—Adam and Eve expref's their devotion to God fo fervently, that the evil Spirits, though invifible, are put to flight by their prayer.

Scene 3. " The Serpent, Satan, Spirits.—The Serpent, or Lucifer, announces his defign of circumventing Woman.

Scene 4. " The Serpent, Spirits, and Volano.—Volano arrives from Hell, and declares that the confederate Powers of the abyfs defigned to fend a goddefs from the deep, entitled Vain Glory, to vanquifh Man.

Scene 5. " Vain Glory, drawn by a Giant, Volano, the Serpent, Satan, and Spirits.—The Serpent welcomes Vain Glory as his confederate, then hides himfelf in the tree to watch and tempt Eve.

Scene 6. " The Serpent and Vain Glory at firft concealed; the Serpent difcovers himfelf to Eve, tempts and feduces her.—Vain Glory clofes the Act with expreffions of triumph.

ACT III. SCENE 1. " Adam and Eve.—After a dialogue of tenderneſs ſhe produces the fruit.—Adam expreſſes horrour, but at laſt yields to her temptation.—When both have taſted the fruit, they are overwhelmed with remorſe and terrour: they fly to conceal themſelves.

SCENE 2. " Volano proclaims the Fall of Man, and invites the Powers of darkneſs to rejoice, and pay their homage to the Prince of Hell.

SCENE 3. " Volano, Satan, chorus of Spirits, with enſigns of victory.—Expreſſion of their joy.

SCENE 4. " Serpent, Vain Glory, Satan, and Spirits.—The Serpent commands Canoro, a muſical Spirit, to ſing his triumph, which is celebrated with ſongs and dances in the 4th and 5th ſcenes; the latter cloſes with expreſſions of horrour from the triumphant Demons, on the approach of God.

SCENE 6. " God the Father, Angels, Adam and Eve.—God ſummons and rebukes the ſinners, then leaves them, after pronouncing his malediction.

SCENE 7. " An Angel, Adam and Eve.—The Angel gives them rough ſkins for clothing, and exhorts them to penitence.

SCENE 8. " The Archangel Michael, Adam and Eve.—Michael drives them from Paradiſe with a ſcourge of fire. Angels cloſe the Act with a chorus, exciting the offenders to hope in repentance.

ACT IV. SCENE 1. " Volano, chorus of fiery, airy, earthly, and aquatick Spirits.—They expreſs their obedience to Lucifer.

SCENE 2. " Lucifer riſes, and utters his abhorrence of the light; the Demons conſole him—he queſtions them on the meaning of God's words and conduct towards Man—He ſpurns their conjectures, and announces the incarnation, then proceeds to new machinations againſt Man.

SCENE 3. " Infernal Cyclops, ſummoned by Lucifer, make a new world at his command.—He then commiſſions

three Demons againſt Man, under the characters of the World, the Fleſh, and Death.

Scene 4. " Adam alone.—He laments his fate, and at laſt feels his ſufferings aggravated, in beholding Eve flying in terrour from the hoſtile animals.

Scene 5. " Adam and Eve.—She excites her companion to ſuicide.

Scene 6. " Famine, Thirſt, Laſſitude, Deſpair, Adam and Eve.—Famine explains her own nature, and that of her aſſociates.

Scene 7. " Death, Adam and Eve.—Death reproaches Eve with the horrours ſhe has occaſioned—Adam cloſes the Act by exhorting Eve to take refuge in the mountains.

ACT V. Scene 1. " The fleſh, in the ſhape of a woman; and Adam.—He reſiſts her temptation.

Scene 2. " Lucifer, the Fleſh, and Adam.—Lucifer pretends to be a Man, and the elder brother of Adam.

Scene 3. " A Cherub, Adam, the Fleſh, and Lucifer.—The Cherub ſecretly warns Adam againſt his foes; and at laſt defends him with manifeſt power.

Scene 4. " The World, in the ſhape of a man, exulting in his own finery.

Scene 5. " Eve and the World.—He calls forth a rich palace from the ground, and tempts Eve with ſplendour.

Scene 6. " Chorus of Nymphs, Eve, the World, and Adam.—He exhorts Eve to reſiſt theſe allurements—the World calls the Demons from Hell to enchain his victims—Eve prays for mercy: Adam encourages her.

Scene 7. " Lucifer, Death, chorus of Demons.—They prepare to ſeize Adam and Eve.

Scene 8. " The Archangel Michael, with a chorus of good Angels.—After a ſpirited altercation, Michael ſubdues and triumphs over Lucifer.

Scene 9. " Adam, Eve, chorus of Angels.—They rejoice in the victory of Michael: he animates the offenders with a promiſe of favour from God, and future reſidence in

Heaven: — they expreſs their hope and gratitude. — The Angels cloſe the drama, by ſinging the praiſe of the Redeemer."

When the reader compares the allegorical characters in this drama with thoſe in Milton's ſketches on ſimilar ſubjects, intended once for tragedies, he will again ſee reaſon to admit that the *Adamo* had made conſiderable impreſſion, either in repreſentation or by peruſal, on the mind of the Engliſh poet. See the Appendix, at the end of *Paradiſe Loſt*, in the fourth volume of this edition.

Of Andreini, who has been contemptuouſly called a ſtroller, Mr. Hayley has vindicated the fame. "He had ſome tincture of claſſical learning, and conſiderable piety. He occaſionally imitates Virgil, and quotes the Fathers." In one of the paſſages, cited from his *Adamo* by Mr. Hayley, Mr. Walker obſerves that [h] the courſe of a river is deſcribed with a richneſs of fancy, and a "dance of words," that prove Andreini to have been endowed with no common poetick powers. Of the *Adamo* there have been four editions, thoſe of Milan in 1613, and 1617, printed in quarto; that of Perugia in 1641, printed in duodecimo; and that of Modena in 1685, printed in the ſame form. The edition of 1641 is conſidered the moſt rare. The deſcription, to which Mr. Walker alludes, is beautifully amplified in that edition; and has been given in the Appendix to the *Hiſtorical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, 1799, p. xliv. Andreini was the ſon of

[h] Hiſt. Memoir on Ital. Tragedy, p. 160.

the celebrated actreſs, Iſabella Andreini. [i] His various productions, ſays Mr. Hayley, "amount to the number of thirty; and form a ſingular medley of comedies and devout poems." The writer of the article *Andreini* (*Iſabelle*) in the *Nouveau Dict. Hiſt.* à Caen, 1786, adds, to the account of her ſon's theatrical pieces, "On a encore d'Andreini trois *Traités* en faveur de la Comédie & des Comédiens, publiés à Paris en 1625; ils ſont fort rares."

II. The next remark reſpecting the Origin of *Paradiſe Loſt* is that of Dr. Pearce, who, in the Preface to his Review of the Text of the twelve books, &c. publiſhed in 1733, ſays, "It is probable that Milton took the firſt hint of the Poem from an Italian tragedy, called *Il Paradiſo Perſo*; for I am informed that there is ſuch an one extant, printed many years before Milton entered upon his deſign." Mr. Hayley, in a very extenſive reſearch, has been able to diſcover no ſuch performance. Nor have my inquiries been more ſucceſsful.

III. We are next informed, in the Preface to the poetical works of the Rev. J. Sterling, printed at Dublin in 1734, that "The great Milton is ſaid

[i] "Giovanni Battiſta Andreini, *Fiorentino*, o piuttoſto *Piſtojeſe*, fù figlio della celebre Comica Iſabella Andreini (della quale ſi veda il Bayle, e il Mazzuchelli,) e nacque nel 1578. Dopo eſſerſi acquiſtato molto credito ſulle Scene Italiane porrolſi in Francia, ove ſi meritò la ſtima di Luigi XIII. Viſſe per lo meno ſino al 1652." From the remarks mentioned in the Note [e], p. 213.—It is not impoſſible, that Milton might have ſeen and converſed with Andreini, when he viſited France and Italy.

to have ingenuouſly confeſſed that he owed his immortal work of *Paradiſe Loſt* to Mr. Fletcher's *Locuſtæ*." The perſon here mentioned is Phineas Fletcher, better known by his poem, entitled the *Purple Iſland*; and the *Locuſtæ* is a ſpirited Latin poem, written againſt the [k] Jeſuits, and publiſhed at Cambridge, while Milton was a ſtudent there, in 1627; as was alſo the ſame author's *Locuſts, or Apollyoniſts*, an Engliſh poem, conſiſting of five cantos. That Milton had read both the Latin and Engliſh poem of Fletcher, I make no doubt. And I have accordingly offered, to the reader's obſervation, ſome paſſages from both in the Notes on his poetical works, with which Milton appears to have been pleaſed. But Milton's obligations to Fletcher are too confined to admit ſo extenſive an acknowledgement, as that which is contained in Mr. Sterling's Preface; and indeed the authority of the anecdote has not been given. Mr. Sterling has tranſlated with great ſpirit the ſpeech of Lucifer to his Angels in the *Locuſtæ, vel Pietas Jeſuitica.* See his poems, p. 43. As Fletcher's Latin poem is little known, it may be here proper to ſelect, from this ſpeech, the lines which ſeem to have influenced the imagination of Milton, and perhaps to have given riſe to the preceding anecdote.

[k] The *Jeſuits* were called *Locuſts*, in the theological language of this period. See *Sundrie Sermons* by biſhop Lake, fol. 1629, p. 205. "There is a kind of metaphoricall *Locuſts* and Caterpillers, *Locuſts* that came out of the bottomleſſe pit; I meane popiſh Prieſts and *Ieſuits*: the Caterpillers of the Commonweale, Proiectors and inuentors of new tricks how to exhauſt the purſes of the ſubiects, couering priuate ends with publicke pretences."

" Nos contrà immemori per tuta filentia fomno
" Sternimur interea, et, mediâ jam luce fupini
" Stertentes, feftam trahimus, pia turba, quietem.
" Quòd fi animos fine honore acti fine fine laboris
" Pœnitet, et proni imperii regníque labantis
" Nil miferet, pofitis flagris, odiífque remiffis,
" Oramus veniam, et dextras præbemus inermes.
" Fors ille audacis facti, et juftæ immemor iræ,
" Placatus, facilífque manus et fœdera junget.
" Fors folito lapfos (peccati oblitus) honori
" Reftituet, cœlum nobis foliúmque relinquet.
" At me nulla dies animi, cœptíque prioris,
" Diffimilem arguerit: quin nunc refcindere cœlum,
" Et conjurato victricem milite pacem
" Rumpere, ferventíque juvat mifcere tumultu.
" Quò tanti cecidere animi? Quò priftina virtus
" Ceffit, in æternam quâ mecum irrumpere lucem
" Tentâftis, trepidúmque armis perfringere cœlum?
" Nunc verò indecores felicia ponitis arma,
" Et toties victo imbelles conceditis hofti.
" Per vos, per domitas cœlefti fulmine vires,
" Indomitúmque odium, projecta refumite tela;
" Dum fas, dum breve tempus adeft, accendite puguas,
" Reftaurate acies, fractúmque reponite Martem.
" Ni facitis, mox foli, et (quod magis urit) inulti,
" Aeternùm (heu) vacuo flammis cruciabimur antro.
" Ille quidem nullâ, heu, nullâ violabilis arte,
" Securum fine fine tenet, fine milite regnum;
" A nullo patitur, nullo violatur ab hofte:
" Compatitur tamen, ínque fuis violabile membris
" Corpus habet: nunc ô totis confurgite telis,
" Quà patet ad vulnus nudum fine tegmine corpus,
" Imprimite ultrices, penitúfque recondite, flammas.
" Accelerat funefta dies, jam limine tempus
" Infiftit, cùm nexa ipfo cum vertice membra
" Naturam induerint cœleftem, ubi gloria votum
" Atque animum fplendor fuperent, ubi gaudia damno

" Creſcant, deliciaéque modum, finémque recuſent.
" At nos ſupplicio aeterno, Stygiiſque catenis
" Compreſſi, flammis et vivo ſulphure tecti,
" Perpetuas duro ſolvemus carcere poenas.
" Hic anima, extremos jam tum perpeſſa dolores,
" Majores ſemper metuit, queritúrque remotam,
" Quam toto admiſit præſentem pectore, mortem,
" Oráque cæruleas perreptans flamma medullas
" Torquet anhela ſiti, fibráſque atque ilia lambit.
" Mors vivit, moritúrque inter mala mille ſuperſtes
" Vita, vicéſque ipsâ cum morte, et nomina mutat.
" Cùm verò nullum moriendi conſcia finem
" Mens reputat, cùm mille annis mille addidit annos,
" Præteritúmque nihil venturo detrahit ævum,
" Mox etiam ſtellas, etiam ſuperaddit arenas;
" Pœna tamen damno creſcit, per flagra, per ignes,
" Per quicquid miſerum eſt, præceps ruit, anxia lentam
" Provocat infelix mortem; ſi fortè relabi
" Poſſit, et in nihilum rurſus diſperſa reſolvi.
" Aequemus meritis pœnas, atque ultima paſſis
" Plura tamen magnis exactor debeat auſis;
" Tartareis mala ſpeluncis, vindictáque cœlo
" Deficiat; nunquam, nunquam crudelis inultos,
" Immeritoſve, Erebus capiet: meruiſſe nefandum
" Supplicium medios inter ſolabitur ignes,
" Et, licèt immenſos, factis ſuperâſſe dolores.
" Nunc agite, ô Proceres, omnéſque effundite technas,
" Conſulite, imperióque alacres ſuccurrite lapſo.
" Dixerat, inſequitur fremitus, trepidantíaque inter
" Agmina ſubmiſſæ franguntur murmure voces.
" Qualis, ubi Oceano mox præcipitandus Ibero
" Immineat Phœbus, flavíque ad litora Chami
" Conveniant, glomeránturque per auras agmina muſcæ,
" Fit ſonitus; longo creſcentes ordine turbæ
" Buccinulis voces acuunt, ſociáſque vocantes,
" Undas nube premunt; ſtrepitu vicinia rauco
" Completur, reſonántque accenſis litora bombis."

The ſimile, which here follows this ſpeech, reſembles, in ſome degree, that of Milton in his poem on the fifth of November. See *In Quint. Nov.* ver. 176, &c. See alſo *Par. Loſt*, B. i. 768. To which we might add the aſſembly of devils, ſummoned before Lucifer in the old French morality of *The Aſſumption*, 1527.

" Ung grand tas de dyables plus drus
" Que moucherons en l' air volans —"

Milton's Latin poem is dated at the age of ſeventeen, namely in 1625. Fletcher's was publiſhed in 1627. The ſubjects of both are certainly ſimilar. See the firſt Note on *In Quint. Nov.* vol. vii. p. 310. Fletcher, whoſe diction and imagery are often extremely beautiful, was educated at Eton, whence he was ſent to King's College, Cambridge, in 1600: became B. A. in 1604, and M. A. in 1608; was afterwards beneficed at Hilgay in Norfolk, and died in 1649.

IV. Hitherto what had been mentioned as hints, to which the active mind of Milton might not be inſenſible, had been mentioned without betraying a wiſh to tear the laurels from the brow of the great poet. Not ſuch was the intelligence conveyed to the publick by the malicious Lauder. He, unfortunate man, ſcrupled not to diſgrace the conſiderable learning which he poſſeſſed, and to forfeit all pretenſions to probity, by an audacious endeavour to prove that Milton was " the worſt and greateſt of all plagiaries." He acquired, indeed, a temporary credit, and engaged a powerful advocate in his cauſe, by the ſpecioufneſs of his charge. But

he "played moſt foully for it." He corrupted the text of thoſe poets, whom he produced as evidences againſt the originality of Milton, by [1] interpolating ſeveral verſes either of his own fabrication, or from the Latin tranſlation of *Paradiſe Loſt*, by William Hog. His enmity to Milton firſt diſcovered itſelf, on Dr. Newton's publiſhing his propoſals for printing a new edition of the *Paradiſe Loſt* with Notes of various authors; which appeared in 1749. He affirmed that "he could prove," ſays Dr. Newton, (giving an account of his interview with Lauder,) "that Milton had borrowed the ſubſtance of whole books together, and that there was ſcarcely a ſingle thought or ſentiment in his Poem which he had not ſtolen from ſome author or other, notwithſtanding his vain pretence to *things unattempted yet in proſe or rhyme.* And then, in confirmation of his charge he recited a long roll of Scotch, German, and Dutch poets, and affirmed that he had brought the books along with him which were his vouchers; and appealed particularly to Ramſay, a Scotch divine, and to Maſenius, a German jeſuit: But, upon producing his authors, he could not find Maſenius; he had dropped the book ſomewhere or other in the way, and expreſſed much ſurpriſe and concern for the loſs of it; Ramſay he left with me, and my opinion of Milton's imitations of that author I have given in a Note on B. ix. 518. I knew very well that Milton was an univerſal ſcholar, as famous for his great reading as for the extent of his ge-

[1] Theſe interpolations are given in the Appendix to this edition, No. II.

nius: and I thought it not improbable, that Mr. Lauder, having the good fortune to meet with theſe German and Dutch poems, might have traced out there ſome of his imitations and illuſions, which had eſcaped the reſearches of others: and it was my advice to him then, and as often as I had opportunities of ſeeing him afterwards, that if he had really made ſuch notable diſcoveries as he boaſted, he would do well to communicate them to the publick; an ingenious countryman of his had publiſhed an *Eſſay upon Milton's Imitations of the Ancients*, and he would equally deſerve the thanks of the learned world by writing an *Eſſay upon Milton's Imitations of the Moderns*; but at the ſame time I recommended to him a little more modeſty and decency, and urged all the arguments I could to perſuade him to treat Milton's name with more reſpect, and not to *write* of him with the ſame acrimony and rancour with which he *ſpoke* of him; it would weaken his cauſe inſtead of ſtrengthening it, and would hurt himſelf more than Milton in the opinion of all candid readers. He began with publiſhing ſome ſpecimens of his work in *The Gentleman's Magazine*: and I was ſorry to find that he had no better regarded my advice in his manner of writing; for his papers were much in the ſame ſtrain and ſpirit as his converſation; his aſſertions ſtrong, and his proofs weak. However, to do him juſtice, ſeveral of the quotations which he had made from *Adamus Exul*, a tragedy of the famous Hugo Grotius, I thought ſo exactly parallel to ſeveral paſſages in the *Paradiſe Loſt*, that I readily adopted them, and inſerted them

without ſcruple in my Notes; eſteeming it no reproach to Milton, but rather a commendation of his taſte and judgement, to have gathered ſo many of the choiceſt flowers in the gardens of others, and to have tranſplanted them with improvements into his own. At length, after I had publiſhed my firſt edition of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, came forth Mr. Lauder's *Eſſay on Milton's Uſe and Imitation of the Moderns:* but except the quotations from Grotius, which I had already inſerted in my firſt edition, I found in Mr. Lauder's authors not above half a dozen paſſages, which I thought worth tranſferring into my ſecond edition; not but he had produced more paſſages ſomewhat reſembling others in Milton: but when a ſimilitude of thought or expreſſion, of ſentiment or deſcription, occurs in Scripture and we will ſay in Staphorſtius, in Virgil and perhaps in Alexander Roſs, in Arioſto and perhaps in Taubmannus, I ſhould rather conclude that Milton had borrowed from the former whom he is certainly known to have read, than from the latter whom it is very uncertain whether he had ever read or not. We know that he had often drawn, and delighted to draw, from the pure fountain; and why then ſhould we believe that he choſe rather to drink of the ſtream after it was polluted by the trafh and filth of others? We know that he had thoroughly ſtudied, and was perfectly acquainted with, the graces and beauties of the great originals; and why then ſhould we think that he was only the ſervile copier of perhaps a bad copy, which perhaps he had never ſeen?"

If Lauder had traced the marks of imitation in Milton with truth and candour; if he had modeſtly noted images or ſentiments apparently transferred from other writers, yet ſtill perhaps fortuitous coincidences; he would have gratified rational curioſity. But he was intent on blackening the fame of Milton. He publiſhed, beſides his Eſſay, "Delectus Auctorum Sacrorum Miltono *Facem Præ-lucentium*[m]," in two volumes; of which the firſt contained "[n] Andrææ Ramſæi Poemata Sacra," & "[o] Hugonis Grotii Adamus Exul, Tragœdia:" the ſecond, "[p] Jacobi Maſenii Sarcotidos Libri tres," —"[q] Odorici Valmaranæ Dæmonomachiæ Liber unus," — "[r] Caſparis Barlæi Paradiſus," —. &

[m] In 1752, and 1753.

[n] From the Edinburg. edit. of 1633.

[o] From the edition of the Hague, 1601.

[p] From the edition of Cologne, 1644. The fourth and fifth books are printed in Barbou's edition of the Sarcotis, printed at Paris, in 1781: to which are prefixed two Letters "Aux RR. PP. Jeſuites Auteurs des Memoires de Trevoux, *Où l'on compare le* PARADIS PERDU *de Milton avec le Poème intitulé* SARCOTIS *du R.P. Jacques Maſenius, Jéſuite Allemand.*" The liberal writer of the Article, *Maſenius*, in the *Nouveau Dict. Hiſt.* à Caen, 1785, conſiders the pretended obligations of Milton to Maſenius too trifling to be mentioned.

[q] From the Vienna edit. 1627. See Dr. Newton's Note on *Par. Loſt*, B. v. 689.

[r] This is a tranſlation from the *Paradiſe* of Catſius, originally written in Dutch. It is an epithalamium on the nuptials of Adam and Eve; and Mr. Hayley pronounces it to be ſpirited and graceful. Many of Catſius's Dutch poems were tranſlated into Latin verſe à Caſpare Barlæo, et Cornelio Boyo, and firſt publiſhed in their new dreſs at Dordrecht in 1643.

" [s] Frederici Taubmanni Bellum Angelicum: Libri tres." But, as Mr. Hayley finely obſerves, Milton " by the force and opulence of his own fancy was exempted from the inclination, and the neceſſity, of borrowing and retailing the ideas of other poets; but, rich as he was in his own proper fund, he choſe to be perfectly acquainted not only with the wealth, but even with the poverty, of others." Indeed I may venture to ſtrengthen this obſervation by Milton's own words, in which he ſeems to promiſe the production of ſome great poetical work. " [t] Neither do I think it ſhame to covenant with any knowing reader, that *for ſome few years yet* I may go on truſt with him towards the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raiſed from the heat of youth, or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waſte from the pen of ſome vulgar amoriſt, or the trencher fury of ſome riming paraſite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren Daughters, but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and ſends out his Seraphim, with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleaſes: to this muſt be added *induſtrious and ſelect reading*, ſteady obſervation, inſight into all ſeemly and generous arts and affairs." Mr. Hayley therefore may be juſtified in his opinion,

[s] This poem, conſiſting of two books, and a fragment of a third, Mr. Hayley ſays, was originally printed in 1604.

[t] Of Reformation, &c. B. ii. Proſe-Works, vol. i. p. 223. edit. 1698. This was firſt publiſhed in 1641.

that Milton read, in different languages, authors of every claſs; "and I doubt not," he adds, "but he had peruſed every poem collected by Lauder, though ſome of them hardly afford ground enough for a conjecture, that he remembered any paſſage they contain, in the courſe of his nobler compoſition."

V. We are next preſented with the following information of a learned and ingenious traveller, well known to the literary world by his eminent ſervices in the cauſe of Chriſtianity. "[u] During my ſhort ſtay at Duſſeldorf, I became acquainted with a baron de Harold, an Iriſhman, who is colonel of the regiment of Koningsfeld, &c. — But my reaſon for mentioning the baron, was to inform you, that he is now employed in tranſlating, into Engliſh verſe, a Latin poem, entitled *The Chriſtiad*, written by Robert Clarke, a Carthuſian monk of the convent of Nieuport near Oſtend; from which he aſſerts that our great poet has borrowed largely. The poem, which is on the Paſſion of Chriſt, in ſeventeen books, contains, indeed, many ideas and deſcriptions, ſtrikingly ſimilar to thoſe of Milton in his *Paradiſe Loſt*. But, unleſs the baron can produce an edition previous to that which he poſſeſſes, which was printed at Bruges in 1678, it will be difficult to convict Milton of plagiariſm in this inſtance; for Johnſon, if I recollect rightly, informs us, that Elwood ſaw a complete copy of the

[u] Letters during the courſe of a tour through Germany in 1791 and 1792, by Robert Gray, M. A. publiſhed in 1794, pp. 19—21.

Paradiſe Loſt at Milton's houſe, at Chalfont, in 1665; that Milton ſold the copy in 1667, and that the third edition was printed in 1678, when it is probable that many copies had paſſed over to the continent, and contributed to encreaſe the reputation which his name had gained abroad; and therefore we have a right to ſuppoſe, that Clarke, and not Milton, was the copyiſt: The poem, however, appears to have much merit. The baron has finiſhed ten or eleven books, with what fidelity I know not, but certainly with much animation. Milton has often been accuſed of plagiariſm, it is to be feared ſometimes with truth; for though biſhop Douglas, with great acuteneſs, detected Lauder's interpolations in the works of different writers, which were deſigned to diſparage Milton's reputation, he by no means undertook to prove, that Milton's claim to originality might not, in other inſtances, be impeached; and Lauder, though perſuaded by Dr. Johnſon to give up, in a haſty fit of ſhame, his whole Eſſay as an impoſition, afterwards, in part, recanted his recantation, and attempted, with ſome ſucceſs, to prove the charge of forgery againſt Milton. But it is time to put an end to this digreſſion deſigned to vindicate Milton, as every Engliſhman muſt wiſh to do, where he can be vindicated without injury to truth."

To the latter part of this remark it will be proper to ſubjoin the words of biſhop Douglas, "Grown deſperate by his diſappointment, this very man, [Lauder,] whom but a little before we have ſeen as abject in the confeſſion of his forgeries, as he had been bold in the contrivance of them, with an in-

conſiſtence, equalled only by his impudence, renewed his attack upon the author of the *Paradiſe Loſt*; and a [w] pamphlet, publiſhed for that purpoſe, acquainted the world, that the true reaſon which had excited him to contrive his forgery was, becauſe Milton had attacked the character of Charles the firſt, by interpolating Pamela's prayer from the *Arcadia*, in an edition of the *Eicon Baſiliké*; hoping, no doubt, by this curious key to his conduct, to be received into favour, if not by the friends of truth, at leaſt by the idolaters of the royal martyr: the zeal of this wild party-man againſt Milton having at the ſame time extended itſelf againſt his biographer, the very learned Dr. Birch, for no other reaſon but becauſe he was ſo candid as to expreſs his diſbelief of a tradition unſupported by evidence."

I have been unable to diſcover whether there is any edition of Clarke's book, prior to that which is mentioned.

VI. We are now to be again gratified with the very curious reſearches, and ingenious deductions, of Mr. Hayley. Having obſerved it to be highly probable, that Andreini turned the thoughts of Milton from Alfred to Adam, as the ſubject of a *dramatick* compoſition, he thinks it

[w] Entitled, "King Charles I. Vindicated from the charge of plagiariſm, brought againſt him by Milton, and Milton himſelf convicted of forgery, and a groſs impoſition on the publick." Not content with this title, he begins the two firſt pages with all the conſequence of a keeper of wild beaſts, when he exhibits *a more celebrated monſter* than uſual; "*The Grand Impoſtor detected!*"

poſſible that an Italian writer, leſs known than Andreini, firſt threw into the mind of Milton the idea of converting Adam into an *epick* perſonage. [x] "I have now before me," he proceeds, "a literary curioſity, which my accompliſhed friend, Mr. Walker, to whom the literature of Ireland has many obligations, very kindly ſent me, on his return from an excurſion to Italy, where it happened to ſtrike a traveller, whoſe mind is peculiarly awakened to elegant purſuits. The book I am ſpeaking of is entitled *La Scena Tragica d'Adamo ed Eva, Eſtratta dalli primi tre capi della Sacra Geneſi, e ridotta a ſignificato Morale da Troilo Lancetta, Benacenſe.* Venetia 1644. This little work is dedicated to Maria Gonzaga, Dutcheſs of Mantua, and is nothing more than a drama in proſe, of the ancient form, entitled a morality, on the expulſion of our firſt parents from Paradiſe. The author does not mention Andreini, nor has he any mixture of verſe in his compoſition; but, in his addreſs to the reader, he has the following very remarkable paſſage: after ſuggeſting that the Moſaick hiſtory of Adam and Eve is purely allegorical, and deſigned as an incentive to virtue, he ſays,

'Una notte ſognai, che Moisè mi porſe gratioſa eſpoſitione, e miſterioſo ſignificato con parole tali apunto:

'Dio fà parte all' Huom di ſe ſteſſo con l' intervento della ragione, e diſpone con infallibile ſentenza, che ſignoreggiando in lui la medeſma ſopra le ſenſuali voglie, preſervato il pomo del proprio core dalli appetiti diſordinati, per guiderdone di giuſta obbedienza li trasforma il mondo in Paradiſo.—Di

[x] Conjectures on the origin of Paradiſe Loſt, at the end of the Life of Milton, 2d edit. 1796, p. 284, &c.

queſto s'io parlaſſi, al ſicuro formarei heroico poema convenevole a semidei.'

'One night I dreamt that Moſes explained to me the myſtery, almoſt in theſe words:

'God reveals himſelf to Man by the intervention of reaſon, and thus infallibly ordains that reaſon, while ſhe ſupports her ſovereignty over the ſenſual inclinations in Man, and preſerves the apple of his heart from licentious appetites, in reward of his juſt obedience transforms the world into Paradiſe.—Of this were I to ſpeak, aſſuredly I might form an heroick poem worthy of demi-gods.'

"It ſtrikes me as poſſible that theſe laſt words, aſſigned to Moſes in his viſion by Troilo Lancetta, might operate on the mind of Milton like the queſtion of Ellwood; and prove, in his prolifick fancy, a kind of rich graft on the idea he derived from Andreini, and the germ of his greateſt production.

"A ſceptical critick, inclined to diſcountenance this conjecture, might indeed obſerve, it is more probable that Milton never ſaw a little volume not publiſhed until after his return from Italy, and written by an author ſo obſcure, that his name does not occur in Tiraboſchi's elaborate hiſtory of Italian literature; nor in the patient Italian chronicler of poets, Quadrio, though he beſtows a chapter on early dramatick compoſitions in proſe. But the mind, that has once ſtarted a conjecture of this nature, muſt be weak indeed, if it cannot produce new ſhadows of argument in aid of a favourite hypotheſis. Let me therefore be allowed to advance, as a preſumptive proof of Milton's having ſeen the work of Lancetta, that he makes *a ſimilar uſe of Moſes*, and introduces him to

ſpeak a prologue in the ſketch of his various plans for an allegorical drama. It is indeed, poſſible that Milton might never ſee the performances either of Lancetta or Andreini; yet conjecture has ground enough to conclude very fairly, that he was acquainted with both; for Andreini wrote a long allegorical drama on Paradiſe, and we know that the fancy of Milton firſt began to play with the ſubject according to that peculiar form of compoſition. Lancetta treated it alſo in the ſhape of a dramatick allegory; but ſaid, at the ſame time, under the character of Moſes, that the ſubject might form an incomparable epick poem; and Milton quitting his own haſty ſketches of allegorical dramas, accompliſhed a work which anſwers to that intimation."

The following analyſis of this drama has been made by Mr. Hayley.

ACT I. SCENE I. "GOD commemorates his creation of the heavens, the earth, and the water—determines to make Man—gives him vital ſpirit, and admoniſhes him to revere his Maker, and live innocent.

SCENE II. "RAPHAEL, MICHAEL, GABRIEL, and ANGELS. Raphael praiſes the works of God—the other Angels follow his example, particularly in regard to Man.

SCENE III. "GOD and ADAM. God gives Paradiſe to Adam to hold as a fief—forbids him to touch the apple—Adam promiſes obedience.

SCENE IV. "ADAM. Acknowledges the beneficence of God, and retires to repoſe in the ſhade.

ACT II. SCENE I. "GOD and ADAM. GOD reſolves to form a companion for Adam, and does ſo while Adam is ſleeping—he then awakes Adam, and, preſenting to him

his new affociate, bleſſes them both; then leaves them, recommending obedience to his commands.

SCENE II. " ADAM and EVE. Adam receives Eve as his wife—praiſes her, and entreats her to join with him in revering and obeying God—ſhe promiſes ſubmiſſion to his will—and intreats his inſtruction—he tells her the prohibition, and enlarges on the beauties of Paradiſe—on his ſpeaking of flocks, ſhe deſires to ſee them, and he departs to ſhow her the various animals.

SCENE III. " LUCIFER, BELIAL, SATAN. Lucifer laments his expulſion from heaven, and meditates revenge againſt Man—the other Demons relate the cauſe of their expulſion, and ſtimulate Lucifer to the revenge he meditates —he reſolves to employ the Serpent.

SCENE IV. " The SERPENT, EVE, LUCIFER. The Serpent queſtions Eve—derides her fear and her obedience —tempts her to taſte the apple—ſhe expreſſes her eagerneſs to do ſo—the Serpent exults in the proſpect of her perdition —Lucifer (who ſeems to remain as a ſeparate perſon from the Serpent) expreſſes alſo his exultation, and ſteps aſide to liſten to a dialogue between Adam and Eve.

SCENE V. " EVE, ADAM. Eve declares her reſolution to taſte the apple, and preſent it to her huſband—ſhe taſtes it, and expreſſes unuſual hope and animation—ſhe ſays the Serpent has not deceived her—ſhe feels no ſign of death, and preſents the fruit to her huſband—he reproves her—ſhe perſiſts in preſſing him to eat—he complies—declares the fruit ſweet, but begins to tremble at his own nakedneſs—he repents, and expreſſes his remorſe and terrour—Eve propoſes to form a covering of leaves—they retire to hide themſelves in foliage.

ACT III. SCENE I. " LUCIFER, BELIAL, SATAN. Lucifer exults in his ſucceſs, and the other Demons applaud him.

SCENE II. " RAPHAEL, MICHAEL, GABRIEL. Theſe good Spirits lament the fall, and retire with awe on the appearance of God.

SCENE III. "GOD, EVE, ADAM. God calls on Adam—he appears and laments his nakedneſs—God interrogates him concerning the tree—he confeſſes his offence, and accuſes Eve—ſhe blames the Serpent—God pronounces his malediction, and ſends them from his preſence.

SCENE IV. "RAPHAEL, EVE, and ADAM. Raphael bids them depart from Paradiſe—Adam laments his deſtiny—Raphael perſiſts in driving them rather harſhly from the garden—Adam begs that his innocent children may not ſuffer for the fault of their mother—Raphael replies, that not only his children, but all his race muſt ſuffer; and continues to drive them from the garden—Adam obeys—Eve laments, but ſoon comforts Adam—he at length departs, animating himſelf with the idea, that to an intrepid heart every region is a home.

SCENE V. "A CHERUB, moralizing on the creation and fall of Adam, concludes the third and laſt Act."

Mr. Walker, in his *Hiſtorical Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, has enlarged this analyſis with ſome ſpecimens of the author's ſtyle and manner, together with a [y] fac ſimile of the quaint table exhibiting the "*morale eſpoſitione*" of the work. From the ſame ingenious and entertaining volume we learn that, "as [z] Lancetta denominates himſelf Benacenſe, it is preſumed he was a native of that part of the riviera of Salò, on the lago di Garda, which is called Toſolano, and whoſe inhabitants are ſtyled Benacenſes, from Benacus, the ancient name of the lake. He was, he modeſtly declares, neither a poet nor an orator,—'poeta non ſon' io, ne oratore,'—but I am willing to believe he was a good man, and that it was rather his virtues than his talents

[y] Hiſt. Mem. Appendix, p. xlviii—lvi.

[z] Hiſt. Mem. p. 172.

which recommended him to the accompliſhed family of Gonzaga, of which he ſeems to have been a protégé. Such is the deep obſcurity in which this author is buried, that the moſt ſedulous inquiry has not led to the diſcovery of any authentick notices concerning him. His drama is ſlightly mentioned by Allacci, who ſuppoſes it to be his only production."

Mr. Hayley adds, to his remarks on the dramas of Andreini and Lancetta, that Milton was probably familiar with an Italian poem, little known in England, and formed expreſsly on the conflict of the apoſtate Spirits; the *Angeleida del Sig. Eraſmo di Valvaſone*, Venet. 1590. Dr. Warton was of the ſame opinion. See the Note on *Par. Loſt*, B. v. 689. And Mr. Hayley has cited the verſes, in which the Italian poet aſſigns to the Infernal Powers the invention of artillery. With this poem, I think, the mind of Milton could not but be affected. It begins:

" Io canterò del ciel l' antica guerra,
" Per cui ſola il principio, et l' uſo nacque,
" Onde tra il ſeme human non pur in terra,
" Ma ſouente ſi pugna anchor sù l' acque:
" Carcere eterno nel abiſſo ſerra
" Quel che ne fù l' authore, & vinto giacque:
" E i vincitori in parte eccelſa, & alma
" Godon trionfo eterno, eterna palma."

Valvaſone's deſcription of the triumphant Angels in B. iii. is particularly intereſting. The poem concludes with an animated Sonnet to the Archangel Michael, preceded by the four following lines:

" Coſi diſſe Michele, & da le pure
" Ciglia di Dio refulſe un chiaro lampo,
" Che gli die ſegno del diuino aſſenſo,
" E tutto il Ciel fù pien di gaudio immenſo."

All' Arcangelo Michele.

" Eccelſo Heroe, Campion inuitto, & Santo
" De l' imperio diuin. per cui pigliaſti
" L' alta contefa, e 'l reo Dragon cacciaſti
" Da l' auree ſtelle debellato, & franto;
" Et hor non men giù ne l' eterno pianto,
" Onde ei riſorger mal s' attenta, i vaſti
" Orgogli ſuoi reprimi, & gli contraſti,
" A noſtro ſchermo con continuo vanto;
" Queſti miei noui accenti, onde traluce
" La gran tua gl[illegible]ia, e 'l mio deuoto affetto,
" Accogli tu fin da l' empirea luce:
" Sieno in vece di preghi, & al coſpetto
" Gli porta poi del ſempiterno Duce,
" Che di ſua gratia adempia il mio difetto."

Mr. Hayley ſeems to think alſo, that Milton may be ſometimes traced in the *Strage de gli Innocenti* of Marino. The late Mr. Bowle appears to have entertained a ſimilar notion. See alſo Mr. Warton's Note *In Maæſum*, ver. 11. Several paſſages are accordingly cited, from this poem, in the Notes on *Paradiſe Loſt*. It was firſt publiſhed at Venice in 1633; and conſiſts of four books: 1. "Soſpetto d'Herode: 2. Conſiglio de Satrapi: 3. Eſſecutione della Strage: 4. Il Limbo." Milton has been[*] thought indebted likewiſe to Craſhaw, the tranſlator of the firſt of theſe books. I will ſelect a few paſſages, therefore, from this verſion, which ſeem

[*] Biogr. Brit. edit. Kippis, vol. iv. p. 431.

to have afforded ſome countenance to the opinion. *Soſpetto d'Herode*, ſtanza 5. Deſcription of Satan, Craſhaw's Poems, edit. 1648, p. 59.

" His eyes, the ſullen dens of death and night,
" Startle the dull ayre with a diſmall red:
" Such his fell glances as the fatall light
" Of ſtaring comets, that looke kingdomes dead.——
" He ſhooke himſelfe, and ſpread his ſpatious wings;
" Which, like two boſom'd ſailes, embrace the dimme
" Aire, with a diſmall ſhade; but all in vaine;
" Of ſturdy adamant is his ſtrong chaine."

Part of his ſpeech: ſt. 28.

" And ſhould we Powers of Heaven, Spirits of worth,
" Bow our bright heads before a king of clay?
" It ſhall not be, ſaid I, and clombe the North,
" Where never wing of Angell yet made way.
" What though I miſt my blow? yet I ſtrooke high;
" And, to dare ſomething, is ſome victory.——

31.

" Ah wretch! what bootes thee to caſt back thy eyes,
" Where dawning hope no beame of comfort ſhowes?
" While the reflection of thy forepaſt joys,
" Renders thee double to thy preſent woes;
" Rather make up to thy new miſeries,
" And meete the miſchiefe that upon thee growes.
" If Hell muſt mourne, Heaven ſure ſhall ſympathize:
" What force cannot effect, fraud ſhall deviſe.

32.

" And yet whoſe force feare I? have I ſo loſt
" Myſelfe? my ſtrength too with my innocence?
" Come, try who dares, Heaven, Earth; whate'er doſt
" boaſt
" A borrow'd being, make thy bold defence:

" Come thy Creator too; what though it coſt
" Me yet a ſecond fall? we'd try our ſtrengths.
" Heaven ſaw us ſtruggle once; as brave a fight
" Earth now ſhould ſee, and tremble at the ſight.

33.

" Thus ſpoke the impatient Prince, and made a pauſe:
" His foule hags rais'd their heads, and clapt their hands;
" And all the Powers of Hell, in full applauſe,
" Flouriſht their ſnakes, and toſt their flaming brands.
" We, ſaid the horrid ſiſters, wait thy lawes,
" The obſequious handmaids of thy high commands:
" Be it thy part, Hell's mighty Lord, to lay
" On us thy dread commands; ours to obey.

34.

" What thy Alecto, what theſe hands, can doe,
" Thou mad'ſt bold proofe upon the brow of Heaven;
" Nor ſhould'ſt thou bate in pride, becauſe that now
" To theſe thy footy kingdomes thou art driven.
" Let Heaven's Lord chide above, lowder than thou,
" In language of his thunder; thou art even
" With him below: Here thou art Lord alone
" Boundleſſe and abſolute: Hell is thine owne."

That Craſhaw and Milton ſhould concur in ſimilar ſentiments and expreſſions, when Marino dictates to both, can be a matter of little ſurpriſe. But, when we compare the paſſages in Milton which may be conſidered as harmonizing with theſe in Craſhaw, we ſhall not heſitate to declare that, in bold and glowing phraſeology, as well as in beautiful and expreſſive numbers, the palm, due to the improvement of the original, belongs to the former. Nor ſhall we forget the hints from Æſchylus and Dante, which Milton finely interweaves in the

character of his Prince of darkneſs. Milton, no doubt, had read Craſhaw's tranſlation; as he had read the tranſlations alſo of Arioſto and Taſſo by Harington and Fairfax; to various paſſages in which he has, in like manner, added new graces reſulting from his own imagination and judgement. There are alſo a few reſemblances in Craſhaw's poetry to paſſages in Milton, which I have noticed in their reſpective places. Craſhaw, I may add, is entitled to the merit of ſuggeſting the combination and form of ſeveral happy phraſes to Pope. Of a poet, thus diſtinguiſhed, I take this opportunity to ſubjoin a few particulars from the unpubliſhed manuſcript of his fellow-collegian, Dr. John Bargrave. "[b] When I went firſt of my 4 times to Rome, there were there 4 revolters to the Roman Church, that had binn fellowes of Peterhouſe in Cambridge with my ſelfe. The name of one of them was Mr. R. Craſhaw, whoe was of the Seguita (as their tearme is), that is, an attendant, or one of the followers of Cardinall Palotta, for which he had a ſalary of crownes by the month, (as the cuſtome is,) but no dyet. Mr. Craſhaw infinitely commended his Cardinall, but complayned extreamely of the wickedneſs of thoſe of his retinue, of which he, having his Cardinall's eare, complayned to him; vpon which the Italians fell ſo farr owt with him, that the Cardinall, to ſe-

[b] After the reſtoration of Charles II. Dr. Bargrave became Prebendary of Canterbury, to the Library of which Cathedral he gave many books and other curioſities. See a further account of this MS. in the Note on Chriſtina, queen of Sweden, vol. vii. p. 272.

cure his life, was faine to putt him from his fervice; and, procuring him feme finale imploy at the Lady's of Loretto, whither he went in pilgrimage in fummer time, and ouerheating him felfe dyed in few weeks after he came thither; and it was doubtfull whether he were not poyfoned."—

Mr. Hayley notices the exiſtence alſo of the following pieces relating to Milton's ſubject:

i. Adamo Caduto, tragedia ſacra, di Serafino della Salandra. Cozenzo, 1647. 8vo.

ii. La Battaglia Celeſte tra Michele e Lucifero, di Antonio Alfani, Palermitano. Palermo, 1568. 4to.

iii. Dell' Adamo di Giovanni Soranzo, Genova, 1604. 12mo.

They had, however, eſcaped the reſearches of Mr. Hayley. Signor Signorelli, the learned and elegant correſpondent of Mr. Walker on ſubjects connected with his [c] *Memoir on Italian Tragedy*, publiſhed in 1799, had not then ſeen them. Whether Milton had peruſed them, muſt therefore be a matter of future inquiry. Mr. Walker, to whom the reader is indebted for the curious Note on the dialogue between Satan and Michael, *Par. Loſt*, B. vi. 292 &c, obſerves that all the commentators paſs over the obligations of Milton to the *Geruſaleñme Diſtrutta* of Marino. From the ſeventh canto, which is [d] all that is printed, and which is ſubjoined to two ſmall editions of the *Strage de gli Innocenti* in his poſſeſſion, Mr. Walker has made a few extracts; and I have cited thoſe relating to

[c] See the Hiſt. Mem. Appendix, p. xxxiii.

[d] Ibid. p. xxxvi.

the compaſſionate countenance of Chriſt, and to the glorious deſcription of God, in the Notes on *Par. Loſt*, B. iii. 140, 380. See alſo the Note on B. xi. 406.

Mr. Hayley further notices the probable attention of Milton to Taſſo' [e] *Le Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato*. See likewiſe Dr. Warton's Note on *Par. Loſt*, B. v. 689. Taſſo, like Milton, follows indeed almoſt the very words of Scripture, in relating the commands of God on the ſeveral days of the Creation. The poem is in blank verſe. I ſubmit to the reader the following pious addreſs:

" Dimmi, qual opra allhora, ò qual ripoſo
" Foſſe ne la Diuina, e Sacra Mente
" In quel d' eternita felice ſtato.
" E 'n qual ignota parte, e'n quale idea
" Era l' eſſempio tuo, Celeſte Fabro,
" Quando faceſti à te la Reggia, e 'l Tempio.
" Tu, che 'l fai, tu 'l riuela: e chiare, e conte
" Signor, per me fà l' opre, i modi, e l' arti.
" Signor, tu fe' la mano, io ſon la cetra,
" La qual moſſa da te, con dolci tempre
" Di ſoaue armonia, riſuona; e molce
" D' adamantino ſmalto i duri affetti.
" Signor, tu fe' lo ſpirto, io roca tromba
" Son per me ſteſſo à la tua gloria; e langue,
" Se non m' inſpiri tu, la voce, e 'l ſuono."

In the preceding verſes Milton's addreſs to the Holy Spirit, " Inſtruct me, for thou know'ſt," is

[e] Dr. Warton mentions only the edition of Viterbo, in 1607. There had been an earlier edition thus entitled, " I *due* primi Giorni del Mondo Creato, Poeſia ſacra." *Venet.* 1600, 4to. And there have been ſeveral later; Le *ſette* Giornate &c. 12mo. *Milan.* 1608, *Venet.* 1609, and *Venet.* 1637, ult. impreſs. ricorretta.

perhaps obſervable. They cloſe alſo with a ſimilar ſentiment to his invocation of the ſame aſſiſtance in his *Paradiſe Regained*, B. i. 11.

" Thou Spirit, ——————— inſpire,
" As thou art wont, my prompted ſong, elſe mute."

VII. The lateſt obſervation reſpecting the origin of *Paradiſe Loſt*, which has been ſubmitted to the publick, is contained in Mr. Dunſter's " Conſiderations on Milton's early reading, and the *prima ſtamina* of Paradiſe Loſt," 1800. The object of theſe " Conſiderations" is to prove that Milton became, at a very early period of his life, enamoured of Joſhua Sylveſter's tranſlation of the French poet, Du Bartas. Lauder had aſſerted long ſince that Milton was indebted to Sylveſter's tranſlation for " numberleſs fine thoughts, beſides his low trick of playing upon words, and his frequent uſe of technical terms. From him," he adds, " Milton has borrowed many elegant phraſes, and ſingle words, which were thought to be peculiar to him, or rather coined by him; ſuch as *palpable darkneſs*, and a thouſand others." Lauder has alſo ſaid, that Phillips, Milton's nephew, " every where, in his *Theatrum Poetarum*, either wholly paſſes over in ſilence ſuch authors as Milton was moſt obliged to, or, if he chances to mention them, does it in the moſt ſlight and ſuperficial manner imaginable: *Du Bartas* alone excepted." But *Sylveſter* is alſo highly commended, in this work for his tranſlation. Mr. Hayley well obſerves, in apology, for other omiſſions of Phillips, " which are too frequent to be conſidered as accidental, that he probably choſe

not to enumerate various poems relating to Angels, to Adam, and to Paradiſe, leſt ignorance and malice ſhould abſurdly conſider the mere exiſtence of ſuch poetry as a derogation from the glory of Milton."

Lauder adds, that there is "a commentary on this work, called *A Summary of Du Bartas*, a book full of prodigious learning, and many curious obſervations on all arts and ſciences; from whence Milton has derived a multiplicity of fine hints, ſcattered up and down his poem, eſpecially in philoſophy and theology." This book was printed in folio, in 1621; and is recommended, in the title-page, as "fitt for the learned to refreſh their memories, and for younger ſtudents to abbreviate and further theire ſtudies." From this pretended garden of ſweets I can collect no noſegay. It cannot indeed be ſuppoſed that Milton, when he wrote the *Paradiſe Loſt*, was ſo imperfectly acquainted with the purer ſources of knowledge, as to be indebted to ſuch a volume.

That Milton, however, had read the tranſlation of *Du Bartas*, has been admitted by his warmeſt admirers, Dr. Farmer, Mr. Bowle, Mr. Warton, and Mr. Headley. A ſlight remark, which the editor of theſe volumes long ſince ventured to make, in the [f] *Gentleman's Magazine*, reſpecting Milton's acquaintance with the poetry of Sylveſter,

[f] See November 1796, p. 900. See alſo Mr. Dunſter's Conſiderations &c. p. 3. I take this opportunity of adding that Dr. Farmer's remark occurs in a Note on the "*married* calm of ſtates," in Troilus and Creſſida. See Steevens's Shakſpeare, edit. 1793. vol. xi. p. 254.

attracted the notice of the author of the *Conſiderations* &c. juſt mentioned; and appears to have ſtimulated his deſire to know more of the forgotten bard. Mr. Dunſter, therefore, having procured an edition of Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, drew up his ingenious volume; and, with no leſs elegance of language than liberality of opinion, pointed out the taſte and judgement of Milton in availing himſelf of particular paſſages in that book. With honourable affection for the fame of Milton, he obſerves, that "nothing can be further from my intention than to inſinuate that Milton was a plagiariſt or ſervile imitator; but I conceive that, having read theſe ſacred poems of very high merit, at the immediate age when his own mind was juſt beginning to teem with poetry, he retained numberleſs thoughts, paſſages, and expreſſions therein, ſo deeply in his mind, that they hung inherently on his imagination, and became as it were naturalized there. Hence many of them were afterwards inſenſibly transfuſed into his own compoſitions." Sylveſter's *Du Bartas* was alſo a popular book when Milton began to write poetry; it was publiſhed in the very ſtreet in which Milton's father then lived; Sylveſter was certainly, as was probably [g] Humphry

[g] I may obſerve that the folio edition of Spenſer's *Faerie Queene*, and of his other poems, in 1611, came from the preſs of *Humphry Lownes*; the date at the end of the *Faerie Queene* is, however, 1612.

In 1611 alſo *Humphry Lownes* printed the ſecond edition of the little volume, from which I ſhall preſently have occaſion to make an extract or two, entitled "Stafford's Niobe: or his age of teares. A Treatiſe no leſſe profitable and comfortable then the times damnable, &c." 12mo.

Lownes the printer of the book, puritanically inclined; Milton's family, profeſſing the ſame religious opinions, would powerfully recommend to the young ſtudent the peruſal of this work: By ſuch inferences, added to the preceding remark, the reader is led to acknowledge the ſucceſsful manner, in which Mr. Dunſter has accompliſhed his deſign; namely, to ſhow Milton's "early acquaintance with, and predilection for, Sylveſter's *Du Bartas.*" I am perſuaded, however, that Milton muſt have ſometimes cloſed the volume with extreme diſguſt; and that he then ſought gratification in the ſtrains of his kindred poets, of Spenſer, and of Shakſpeare; or of thoſe, whoſe ſtyle was not barbarous like Sylveſter's, the enticing Drummond, the learned and affecting Drayton, and ſeveral other bards of that period; as may be gathered from expreſſions even in [h] his earlieſt performances. But, to reſume Mr. Dunſter's obſervation reſpecting the origin of *Paradiſe Loſt:* Sylveſter's *Du Bartas* "contains, indeed, more material *prima ſtamina* of the *Paradiſe Loſt*, than, as I believe, any other book whatever: and *my hypotheſis* is, that it poſitively *laid the firſt ſtone* of that 'monumentum ære perennius.' That Arthur for a time predominated in Milton's mind over his, at length preferred, ſacred ſubject, was probably owing to the advice of Manſo, and the track of reading into which he had then got. How far the *Adamo* of Andreini, or the *Scena Tragica d'Adamo*

[h] See the Notes on his Tranſlations of the 114th and 136th Pſalms.

et Eva of Lancetta, as pointed out by Mr. Hayley; or any of the Italian poems on ſuch ſubjects, noticed by Mr. Walker; contributed to revive his predilection for ſacred poeſy, it is beſide my purpoſe to inquire. If he was materially *caught* by any of theſe, it ſerved, I conceive, only to renew a *primary impreſſion* made on his mind by Sylveſter's *Du Bartas:* although the Italian dramas might induce him then to *meditate* his divine Poem in a *dramatick* form. It is, indeed, juſtly obſerved by Mr. Warton, on the very fine paſſage, ver. 33. of the *Vacation Exerciſe*, written when Milton was only nineteen, 'that it contains ſtrong indications of a young mind anticipating the ſubject of *Paradiſe Loſt*.'—Cowley found himſelf to be a poet, or, as as he himſelf tells us, 'was made one,' by the delight he took in Spenſer's *Fairy Queen*, 'which was wont to lay in his mother's apartment;' and which he had read all over, before he was twelve years old. That Dryden was, in ſome degree, ſimilarly indebted to Cowley, we may collect from his denominating him 'the darling of my youth, the famous Cowley.' Pope, at a little more than eight years of age, was initiated in poetry by the peruſal of Ogilby's Homer and Sandys's Ovid; and to the latter he has himſelf intimated obligations, where he declares in his Notes to the *Iliad*, 'that Engliſh poetry owes much of its preſent beauty to the tranſlations of Sandys.' The *rudimenta poetica* of our great poet I ſuppoſe ſimilarly to have been Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*; which, I conceive, not only elicited the firſt ſparks of poetick fire from the pubeſcent genius of Milton, but in-

duced him, from that time, to devote himſelf principally to ſacred poeſy, and to ſelect *Urania* for his immediate Muſe,

——————— ‘ magno perculſus amore.’”

While I agree with Mr. Dunſter, that Milton has adopted ſeveral thoughts and expreſſions from Sylveſter, I hope I may be permitted to obſerve that, although the poem of *Du Bartas* treats largely of the Creation of the World and the Fall of Man, the *Origin of Paradiſe Loſt* may not perhaps be abſolutely attributed to that work. “ Smit with the love of ſacred ſong,” Milton, I apprehend, might be influenced, in his “ *long chooſing and beginning late*,” by other effuſions of ſacred poeſy, in the language which he loved, and in the epick form, on ſimilar ſubjects; beſides thoſe of Dante, of Taſſo, and of the Italian poets already mentioned. In the following liſt the Muſes of Spain and Portugal alſo will be found to have choſen congenial themes.

i. Diſcorſo in verſi della Creazione del Mondo ſino alla Venuta di Gesù Criſto, per Antonio Cornazono. 4°. 1472.

ii. Della Creatione del Mondo, Poema Sacro, del Sig. Gaſparo Mvrtola. Giorne ſette, Canti ſedici. 12mo. Venet. 1608.

iii. Epamerone, overo l’ opera de ſei Giorni, Poema di Don Felice Paſſero. 12mo. Venet. 1609.

iv. Creacion del Mundo, Poema Eſpagnol, por el Doctor Alonzo de Azevedo. 8vo. en Roma, 1615.

v. Da Creação et Compoſicão do Homem, Cantos tres por Luis de Camoens, em Verſo Portugues. 4°. em Liſboa 1615. Rimas 2da. Parte.—Paris, 12mo. 1759.

The firſt of theſe poems is noticed by Baretti in his *Italian Library*, p. 58; who alſo mentions an

epick poem, firſt printed in Sicily, and ſince at Milan, of which he had forgotten the dates, entitled "*L' Adamo* del Campailla. It is a philoſophical poem, much admired by the followers of the Carteſian ſyſtem, who were very numerous when the author wrote it." Ib. p. 66. Baretti alſo mentions another epick poem "*Le ſei Giornate*, di Sebaſtiano Erizzo. *The ſix Days*, that is, the Creation performed in ſix days, &c." Ib. p. 64. But this is a miſtake. *Le ſei Giornate* of Erizzo is neither a poem, nor at all connected with the hiſtory of the Creation. It is a ſeries of novels: "*Le ſei giornate, nelle quali* ſotto diuerſi fortunati & infelici auenimenti, *da ſei giouani raccontati*, ſi contengono ammaeſtramenti nobili & utili di morale Filoſofia[i]."

The ſecond of the before-mentioned poems is, in my poſſeſſion; and I have given ſome account of it in the Notes on B. iv. 753, and B. v. 689 of *Paradiſe Loſt*.

The three next are mentioned by Mr. Bowle, together with the preceding poem; as alſo with the *Adamos* of Andreini, Soranzo, and Serafino della Salandra, and with the Angeleida of Valvaſone; in [k] his manuſcript Notes on Lauder's Eſſay. He has added a reference to the following work, which might not be unknown to Milton.

vi. Il Caſo di Lucifero, di Amico Aguiſilo. Creſcimbeni, 4. 126.

[i] Proemio. p. 1.—This work of Sebaſtian Erizzo was printed at Venice, in quarto, by Giouan Variſco &c. in 1567.

[k] Now the property of Richard Gough, Eſq; to whom I am much indebted for the uſe of the book.

To which may be ſubjoined another poem that might have attracted the great poet's notice, as it is pronounced by Baretti to be little inferiour to Dante himſelf.

vii. Il Quadriregio, ſopra i regni d' Amore, di Satanaſſo, dei vizi, e delle virtu, di Monſ. F. Frezzi Veſcovo di Foligno. fol. Perug. 1481.

I may venture alſo to point out

viii. La Vita & Paſſione di Chriſto, &c. compoſta per Antonio Cornozano, in terza rima. Venet. 1518. 12mo.

In which the ſecond chapter of the firſt book is entitled " De la creatione del mondo."

ix. La Humanita del Figlivolo di Dio, in ottaua rima, per Theofilo Folengo, Mantoano. Venegia. 1533. 4°.

In ten books: in the ſecond of which Adam and Eve are particularly noticed. Dr. Burney has conſidered the ſacred drama of *Il Gran Natale di Chriſto* by the elder Cicognini, as ſubſervient to Milton's plan. See the Note on *Par. Loſt*, B. x. 249. There is alſo a poem of [l] P. Antonio Glielmo, Milton's contemporary, entitled *Il Diluvio del Mondo*; and there are the *Mondo Deſolato* of the " ſhepherd-boy," G. D. Peri, (the author alſo of the epick poem, *Fieſole Diſtrutta,*) and the *Giudicio Eſtremo* of Toldo Coſtantini; both publiſhed [m] before Milton perhaps had determined the ſubject of his ſong.

[l] He died in 1644. See Elogii d' Huomini Letterati, ſcritti da Lorenzo Craſſo, parte ſec. Venet. 1666. p. 287.

[m] The former in 1637; and I believe there is an earlier edition: the latter in 1648.

The writer of the article of *Pona* (*François*) in the *Nouveau Dict. Hiſt.* à Caen, edit. 1786, ſays that Pona publiſhed "*L'Adamo, poema*, 1664." The *Adamo* by this writer, (of which I am poſſeſſed,) is not, however, a poem, although abounding with poetical expreſſions, but a hiſtory, in three books, of the Creation and of our firſt parents. I have made extracts from it in the Notes on *Par. Loſt*, B. ix. 704, 897, &c. Pona was an author not a little admired in Italy: he died in 1652. Loredano, in a letter to him, ſays "[a] L'ingegno di V. S. è un giardino di Paradiſo, ove non naſcono che fiori immortali. Tale hò riconoſciuto l' angelico." Loredano himſelf has alſo written an Italian Life of *Adam*, printed at Venice in 1640; tranſlated into Engliſh in 1659; and next in 1779 by Richard Murray, A. M. and J. U. B. with a Dedication to the Reverend Dr. Baldwin, Provoſt of Trinity College, Dublin: in which the tranſlator makes the following aſſertion. "The noble Venetian, who was the author of this performance originally, had no occaſion to court the ſanction of an illuſtrious name for his protection. The novelty of Adam's ſtory, in a country where the Scriptures are forbidden, muſt have recommended him; but it's the patronage of one eminent for learning muſt apologize for the publiſhing a Divine Romance in the Britiſh nation; for ſo Milton, the great ornament of Engliſh poetry, calls it, and *acknowledges to have received ſome of his fineſt hints from this Work.* Though my author is here and there guilty of almoſt inex-

[a] Lettres de Loredano, edit. Bruxelles, 1708. p. 88.

cufable puerilities, and impertinent reflections; yet if we confider his virtues, and the many fine pictures which he originally delineated for the maſterly hand of his ſucceſſor, Milton, to colour and finiſh; we muſt forget his faults, and aſcribe them to no defect in his genius, but to the miſtaken notions of the Italians concerning the true Sublime; a crime, which may, with juſtice, be imputed to ſome of their beſt productions." Where Milton has made the preceding acknowledgement, Mr. Murray has not informed us. However, I have examined the work of Loredano with greater eagerneſs and attention, ſince I met with this remarkable aſſertion; and have been enabled, in conſequence, to add, to the brief notices of this Life of Adam in my firſt edition of Milton's Poetical Works, ſome paſſages which may perhaps be conſidered as affording ſuggeſtions of ſcenery and deſcription to the Engliſh poet. To the *Adamo* of Loredano, I may add, as a work which probably did not eſcape the notice of Milton, "*L'Eva* di Federico Malipiero, 12mo. Venet. 1640." To ſome parts of this obſcure and forgotten production, a trifling reſemblance or two may perhaps be traced.

It is probable that Pona and Loredano were acquainted with Milton; that they were among thoſe diſcerning perſons, who "in the private academies of Italy, whither," the poet tells us, "° he was favoured to reſort," foſtered his blooming genius by their approbation and encouragement.

° See the Preface to his Church Government, B. ii. and his Epitaph. Damon. v. 133, &c.

Loredano was the founder of the Accademia degli Incogniti. His houſe at Venice was the conſtant reſort of learned men. Gaddi, an Italian friend whom Milton names, and who has [p] celebrated the foundation of the academy, would hardly fail to introduce the young Engliſhman to the founder of it, if by no other means he had become known to him.

Italy then, will probably be thought to have confirmed, if not to have excited, the deſign of Milton to ſing "Man's diſobedience, and the mortal taſte of the forbidden fruit."

Yet a very learned and intereſting writer has queſtioned the propriety of aſcribing ſuch honour to Italy. "If we are to refer Milton's work," ſays Mr. [q] Turner, "to any other ſuggeſtion than to his own piety and to the Scriptures, there ſeems much more reaſon to give the honour to our venerable Cedmon, than to the heterogeneous comedy of Andreini, which there is no proof that Milton ever read, and the beginning of which could only diſguſt his correct taſte. Indeed, if we recollect our old myſteries on the ſame ſubjects, there appears ſtill leſs occaſion to go to Italy in ſearch of that which we may find at home." Whether the reader will ſubſcribe entirely to this opinion, I greatly doubt; but I am certain he will be highly gratified by the extracts drawn with taſte and ingenuity, by Mr. Turner, from the venerable Anglo-Saxon poetical narration. "Various ſpe-

[p] See Jacobi Gaddii Adlocutiones, et Elogia &c. Florentiæ, 1636. 4to, p. 38.

[q] Hiſt. of the Anglo-Saxons, 2d edit. 4to. 1807. Preface, and Vol. ii. 309, ſeq.

culations," he obſerves, "have been made on the ſources to which Milton has been indebted for the ſubject of his great poem. The extracts, cited from our Cedmon, ſhew that this ancient poet has anticipated ſomewhat of the Miltonick character and agency of Satan. It is alſo remarkable that both Cedmon and Milton begin their poems with ſtating the fall of Satan, and his expulſion from Heaven. Cedmon's paraphraſe was printed by Junius, who lived much in England in 1655. Milton is ſaid by Aubrey to have begun his Paradiſe Loſt two years before the reſtoration, or in 1658. It is preſumed to have been finiſhed in 1665, and its firſt edition appeared in 1667. As our immortal poet wrote the hiſtory of the Anglo-Saxon times, and in that quotes a Saxon document, the Saxon Chronicle, we may believe him to have been intereſted by ſuch an important part of their literature as Cedmon's paraphraſe, which, though printed at Amſterdam, muſt, from the connections of Junius, who had the MSS. from Archbiſhop Uſher, have been much known in England. Cedmon's poem is, in the firſt part, a Paradiſe Loſt, in rude miniature. It contains the fall of the angels, the creation, the temptation of Eve, and the expulſion from Paradiſe. In its firſt topick, the fall of the angels, it exhibits much of a Miltonick ſpirit; and if it were clear that our illuſtrious bard had been familiar with Saxon, we ſhould be induced to think that he owed ſomething to the paraphraſe of Cedmon. No one at leaſt can read Cedmon without feeling the idea intruding upon his mind. As the ſubject is curious,

I ſhall make no apology for very copious extracts from Cedmon, tranſlated as literally as poſſible:

" On the Fall of the Angels.

" To us it is much right
that we the Ruler of the firmament,
the Glory-King of Hoſts,
with words ſhould praiſe,
with minds ſhould love.
He is in power abundant,
High Head of all creatures,
Almighty Lord!
There was not to him ever beginning
nor origin made;
nor now end cometh.
Eternal Lord!
But he will be always powerful
over heaven's ſtools[r],
in high majeſty,
truth-faſt and very ſtrenuous,
Ruler of the boſoms of the ſky!
Then were they ſet
wide and ample,
thro' God's power,
for the children of glory,
for the guardians of ſpirits.
They had joy and ſplendor,
and their beginning-origin,
the hoſts of angels;
bright bliſs was their great fruit.
The glory-faſt thegns
praiſed the King:
they ſaid willingly praiſe
to their Life-Lord;
they obeyed his domination with virtues.
They were very happy;
ſins they knew not;
nor to frame crimes:
but they in peace lived
with their Eternal Elder.
Otherwiſe they began not
to rear in the ſky,
except right and truth,
before the Ruler of the angels,
for pride divided them in error.
They would not prolong
council for themſelves!
but they from ſelf-love
throw off God's.
They had much pride
that they againſt the Lord
would divide
the glory-faſt place,
the majeſty of their hoſts,
the wide and bright ſky.
To him there grief happened,
envy, and pride;
to that angel's mind
that this ill counſel
began firſt to frame,
to weave and wake.
Then he words ſaid,
darkened with iniquity,
that he in the north part
a home and high ſeat
of heaven's kingdom

[r] I uſe the term in the original, becauſe ſuch expreſſions as have any allusion to ancient manners ſhould always be preſerved.

would poſſeſs.
Then was God angry,
and with the hoſt wrath
that he before eſteemed
illuſtrious and glorious.
He made for thoſe perfidious
an exiled home,
a work of retribution,
Hell's groans and hard hatreds.
Our Lord commanded the puniſhment-houſe
for the exiles to abide,
deep, joyleſs,
the rulers of ſpirits.
When he it ready knew
with perpetual night foul,
ſulphur including,
over it full fire
and extenſive cold,
with ſmoke and red flame,
he commanded them over
the manſion, void of council,
to increaſe the terror-puniſhment.
They had provoked accuſation;
grim againſt God gathered together,
to them was grim retribution come.
They ſaid, that they the kingdom
with fierce mind would poſſeſs,
and ſo eaſily might.
Them the hope deceived,
after the Governor,
the high King of Heaven,
his hands upreared.
He purſued againſt the crowd;
nor might the void of mind,
vile againſt their Maker,
enjoy might.
Their loftineſs of mind departed,
their pride was diminiſhed.
Then was he angry;
he ſtruck his enemies
with victory and power,
with judgement and virtue,
and took away joy:
peace from his enemies,
and all pleaſure:
Illuſtrious Lord!
and his anger wreaked
on the enemies greatly,
in their own power
deprived of ſtrength.
He had a ſtern mind,
grimly provoked;
he ſeized in his wrath
on the limbs of his enemies,
and them in pieces broke,
wrathful in mind.
He deprived of their country
his adverſaries,
from the ſtations of glory
he made and cut off,
our Creator!
the proud race of angels from heav'n;
the faithleſs hoſt.
The Governor ſent
the hated army
on a long journey,
with mourning ſpeech.
To them was glory loſt,
their threats broken,
their majeſty curtailed,
ſtained in ſplendor;
they in exile afterwards
preſſed on their black way.

They needed not loud to laugh;
but they in Hell's torments
weary remained, and knew woe,
fad and forry:
they endured fulphur,
covered with darknefs,
a heavy recompenfe,
becaufe they had begun
to fight againft God.
Ced. p. 1, 2.——

"But that part of Cedmon which is the moft original product of his own fancy, is his account of Satan's hoftility. To us, the Paradife Loft of Milton has made this fubject peculiarly intereſting; and as it will be curious to fee how an old Saxon poet has previoufly treated it, we fhall give another copious extract. Some of the touches bring to mind a few of Milton's conceptions. But in Cedmon the fineft thoughts are abruptly introduced, and very roughly and imperfectly expreſſed. In Milton the fame ideas are detailed in all the majefty of his diction, and are fully difplayed with that vigour of intellect in which he has no fuperior.

"The univerfal Ruler had
of the angelic race,
through his hand-power,
the holy Lord!
a fortrefs eftablifhed.
To them he well trufted
that they his fervice
would follow,
would do his will.
For this he gave them underſtanding,
and with his hands made them.
The Holy Lord
had ſtationed them
fo happily.
One he had fo
ſtrongly made,
fo mighty
in his mind's thought;
he let him rule fo much;
the higheft in heaven's kingdom;
he had made him
fo ſplendid;
fo beautiful
was his fruit in heaven,
which to him came
from the Lord of Hofts;
that he was like
the brilliant ſtars.
Praife ought he
to have made to his Lord;
he ſhould have valued dear
his joys in heaven;

he ſhould have thanked his Lord
for the bounty which
in that brightneſs he ſhared;
when he was permitted
ſo long to govern.
But he departed from it
to a worſe thing.
He began to upheave ſtrife
againſt the Governor
of the higheſt heaven,
that ſits on the holy ſeat.
Dear was he to our Lord;
from whom it could not be hid,
that his angel began
to be over proud.
He raiſed himſelf
againſt his Maſter;
he fought inflaming ſpeeches;
he began vainglorious words;
he would not ſerve God;
he ſaid he was his equal
in light and ſhining;
as white and as bright in hue.
Nor could he find it in his mind
to render obedience
to his God,
to his King.
He thought in himſelf
that he could have ſubjects
of more might and ſkill
than the Holy God.
Spake many words
this angel of pride.
He thought through his own craft
that he could make
a more ſtronglike ſeat,
higher in the heavens.

" Satan is repreſented as uttering this ſoliloquy, which begins with doubting about his enterpriſe, but ends in a determination to purſue it:

" Why ſhould I contend?
I cannot have
any creature for my ſuperior!
I may with my hands
ſo many wonders work!
and I muſt have great power
to acquire a more godlike ſtool,
higher in the heavens!
Yet why ſhould I
ſue for his grace?
or bend to him
with any obedience?
I may be
a god, as he is.
Stand by me,
ſtrong companions!
who will not deceive me
in this contention.
Warriors of hardy mind!
they have choſen me
for their ſuperior;
illuſtrious ſoldiers!
with ſuch, indeed,
one may take counſel!
with ſuch folk
may ſeize a ſtation!
My earneſt friends they are,
faithful in the effuſions of their mind.
I may, as their leader,

govern in this kingdom.
So I think it not right,
nor need I
flatter any one,
as if to any gods
a god inferior.
I will no longer
remain his ſubject[3]."

"After narrating the conſequent anger of the Deity, and the defeat and expulſion of Satan, the poet thus deſcribes his abode in the infernal regions:

"The fiend, with all his followers,
fell then out of heaven;
during the ſpace
of three nights and days;
the angels from heaven
into hell; and them all
the Lord turned into devils:
becauſe that they
his deed and word
would not reverence.
For this, into a worſe light
under the earth beneath
the Almighty God
placed them, defeated;
in the black hell.
There have they for ever,
for an immeaſurable length,
each of the fiends,
fire always renewed.
There comes at laſt
the eaſtern wind,
the cold froſt
mingling with the fires.
Always fire or arrows,
ſome hard tortures,
they muſt have:
it was made for their puniſhment.
Their world was turned round.
Hell was filled
with execrations.—
They ſuffer the puniſhment
of their battle againſt their Ruler;
the fierce torrents of fire
in the midſt of hell:
brands and broad flames;
ſo likewiſe bitter ſmoke,
vapour, and darkneſs.—
They were all fallen
to the bottom of that fire
in the hot hell,
thro' their folly and pride.
Sought they other land,
it was all void of light,
and full of fire,
a great journey of fire.—

"Another of Satan's ſpeeches may be cited:

"Then ſpake the overproud king,
that was before
of angels the moſt ſhining;

[3] i. e. his younger.

the whiteſt in heaven;
by his Maſter beloved,
to his Lord endeared;
till he turned to evil—
Satan ſaid,
with ſorrowing ſpeech—
Is this the narrow place,
unlike, indeed, to the others
which we before knew,
high in heaven's kingdom,
that my Maſter puts me in?
But thoſe we muſt not have,
by the Omnipotent
deprived of our kingdom.
He hath not done us right,
that he hath filled us
with fire to the bottom
of this hot hell,
and taken away heaven's kingdom.
He hath marked that
with mankind
to be ſettled.
This is to me the greateſt ſorrow,
that Adam ſhall,
he that was made of earth,
my ſtronglike ſtool poſſeſs.
He is to be thus happy,
while we ſuffer puniſhment;
miſery in this hell!
Oh that I had free
the power of my hands,
and might for a time
be out;
for one winter's ſpace,
I and my army!
but iron bonds
lay around me!
knots of chains preſs me down!
I am kingdomleſs!
hell's fetters
hold me ſo hard,
ſo faſt encompaſs me!
Here are mighty flames
above and beneath;
I never ſaw
a more hateful landſcape.
This fire never languiſhes;
hot over hell,
encircling rings,
biting manacles,
forbid my courſe.
My army is taken from me,
my feet are bound,
my hands impriſoned!—
Thus hath God confined me.
Hence I perceive
that he knows my mind.
The Lord of Hoſts
likewiſe knows
that Adam ſhould from us
ſuffer evil
about heaven's kingdom,
if I had the power of my hands.—
He hath now marked out
a middle region;
where he hath made man
after his likeneſs.
From him he will
again ſettle
the kingdom of heaven
with pure ſouls.
We ſhould to this end
diligently labour,
that we on Adam,
if we ever may,
and on his offſpring,
work ſome revenge.

" After explaining his plan of ſeducing Adam to diſobedience, he adds,

" If, when king,
to any of my thegns
I formerly gave treaſures;
when we in that good kingdom
ſat happy,
and had the power of our thrones;
when he to me,
in that beloved time,
could give no recompenſe,
to repay my favour;
let him now again,
ſome one of my thegns,
become my helper,
that he may eſcape hence
thro' theſe barriers;
that he with wings may fly,
may wind into the ſky,
to where Adam and Eve
ſtand created on the earth.—
" If any of you
could by any means change them,
that they God's word,
his command would neglect,
ſoon they to him
would become odious.
If Adam break thro'
his obedience,
then with them would the Supreme
become enraged,
and award their puniſhment.
" Strive ye all for this,
how ye may deceive them!
Then ſhall I repoſe ſoftly,
even in theſe bonds.
To him that ſucceeds
a reward ſhall be ready—
I will ſet him
near to myſelf.
Cedm. 6—11."——

Mr. Bowle, in his catalogue of poets who have treated Milton's ſubject before him, mentions Alcimus Avitus, archbiſhop of Vienna, who wrote a poem, in Latin hexameters, *De Initio Mundi, et primorum Parentum Creatione*; but offers little elſe reſpecting it. Poſſibly ſome of the ſentiments and expreſſions, in this poem, might arreſt the notice of Milton. In the notes on Paradiſe Loſt, an example or two, in ſupport of this ſuppoſition, will be found. The reader may not here be diſpleaſed with the extenſive deſcription which this author has given of Satan's reflection on the hap-

pineſs he had loſt, his envy on beholding our firſt parents, and his determination of drawing them into his own miſerable ſtate. Lib. ii. cap. iii.

" Plus doluit periiſſe ſibi, quod poſſidet alter.
" Tunc mixtus cum felle pudor ſic pectore queſtus
" Explicat, et tali ſuſpiria voce relaxat.
" Proh dolor! hoc nobis ſubitum conſurgere plaſma,
" Inviſſumque genus noſtra creviſſe ruina?
" Me celſum virtus habuit; nunc ecce neglectus
" Pellor, et angelico limus ſuccedit honori:
" Cœlum terra tenet, vili compage levata
" Regnat humus; nobiſque perit tranſlata poteſtas.
" Nec tamen in totum periit; pars magna retentat
" Vim propriam; ſummáque cluit virtute nocendi.
" Nil differre juvat: jam nunc certamine blando
" Congrediar, dum prima ſalus, experta nec ullos
" Simplicitas ignava dolos ad tela pavebit.
" Nam melius ſoli capientur fraude, priuſquam
" Fœcundam mittant æterna in ſecula prolem.
" Nil immortale è terra prodire ſinendum eſt:
" Fons generis pereat; capitis defectio membris
" Semen mortis erit; pariat diſcrimina leti
" Vitæ principium; cuncti feriantur in uno:
" Non facient vivum radix occiſa cacumen!
" Hæc mihi dejecto tantùm ſolatia reſtant:
" Si nequeo clauſos iterum conſcendere cœlos,
" His quoque claudentur: levius cecidiſſe putandum eſt
" Si nova perdatur ſimili ſubſtantia caſu.
" Sit comes excidii, ſubeat conſortia pœnæ;
" Et quos prævideo nobiſcum dividat ignes!
" Sed ne difficilis fallendi cauſa putetur
" Hæc monſtranda via eſt, dudum quam ſæpe cucurri
" In pronum lapſus: quæ me jactantia cælo
" Expulit, hæc hominem paradiſi è limine pellat!"

Then follows his aſſuming the form of the ſerpent, and his temptation of Eve preceded by a moſt flat-

tering commendation of her beauty. Phillips, in his [1] account of this author, adds the name of Claudius Marius Victor, a rhetorician of Marſeilles, who alſo wrote upon *Geneſis* in hexameters. The productions of theſe two poets were publiſhed together in a ſmall quarto at Paris in 1545, and afterwards. I find, in the compoſition of Victor, nothing worthy of citation.

Pantaleon Candidus, a German poet, has a copy of verſes, I obſerve, in his *Loci communes theologici*, &c. Baſil. 8vo. 1570. p. 24, entitled *Lapſus Adæ*; and in a nuptial hymn, in the ſame volume, p. 110, he has painted the creation of Eve in lines not unworthy the attention of Milton.

" Ergo, novum molitus opus, Pater ipſe profundum
" Inſtillat ſomnum, cui jam in tellure jacenti
" Eximit infertam lato ſub pectore coſtam,
" Explens carne locum, ſed enim pulcherrima viſu
" Fœmina, quæ donis ſuperaret quicquid in orbe eſt,
" Exoritur; qualis primo cùm Lucifer ortu
" Evehit auricomum gemmatâ luce nitorem.
" Nec mora ſurgenti è ſomnis, lucémque tuenti,
" Matronam inſignem Genitor vultúque decoram
" Obtulit ante oculos Adæ: miratur honorem
" Egregium, et toto fulgentem pectore formam;
" Agnoſcitque ſuo ſumptum de corpore corpus,
" Et ſic incipiens læto tandem ore profatur:
" Aſpicio, accipióque libens tua maxima rerum
" Munera largitor, noſtris ex oſſibus oſſa.
" Formata in teneros humani corporis artus
" Offers, egregiâque thori me compare donas, &c."

I muſt not omit to mention an Engliſh poem, relating to the ſtate of innocence, entitled "The

[1] Theat. Poet. edit. 1675. Ancient Poets, p. 12.

Glaſſe of Time in *the two firſt Ages*, divinely handled by Thomas Peyton, of Lincolne's Inne, Gent." 4to. Lond. 1623; and to obſerve alſo that *Part of Du Bartas* had been tranſlated into verſe, and publiſhed, before the firſt edition of Sylveſter's, " by William Liſle of Wilburgham, Eſquier for the King's body," namely, in 1596 and 1598, and again in 1625. See the Note on Milton's cxivth. *Pſalm*, ver. 11. Liſle's compound epithets, in his tranſlation, are numerous, and ſometimes very beautiful. Sylveſter has often merit alſo of this kind: but Sylveſter is not always original: his ſhining phraſes may be frequently traced in contemporary or preceding poets. In the Notes on Milton's poetical works, I have ſometimes had occaſion to exhibit the expreſſions of Sylveſter in this point of view. In juſtice, however, to this laborious writer, I ſhall here cloſe my remarks with a detached ſpecimen of his poetry; to which, if Milton has been indebted, the temptation of the Serpent in *Paradiſe Loſt* affords ſuch a contraſt, that the reader will be at no loſs how to appreciate the improvement.

" Eve, ſecond honour of this vniverſe!
" Is't true (I pray) that jealous God, perverſe,
" Forbids (quoth he) both you, and all your race,
" All the fair fruits theſe ſiluer brooks embrace;
" So oft bequeath'd you, and by you poſſeſt,
" And day and night by your own labour dreſt?
" With th' air of theſe ſweet words, the wily Snake
" A poyſoned air inſpired (as it ſpake)
" In Eve's frail breſt; who thus replies: O! knowe,
" Whate'er thou be, (but thy kind care doth ſhowe

" A gentle friend,) that all the fruits and flowrs
" In this earth's-heav'n are in our hands and powrs,
" Except alone that goodly fruit diuine,
" Which in the midſt of this green ground doth ſhine;
" But all good God (alas! I wot not why)
" Forbad us touch that tree, on pain to dy.—
" She ceaſt; already brooding in her heart
" A curious with, that will her weal ſubvert.

" As a falſe louer, that thick ſnares hath laid
" T' intrap the honour of a fair young maid,
" When ſhe (though little) liſtning ear affords
" To his ſweet, courting, deep-affected words,
" Feels ſome aſſwaging of his freezing flame,
" And ſooths himſelf with hope to gain his game;
" And, rapt with joy, vpon this point perſiſts,
" That parleing city never long reſiſts:
" Even ſo the Serpent, that doth counterfet
" A guileful call t' allure vs to his net,
" Perceiuing Eve his flattering gloze digeſt,
" He proſecutes; and, jocund, doth not reſt,
" Till he haue try'd foot, hand, and head, and all,
" Vpon the breach of this new-battered wall.

" No, Fair, (quoth he) beleeve not that the care
" God hath, mankinde from ſpoyling death to ſpare,
" Makes him forbid you (on ſo ſtrict condition)
" This pureſt, faireſt, rareſt fruit's fruition:
" A double fear, an envie, and a hate,
" His iealous heart for euer cruciate;
" Sith the ſuſpected vertue of this tree
" Shall ſoon diſperſe the cloud of idiocy,
" Which dims your eyes; and, further, make you ſeem
" (Excelling vs) even equall Gods to him.
" O World's rare glory! reach thy happy hand,
" Reach, reach, I ſay; why doſt thou ſtop or ſtand?
" Begin thy bliſs, and do not fear the threat
" Of an vncertain God-head, onely great

" Though ſelf-aw'd zeal: Put on the gliſtering pall
" Of immortality: Do not foreſtall
" (As envious ſtepdame) thy poſteritie
" The ſoverain honour of Divinitie."

Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, edit. 1621. pp. 192, 193.

As Milton has been ſuppoſed to have been much obliged to other *poets* in deſcribing the unſubdued ſpirit of Satan, eſpecially where he ſays,

" Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven;"

I am tempted to make an extract or two from Stafford's *Niobe*, a *proſe*-work already [u] mentioned, in which Satan ſpeaks the following words; not diſſimilar to paſſages in Fletcher and Craſhaw, which have been cited, on the ſame ſubject.

" They ſay, forſooth, that pride was the cauſe of my fall; and that I dwell where there is nothing but weeping, howling, and gnaſhing of teeth; of which that falſehood was the authour, I will make you plainelie perceiue. True it is, Sir, that I *(ſtorming at the name of ſupremacie) ſought to depoſe my Creatour*; which the watchful, all-ſeeing eye of Prouidence finding, degraded me of my angelicall dignitie, diſpoſſeſſed me of all pleaſures; and the Seraphin, and Cherubin, Throni, Dominationes, Virtutes, Poteſtates, Principatus, Arch-angeli, Angeli, and all the celeſtiall Hierarchyes, (with a ſhout of applauſe,) *ſung my departure out of heauen:* my Alleluia was turned into an Ehu; and too ſoone I found, that I was corruptibilis ab alio, though not in alio; and that he, that gaue me my being, could againe take it from mee. *Now, for as much as I was once an Angell of light, it was the will of Wiſedome to confine me to darknes, and to create me Prince thereof: that ſo I,* WHO COULD NOT OBEY IN HEAUEN, MIGHT COMMAUND IN HELL. And, be-

[u] See the Note [g], p. 248.

liene mee, Sir, *I had rather controule within my dark dioceſe, than to reinhabite cælum empyrium, and there liue in ſubjection, vnder check.*" Edit. 1611, pp. 16—18, part the ſecond. Stafford calls Satan the "grim-viſag'd Goblin," ibid. p. 85. And, in the firſt part of the book, he deſcribes the devil as having "*committed inceſt with his daughter*, the World." p. 3.

I have thus brought together opinions, delivered at different periods, reſpecting the *Origin of Paradiſe Loſt*; and have humbly endeavoured to trace, in part, the reading of the great poet, ſubſervient to his *plan*. More ſucceſsful diſcoveries will probably ariſe from the purſuits of thoſe, who are devoted to patient and liberal inveſtigation. "[x] Videlicet hoc illud eſt præcipuè ſtudiorum genus, quod vigiliis augeſcat; ut cui ſubinde ceu fluminibus ex decurſu, ſic accedit ex lectione minutatim quo fiat uberius." To ſuch perſons may be recommended the maſterly obſervations of him, who was once ſo far impoſed upon as to believe Lauder an honeſt man, and Milton a plagiary; but who expreſſed, when "[y] *Douglas* and *Truth* appeared," the [z] ſtrongeſt indignation againſt the envious impoſtor: for they are obſervations reſulting from a wiſh not to depreciate, but zealouſly

[x] Politian. Miſcellaneorum Præf.

[y] The Progreſs of Envy, an excellent poem occaſioned by Lauder's attack on the character of Milton. See Lloyd's Poems, 1762, p. 221.

[z] So biſhop Douglas told the affectionate biographer of Dr. Johnſon. See Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, vol. i. p. 197, edit. 1799.

to praiſe, the *Paradiſe Loſt*. "[a] Among the *inquiries*, to which this ardour of criticiſm has naturally given occaſion, none is more obſcure in itſelf, or more worthy of rational curioſity, than a retroſpect of the progreſs of this mighty genius *in the conſtruction of his work*; a view of the fabrick gradually riſing, perhaps, from ſmall beginnings, till its foundation reſts in the center, and its turrets ſparkle in the ſkies; to trace back the ſtructure, through all its varieties, to the ſimplicity of its firſt plan; to find what was firſt projected, whence the ſcheme was taken, how it was improved, by what aſſiſtance it was executed, and from what ſtores the materials were collected; whether its founder dug them from the quarries of Nature, or demoliſhed other buildings to embelliſh his own."

I may venture to add that, in ſuch inquiries, patience will be invigorated rather than diſpirited; and every new diſcovery will teach us more and more to admire the genius, the erudition, and the memory, of the inimitable Milton. TODD.

[a] See Boſwell's Life of Johnſon, vol. i. p. 199.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE CHARACTERS OF THE

FALLEN ANGELS OF MILTON,

BY THE REV. HENRY BOYD.

OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

CHARACTERS OF THE

FALLEN ANGELS IN PARADISE LOST.

THE characters of Satan and his aſſociates in this wonderful poem, are by the generality of readers merely conſidered as noble efforts of imagination. But it may probably contribute to illuſtrate the genius of the Poet, if we conſider them merely as pictures of human nature, or at leaſt of human paſſions, perſonified with aggravated features indeed, but ſtill preſerving their original lineaments. If this contributes to develope in any degree the origin and progreſs of certain propenſities in our nature, it may at leaſt, point out the mode of reading the Poets with profit as well as pleaſure.

The ſentiments that Satan is made to expreſs in the very firſt ſpeech, are ſuch, Addiſon obſerves, as might be expected from the moſt exalted and moſt depraved of beings.

Beſides the depravity of the Arch-fiend, which appears on his firſt addreſs to his aſſociate, the moſt prominent feature is that obſtinacy which it diſplays, and which in man is by flattery, both from himſelf and others, called firmneſs of character. This, when properly founded, and under the direction of right reaſon, is the baſis of every thing dignified and magnanimous.

> By this, the mercury of man is fixt;
> Strong grows the virtue with his nature mixt;
> The droſs cements what elſe were too refin'd,
> And in one intereſt body acts with mind.

But its perverſions are as eminently conſpicuous in the characters of Sylla, Borgia, and many other names of great celebrity in ancient and modern times, but in none more than in

certain literary characters, ſome of which have perſevered to the laſt in the profeſſion and publication of dogmas of the moſt fatal tendency to virtue and religion. This ſpurious fortitude, as it affects the vulgar obſerver, has the ſemblance of worth, not ſubſtance; abſtracted from its motives and tendency, it operates with no leſs fallacious effect on the mind where it is entertained; eſpecially, when combined with pride, ſuch effects are produced as the Poet means to expoſe. It is obſervable, that the moſt depraved characters make ſome effort to palliate their own vices to themſelves, by ſomething which, at leaſt to them, has the appearance of *moral* approbation. So ſtrong is the voice of natural conſcience in the very worſt, that they endeavour to ſubſtitute for themſelves one which may be called artificial. Thus Satan pleaſes himſelf with the picture of "the *unconquerable* will," and the "courage" of his enterprize, though unfortunate, and it is produced as a ſort of apology, both to *himſelf* and his aſſociate. It ſhews alſo what ſupport this ſpurious conſcience, this unfounded ſelf-approbation, derives from the ſophiſtry of the paſſions. *Things ill begun make ſtrong themſelves in ill;* thus pride begets falſe zeal, and *that*, in its turn, generates perſecution. Under a ſimilar influence, we find the enemy of God and man renders himſelf more obdurate, by this ſort of palliation. This appears in his reply to the ſpeech of his companion.

> To do aught good never will be our taſk,
> But ever to do ill our ſole delight,
> *As being the contrary to his high will*
> *Whom we reſiſt.* If then his providence
> Out of our evil ſeek to bring forth good,
> Our labour muſt be to pervert that end,
> And out of good ſtill to find means of evil.

This is the natural language of malignity, *as ſuch*, whether it appears in human characters, or is exhibited in that of other beings. This ſpeech therefore muſt be allowed to be too juſt a picture of the nature of man, when depravity becomes habitual. Paſſions and diſpoſitions operate according as they are directed. If man has ſuch principles as lead him to do good to his fellow-creatures, he alſo has ſome which, under certain impulſes, lead to the commiſſion or the exceſſive retaliation of injury real or

ſuppoſed. Ungoverned paſſion will be gratified at all hazard, even of evil to one's ſelf. There is, it is true, properly ſpeaking, no ſelf-hatred, but there is a degree of hatred and revenge, which effectually overpowers ſelf-love. There is probably no ill-will of any perſon to another, if he feels no emulation or reſentment towards that other. But envy is the corruption of emulation, as emulation is merely the deſire and hope of equality with, or ſuperiority over, others with whom we compare ourſelves. But when this becomes envy, and envy of courſe produces reſentment, both muſt have their gratification *. In the natural paſſion there appears to be no pain, but the want implied in the deſire; but its corruption envy, is attended with acute pain, which impels it to ſeek its end with eagerneſs, in the depreſſion of others: but in its progreſs to maturity, the doing miſchief to others (as we ſay *for miſchief's ſake*,) appears to be the prime motive and chief gratification. In the vices that ariſe from the ſtrength of mere animal propenſities, though ſo degrading in themſelves, and pernicious to our fellow creatures, that they are juſtly deſcribed *as warring againſt the ſoul*, yet miſchief to *others* is not their immediate purpoſe, but a ſemblance of good;—but the direct object of envy, malice, and revenge, is *to injure others*; this is the vital food on which they live, and their only ſource of enjoyment. It is the criterion which diſtinguiſhes them from all other paſſions, and gives them a characteriſtick which may be truly termed *diabolical*. This is more conſpicuous, when thoſe in whom this paſſion is predominent know and acknowledge, that the reſult of their courſe of action, or their machinations againſt others, muſt be accumulated miſery to themſelves. Satan, in the Poem, is often made to acknowledge this; but even when this conſequence is not ſo immediately foreſeen, theſe paſſions, at leaſt in the extreme, bear a ſtamp, and anſwer to a deſcription, which ſeems ſcarce compatible with humanity †, without ſome infuſion of ſuper-

* See Butler's Sermons, Diſc. I.

† This obſervation may be illuſtrated by ſome inſtances which occurred to the obſervation of the writer of theſe Remarks, in private life; as he need not have recourſe at this time to the inſtance of Count Julian, in order to exemplify the effects of malignity and revenge, in the fate of kingdoms.

Two maid ſervants, in the neighbourhood of ———, had either been rivals in love, or perſonal attractions; whatever was the cauſe, the effect

natural malignity. At leaſt the gratification of ſuch paſſions, by ſuch means, is like the relief obtained (as is ſuppoſed) by a rabid animal, when he communicates that pain, which he feels, to others. A diſpoſition to calumny, is in Milton repreſented as a principal ingredient in the character of Satan; a common effect of pride, which we are taught to believe was his original vice. To ſuppoſe we exalt ourſelves by degrading the character of others, is its neceſſary conſequence. We riſe, at leaſt in our own eſteem, and as we are apt to imagine, in the opinion of

was ſhown in many inſtances of ridiculous hoſtility. One had a lover, of her own condition in life; an acquiſition for which ſhe was envied by the other who, though ſhe regarded the man with unaffected contempt, as appeared in the ſequel, yet, by a ſeries of arts, which coquettes of every ſtation know well how to practiſe, or perhaps by a little infuſion of calumny, ſhe contrived to transfer to herſelf the affections of the ruſtick innamorato: they were married, and the conſequence was, diſappointment and miſery to all three, in a variety of modes and proportions. However thoſe of the conjugal ſpecies were by far the moſt poignant, and ſo early in their commencement, that they were matter of wonder to the whole village. On ſome of their neighbours enquiring of the ſucceſsful candidate for matrimonial honours, *Why* ſhe lived in ſuch perpetual diſcord with her huſband; whereas their marriage ſeemed what is commonly called a love-match? the anſwer was, "I never loved him nor liked him, nor would ever have married him, *but to vex Peg Marks*," the name of her rival!

The other inſtance occurred at College; one Student had been requeſted by another to give his opinion *freely* on a copy of verſes, which he ſubmitted to his peruſal. The Critick pointed out ſome faults in the verſification, but he was more free in his obſervations on the character and tendency of the piece, which was not exactly moral. This the author never forgave. On the contrary, he annoyed him with a ſeries of ſecret and minute injuries, which, however, were eaſily traced. In one inſtance, where an attachment to the Belles Lettres had cauſed the Critick to neglect a little his ſeverer ſtudies, and in conſequence occaſioned him to make a poor figure in a mathematical examination, this enemy, with a malicious grin, exclaimed, "Ah, Shakeſpeare and Milton could not bring you off then!" Another time, when they were fellow-candidates for *Scholarſhips*, (a ſtation acquired by claſſical knowledge, and which gives an academical freehold,) and the Critick failed, the Author exulted, and declared that the emolument and the honour would have been nothing to him, had he been obliged to ſhare it with the other." At the ſame time, there had been no provocation whatever given by the other, except that of Gil Blas to his maſter, and there was no rivalſhip, as the Critick was confeſſedly of abilities much inferior to thoſe of his rival.

others, by indulging this propenſity; as we flatter ourſelves, that the vehemence of our invective may be thought to proceed from a ſort of moral indignation. The human calumniator, indeed, does not deſignedly hazard his own ſafety to gratify his revenge, but he is at leaſt inſenſible of his greateſt danger, viz. the light in which he muſt appear to the Searcher of Hearts.

But to return, this ſpirit appears predominant in the Speech of Satan on his eſcape from the burning lake, and his contemplation of his future deſtination. He had before attributed *Tyranny* to the Almighty; "here he expreſſes his hope, *that the Almighty hath not built* HERE *for his envy*." Calumny, we know, among men, contributes to the ſelf-deception of the calumniator, with regard to his own merit; how far in this light it could impoſe upon the Arch-rebel we cannot judge, only ſo far as we know that pride and other paſſions darken the underſtanding. But we ſee, in the addreſs to his infernal hoſt, the effects of his unſatisfied ambition, and vindictive ſpirit, and we acknowledge the ſkill with which he ſuits his topicks to inflame the pride, the vengeance, and the hopes of his followers, for the purpoſe of hardening them in their impious obſtinacy.

As the origin of Satan's rebellion is repreſented to be an ardent deſire to riſe above his equals, by whatever means he could deviſe, if we turn our obſervations to mankind, it is incalculable what miſchief has been done, by a ſimilar principle of action in thoſe, who have endeavoured to render their names illuſtrious, regardleſs of the means: to exemplify this in the ambition of warriours, and to detail their pretexts for publick good, by which they have impoſed upon mankind, and led them on to ſlaughter, would be to tranſcribe a great part of the annals of the world. But this ſpirit is no leſs conſpicuous, perhaps equally deſtructive, in thoſe who have toiled to propagate opinions either pernicious, or at leaſt, calculated to render eſtabliſhed tenets leſs beneficial; and this, merely to obtain what the Poet calls *the whiſtling of a name*.

Theſe obſervations apply to the Speeches of Satan in the ſecond Book, in which his character, as repreſented above, appears more manifeſt. But in his ſoliloquy in the fourth Book, the Poet has repreſented him in ſomewhat of a new light, and, I think, very judiciouſly, as there appears a novelty in his ſituation. He ſeems here at firſt to have loſt much of that ferocious

pride and obdurate ſpirit, which diſtinguiſhed him at his firſt introduction; he had, ſince that, been engaged in the contemplation of the works of the Almighty, and the proofs of his beneficence. This ſeems to have made an impreſſion on his mind, tranſient indeed, but ſo far, at leaſt, conducive to the ends of poetry, as that by *reflection*, we may ſay it enhances the impreſſion made on us by the objects preſented to us. (This obſervation alſo may be applied to his ſpeech in the ninth Book.)

> O thou, that, with ſurpaſſing glory crown'd,
> Look'ſt from thy ſole dominion like the God
> Of this new world, &c.

Led by the marks of power and goodneſs in the creation, to acknowledge them in the Creator, he feels for a moment ſomething like remorſe; ſpeaking of his rebellion and ingratitude, he exclaims:

> Ah, wherefore! He deſerv'd no ſuch return
> From me, whom he created what I was—
>
> ——— ——— ——— ———
>
> ——————— Lifted up ſo high,
> I 'ſdein'd ſubjection, &c.

His reflection upon the conſequences of his ambitious wickedneſs, raiſes a conflict of paſſions, natural in ſome degree, to even a bad mind, in ſuch a ſtate of inward torture. The pain incident to ſuch a condition, continually prompts it to vent its fury on any thing that depraved fancy may repreſent as the cauſe of its intolerable anguiſh. Thus Satan attributes his torments even to the love or long ſuffering of God.

> Be then his love accurs'd, ſince love or hate,
> To me alike, it deals eternal woe. &c.

But immediately with a violent recoil, natural to that tumultuous ſtate of mind, he vents his rage upon himſelf.

> Nay, curs'd be thou; ſince againſt his *thy* will
> Choſe freely what it now ſo juſtly rues, &c.

This brings on a more acute paroxyſm of miſery:

> Which way I fly is Hell; myſelf am Hell;
> And, in the loweſt deep, a lower deep
> Still threatening to devour me opens wide, &c,

Under this dreadful preſſure he ſeems inclined to ſeek relief, even by ſubmiſſion and ſupplication for mercy; but his dormant pride ſoon revives, and exerts itſelf in one of its moſt powerful modifications; in that, in fact, which produces half the moral evils of the world, viz. *the dread of being deſpiſed by thoſe on whoſe ſuffrage we place a value, whether that eſtimation be made on juſt grounds or otherwiſe.* Contempt is a puniſhment even harder to be borne by a proud ſpirit than pain; for "contempt," as Ariſtotle obſerves, "implies hatred without fear *."

He ſeems again to make a faint effort againſt the depraved bias of his mind, when he reaſons thus:

But ſay I could repent, &c.

He, however, concludes like a confirmed *Fataliſt*, that his *nature cannot be changed.* A ſentiment that ſometimes encourages the Senſualiſt, and ſometimes inſpires the Fanatick; which ſome writers have the effrontery to ſupport in publick, and which, it is to be feared, is too often employed in excuſe for vice; at leaſt, ſo far as it ſerves as a ſecret palliation. It will not be neceſſary to dwell at any length on the circumſtances of the Temptation, in the ninth Book; it will be only neceſſary to remark how judiciouſly the Poet has managed, in making the Tempter excite, in a new created being of inferiour order, a love of knowledge. It had been before obſerved, by Addiſon, that Eve's Viſion, in the fifth Book, was ſkilfully introduced, to prepare her mind for the full effects of Satan's Temptation.

As to the reſt, the influence which the tempter obtains over the mind of Eve, is ſo far from being incredible, that, ſuppoſing a mere mortal in the ſituation of the ſerpent, he, in order to accompliſh his deſigns, would begin with flattery; the ſelf-complacency which that would probably produce, would eaſily be perceptible to the eye. In a ſoil ſo prepared, Pride would quickly vegetate, nor would Envy fail to find a place there, particularly if conveyed in the vehicle of curioſity: this, operating with Ambition, might bring about all the natural conſequences recorded in the narrative, ſuppoſing the characters not exalted above the ſtandard of humanity.

The foregoing obſervations on the character of Satan, are in ſome degree applicable to his aſſociates, as the firſt impulſe

* Rhet. b. 2. c. 7.

came from him, and he may be ſaid to have given to them all a certain tincture of his own character: this ſimilarity will enable us to apply, in a certain ſenſe to *him*, what we ſhall further remark with regard to *them*.

The character of Moloch, in the ſecond book, is remarkable for extravagance and fury. There are ſome traits in it which would lead one to conjecture that the poet had Jonſon's Cethegus in his eye. However that may be, there appears a ſublimity and ſpirit in his ſpeech, which equals it with any thing in the poem. At firſt ſight his ſentiments appear very extravagant, as he ſeems to conclude that *Omnipotence* could be ſubdued by *power*. We indeed cannot eaſily conceive how in this caſe, and in that of Satan, exceſs of paſſion may cloud the intellect of beings ſo much ſuperiour to man. But, as obſerved before, Milton could only draw his ideas from human characters, and *there*, we know, tranſcendent ſuperiority of parts, is by no means a ſecurity againſt the moſt extravagant abſurdity of theory, to ſay nothing of practice. Of this the more immediate cauſe may be vanity, perhaps ſome more malignant paſſion. But the remote origin is pride, the ſource of almoſt every malignant paſſion *. To give an example of this, when Hume denied that we can have any knowledge of *cauſe* or *effect*, and by inference, *none* of the firſt cauſe, he had been led into this opinion firſt by literary vanity, but his pride would not allow him to recant or to confeſs a feeling of the ridicule with which he muſt have been ſtung, by the ſimple caſe put by Beattie, (in his Eſſay on Truth,) of *a book being found on a table in an apartment where none had acceſs but himſelf, which he had not left there, and which, however, could not have grown there, i. e. come without a cauſe*. It is hardly conceivable, that ſuch a man ſhould believe his own poſition. It is ſcarce leſs extraordinary if he did *not* believe them, that he ſhould venture to give currency to doctrines ſo pernicious to ſociety, at the *riſque* at leaſt of incurring guilt of a very deep dye. Yet ſo great was the pride of this man, that it muſt have been the ſource of that factitious firmneſs of character, which induced him to perſevere in contriving to beſtow on theſe opinions as much celebrity as poſſible, when he himſelf ſhould be

* The prayer in the Litany to keep us from pride, envy, and uncharitableneſs, is juſtly and even philoſophically arranged.

mouldering in the duſt. This is certainly carrying human criminality to the utmoſt degree of extravagance equal to that of Moloch, if Moloch could be ſuppoſed to repreſent an human character. The moſt ſtriking inſtance of the predominance of pride and revenge in this vindictive ſpirit is, his enjoying the thought, that *though reduced to this ſide nothing*, yet *revenge*, even a ſeries of vindictive attempts, would be to him full compenſation.

In many of theſe characters, from the greateſt to the more ſubordinate, the art of the poet appears conſpicuous, in giving them extenſive powers of ratiocination, and yet keeping them clear of any expreſſions of compunction or remorſe, or any approximation to that virtue which they had loſt. This ſkill however ſeems moſt apparent in the character of Belial, who is deſcribed as *in act more graceful and humane*; yet he is as far as the reſt from expreſſing any ſentiment which would entitle even him to compaſſion, though he is not repreſented as equal to ſome of the others in malignity.

What has been obſerved of the ſkill of Homer in diverſifying the principle of *courage*, according to the characters of his ſeveral warriours, ſeems equally true of the management of Milton, with reſpect to pride and envy, the reigning vices of his pandemonian heroes. We can, for inſtance, eaſily ſuppoſe the contradiction of Belial to Moloch to have been meant as a ſecret gratification of thoſe paſſions in the former, particularly as he turns the ferocious warriour into ridicule, a talent which he exerts on another occaſion *. He is deſcribed as a ſenſualiſt, with many epicurean lineaments of character, particularly in his predilection for *indolence*, or the abſence of pain. His opinions are ſupported with great plauſibility. His abhorrence of non-exiſtence, ſeems copied from that dread of death, exhibited by ſome of that ſect of old †. In all his character there appears a ſpecies of puſillanimity, yet it is remarkable how careful the poet is to keep this perfectly clear from any infuſion of tenderneſs or ſympathy; it is no leſs remarkble, that, of all men in the world, ſenſualiſts have leſs of that fellow-feeling than any other deſcription of men; in other words, they are the moſt

* Book vi.

† See verſes attributed to Mecænas in Seneca's Epiſtles.

ſelfiſh of all mankind; witneſs the ruin they bring on their own families, and that of others, without any viſible compunction. In ſome inſtances alſo, like Belial, ſuch characters exhibit a very extraordinary ſophiſtical acuteneſs; this too is natural, for it is an habit they muſt have acquired in deviſing palliations for their hateful enormities. Two remarkable portraitures of this ſort occur in Shadwell's play of the Libertine Deſtroyed, and in the character of Pandarus in Chaucer's Troilus and Creſſida.

In the character of Mammon, it would have been highly improper to have introduced thoſe elevated ſentiments, where grandeur and depravity are ſo conſpicuouſly united, as they appear in the ſpeeches of his aſſociates. This combination would have been incongruous to the natural train of ideas in one who was accuſtomed to admire *the riches of heavens pavement, trodden gold.* From him who is deſcribed as the leaſt *erected ſpirit that fell from heaven*, we could not expect thoſe ardent excurſions of fancy, which we meet with from others in the courſe of the debate, and which fill the mind with a mixture of delight and horrour. In Mammon, therefore, we contemplate the paſſions of the infernals, envy and revenge in all their native deformity, without any rhetorical decorations, except in one inſtance, which ſeems better adapted to the ſtyle of Belial:

> ——————— This deep world
> Of darkneſs do we dread? how oft amidſt
> Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling ſire
> Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
> And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
> Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
> Muſtering their rage, and Heaven reſembles Hell.

But in the courſe of his argument, he makes a ſuppoſition that ſhows the depravity of theſe fallen ſpirits in a very ſtriking light:

> ——————— Suppoſe he ſhould relent,
> And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
> Of new ſubjection; with what eyes could we
> Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
> Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
> With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
> Forc'd Hallelujahs; while he lordly ſits

Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambrofial odours and ambrofial flowers,
Our fervile offerings? This muſt be our taſk
In Heaven, this our delight; how wearifome
Eternity ſo ſpent, in worſhip paid
To whom we hate!

It is remarkable that he exhibits in his ſpeech an opinion which has ſince made no ſmall figure in ſome noted ſyſtems of morality, viz. that utility is the ſtandard of every thing laudable. This has been carried ſo far by Ariſtotle, Hume, and others, that every accompliſhment, mental and bodily, has been dignified by the name of VIRTUE, and conſequently, if what we now from old prejudice denominate crimes, ſuch as adultery, fraud, &c. can be in any way ſubſervient to publick utility, they become duties, or at leaſt are not deſerving of either puniſhment or cenſure!

The character of Beelzebub is diſtinguiſhed from the reſt by more extenſive views, and more deliberate wickedneſs. In malignity he reſembles his maſter, but his mind is leſs ardent. In his firſt ſpeech, his ſagacity had at once perceived that their miſery was irremediable. On this topick he expatiates here, and enforces his opinion from the character under which he repreſents the Supreme Being. Him he deſcribes as powerful, vindictive, and arbitrary. He arraigns, by implication, the juſtice of the Deity, yet without expreſſing any regard to that attribute; for he repreſents the Sovereign of the Univerſe, as acting on a ſyſtem which he himſelf would have adopted in a like ſituation.

As the poet's ideas are drawn *ab intimis receſſibus mentis*, we are here naturally led to obſerve the gradations by which the mind is led *to judge of others by itſelf* *. Sympathy was beſtowed upon us, that by our own, we ſhould judge of the feelings of others, that we might be taught, not only by precept, but by ſentiment, *to rejoice with thoſe that rejoice*, and *to weep with thoſe that weep*. But as Pope obſerves of the RULING PASSION, *this* alſo may be perverted, and often produces the moſt baneful conſequences, when this happens; as often is the caſe with the moſt precious gifts of nature. It would detain us too long to account for this, or to ſhow by what degrees

* i. e. to impute its own vices to others.

ſelfiſhneſs, aided by pride, acquires the preponderance in the moral balance, though they are deſigned by Providence to counteract each other. Selfiſhneſs is the handmaid of many vices: yet corrupt as the heart may be, pride ſtill flatters the fancy by all the arts of ſelf-adulation. It is not neceſſary here to analyſe thoſe arts which will be found amply detailed in the works of many moraliſts and divines. But with this pride, a ſpurious ſort of ſympathy is often found to combine, if it may be called ſympathy which conſiſts, not in *fellow feeling*, properly ſo called, but in viewing all characters *through its own medium*, and judging of their principles, motives, and actions, by its own. It therefore draws this concluſion, that where the motives are the ſame, the actions muſt be ſimilar. The language of the true philanthropiſt is, "I will put myſelf in *that* perſon's ſituation, and act towards him as I might *reaſonably* expect he would act with regard to me in like circumſtances." The ſecret language of the ſelfiſh man, who attributes to all mankind his own diſpoſition, is, "I will mal-treat or defraud that man, for, had he it in his power, he would act the ſame part by me; *for are not all men alike?*" There is the more neceſſity of guarding againſt this, and no leſs againſt that ſelf-deception which induces mankind to palliate their faults to themſelves; as, whether ſympathy operates as it ought or not, there is always ſomething like it at work in the mind. This is that ſort of plaſtick power in the fancy, by which every perſon, I believe, when figuring to himſelf an abſent perſon, whom he has not ſeen, but expects to ſee, always gives the picture a ſort of reſemblance to himſelf, both in outward lineaments and diſpoſition. If we could combine the idea of high intellectual powers, joined with the utmoſt depravity, we might conceive a mixture of malignity and pride, which might preſume to attribute its own hideous character to the Supreme Being. In fact, this often has been the caſe in ſome degree in the ancient world, and ſtill is where idolatry and *fanaticiſm* prevail. This, or ſomewhat like it, ſeems to be what the poet means to repreſent in the characters of Beelzebub and of Satan himſelf; it may at leaſt probably account for the ſeeming extravagance of ſome of the ſentiments expreſſed here and in other parts of the poem where theſe characters are introduced; or, if it even ſhows the origin and progreſs of ſome pernicious habits in the mind, from

the prevalence of *one* grand ſource of moral evil, the obſervation may not be quite uſeleſs.

It is obſervable, that not only at *this* period of their miſery, but at firſt, the ſuppoſed tyranny or arbitrary government of the Supreme Being*, is aſſigned firſt as a ſufficient excuſe for ingratitude and rebellion; and, after their overthrow, it is pleaded as a juſt reaſon for retaliation and revenge. In the ſame manner here, a fancied ſlight, even from a benefactor, is often, to a depraved mind, made a plea for the moſt bitter and perſevering reſentment. BOYD.

* See Book v. and vi.

PARADISE LOST.

THE VERSE. [A]

THE meaſure is Engliſh heroick verſe without rime, as that of Homer in Greek, and of Virgil in Latin; rime being no neceſſary adjunct, or true ornament, of poem or good verſe, in longer works eſpecially, but the invention of a barbarous age to ſet off wretched matter and lame metre; graced indeed ſince by the uſe of ſome famous modern poets, carried away by cuſtom, but much to their own vexation, hindrance, and conſtraint to expreſs many things otherwiſe, and for the moſt part worſe than elſe they would have expreſſed them. Not without cauſe, therefore, ſome both [B] Italian and Spaniſh poets of prime note have rejected rime both in longer and ſhorter works: as have alſo long ſince our beſt [C] Engliſh tragedies: as a

thing of itſelf, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true muſical delight; which conſiſts only in apt numbers, fit quantity of ſyllables, and the ſenſe variouſly drawn out from one verſe into another; not in the jingling ſound of like endings, a fault avoided by the learned Ancients, both in [D] poetry and all good oratory. This neglect then of rime ſo little is to be taken for a [E] defect, though it may ſeem ſo perhaps to vulgar readers, that it is rather to be eſteemed an example ſet, the firſt in Engliſh, of ancient liberty recovered, to heroick poem, from the troubleſome and modern bondage of riming.

[A] *The Verſe.*] The firſt edition of *Paradiſe Loſt*, in 1667, was without this preface, or apology for the verſe. In 1668, when a new title-page was prefixed to the edition, it was added with the following addreſs of the Printer to the reader: "Courteous Reader, there was no *Argument* at firſt intended to the Book; but, for the ſatisfaction of many that have deſired it, I have procured it, and withal a reaſon of that which ſtumbled many others, why the Poem rimes not." Todd.

[B] —— *both Italian and Spaniſh poets of prime note*] Taſſo's poem on the Creation was now in Milton's mind. See likewiſe the Inquiry into the Origin of Par. Loſt. Among the *Italians* alſo, Triſſino and Rucellai have abandoned the uſe of rhyme; the former, in his *Italia Liberata di Goti*, an heroick poem; the latter, in a didactick poem, entitled *Le Api*, which will remain "a laſting monument that the Italian language requires not the ſhackles of rhyme to render it harmonious." Roſcoe's *Life of Lorenzo de' Medici*, 2d edit. vol. ii. p. 152. Luigi Alamanni's imitation of the *Antigone* of Sophocles, which appeared in 1532, and his didactick poem of *Coltivazione*, printed at Paris in 1546,

are both in blank verſe. The rejection of rhyme in Italian poetry was alſo powerfully urged, in the ſixteenth century, by Felice Figlinei, who, " in his admirable Italian commentary on the *Ethicks* of Ariſtotle, enforces his advice by his own example, and tranſlates all Ariſtotle's quotations from Homer and Euripides into verſe without rhyme." *Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 24. The *Georgicks* of Virgil are alſo thus tranſlated. " La Georgica di Vergilio con ſciolti verſi tradutta in lingua Thoſcana dal magnifico M. Antonio Mario Negriſoli, nobile Ferrareſe. Vinegia, 1552." Of the Origin of *Verſi Sciolti* among the Italians, ſee Walker's *Hiſtorical Memoir of Italian Tragedy*, 1799. Append. p. xx. Among the *Spaniſh* poets, Mr. Bowle mentions Franciſco de Aldana, who tranſlated the *Epiſtles* of Ovid into Spaniſh blank verſe; and Gonſalvo Perez, who, in like manner, tranſlated the *Odyſſey* of Homer. And he adds, that Garcilaſſo de la Vega, Principe de los Poetas Caſtellanos, in the *Epiſtola* a Boſcan, folios 49, 50, 51, ed. Madrid, 1622, has given a ſpecimen of blank verſe. It ſhould be added, that Boſcan has given ſimilar ſpecimens in his poetry, and that there is alſo extant in Spaniſh blank verſe, a poem, entitled *La Suma de Philoſophia*, by Alonzo de Fuentes of Seville, publiſhed there in 1547. There are alſo *Dutch* and *French* poets, who have broken the bondage of rhyme. See Fabricius, Bib. Lat. lib. ii. c. 10. p. 383.—Dr. Woodford, aſſerting that Engliſh poetry without rhythm is barely if at all diſtinguiſhable from proſe, adds, " Not ſo the Italian and Spaniſh blank verſe, from whom the great and learned Mr. Milton, I believe, took his meaſures. For though (to inſtance in the Italian and their compoſitions of that kind) Annibal Caro in his moſt excellent tranſlation of Virgil, and Torquato Taſſo in his Sette Giornate del Mondo Creato, have avoided rhythms; yet they retained the proper character of the Italian verſe; I mean as to the form, equivalent to our rhythm, which ever ends with a ſolitary ſyllable for the laſt foot, unleſs we make the laſt foot conſiſt rather of three ſyllables by an *antibacchius*, as *hŏrrŭrĕ cŭſtūmĕ*, or by an *amphibrachys*, as in *pĭūmĕ ĭnāntĕ*, be there rhythm uſed, or be there none; though if there be rhythm, the chime or tune reſts both upon the laſt and the laſt ſyllable ſave one; by which mark or triſſyllable foot indifferent to both, and the ſyllabical quantities of the Italian words which approach and, except in ſome few inſtances, directly follow the Latine,

the Italian even blank verſe of any author, howſoever written, can no more be concealed and miſtaken for proſe than the Latine verſe of Virgil or Ovid."—"Them the Spaniſh follow in their metrical compoſitions, both with rhythms and without, having moſt frequently a ſolitary and ſupernumerary ſyllable either in or for the laſt foot." Preſ. to Paraphraſe on the Canticles, 1679. See before, p. 207. This critick is miſtaken, in thinking that the French have never admitted blank verſe into any kind of poem. He proceeds, however, with foretelling the downfall of blank verſe; arguing that, "if ourſelves or the French will uſe blank verſe, either in an heroick poem, where they ſhould be I think couplets;—or in ode or ſonnet, &c. let us give it the character as to its form which it anciently had, a number and movement metrical, with enterchanged variety, according to the kind of our verſe, of diverſe ſorts of feet. But this we in Engliſh have found by the experience of Sir Philip Sidney, Ab. France, and others in the laſt age, would never do; *and, in the next, even our now cry'd-up blank verſe will look as unfaſhionable, how well ſoever as a novelty, and upon his credit who was the inventer of it here, it may ſpeed in this.* Not but that I have, and always had, as great an honour for Mr. Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, as thoſe who admire him moſt, &c. Yet ſtill I ſay, the learned only muſt and ſhall be judges of this, and that if he had thought fit to *give it the adornments of rhythm*, and not avoided them ſo religiouſly as any one may perceive he now and then does, to the debaſing of his great ſenſe; it had been ſo abſolute a piece, that, in ſpight of whatever the world Heathen or Chriſtian hitherto has ſeen, it muſt have remain'd as the ſtandard to all ſucceeding poets and poeſy."—The prophetical period has long ſince elapſed; and yet the general deciſion has not pronounced the blank verſe of Milton unfaſhionable, or buried the author under his own majeſtick ruins. His credit remains unſhaken. From thoſe who, to mention the avowal of the learned author of a late Inquiry into the Principles of Taſte, *tug at the oar* in peruſing his noble poem, I may be permitted to differ; conceding to ſuch, not with admiration indeed, but without envy, the indulgence of their own feelings, while I confeſs myſelf enamoured of his various melodies, and perſuaded of the fitneſs of his ſtately and ſolemn verſification to his work. Todd.

[c] —— *our beſt Engliſh tragedies:*] Milton means the tragedies of Shakſpeare, which he commends in *Il Penſeroſo* as having "*ennobled* the buſkin'd ſtage." The firſt compoſition in blank verſe, extant in our language, is ſaid to be Lord Surrey's tranſlation of the ſecond and fourth books of Virgil, in 1557; the diction and the verſification of which are highly commended by Mr. Warton, *Hiſt. Eng. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 21. TODD.

[d] —— *both in poetry and all good oratory.*] Mr. Bowle obſerves, that Marſton, in the *Scourge of Villanie*, a collection of Satires, firſt printed at London in 1598, after the *Proëmium in librum ſecundum*, has ſome verſes *ad rithmum*, from which the following may be extracted:

—— "Alas! poor idle ſound:
"Since firſt I Phœbus knew, I never found
"Thy intereſt in ſacred poeſie.
"Thou to invention addſt but ſurquedry,
"A gaudie ornature; but haſt no part
"In that ſoule-pleaſing high-infuſed art." TODD.

[e] —— *ſo little is to be taken for a defect,*] As Roger Aſcham ſays in his *Scholemaſter*, written about the year 1566, where he is praiſing the *good judgement* of Lord Surrey *in avoyding the fault of ryming:* "And therefore, even as Virgill and Horace deſerve moſt worthie prayſe, that they, ſpying the unperfitneſs in Ennius and Plautus, by trewe imitation of Homer and Euripides, brought poetrie to the ſame perfectnes in Latin as it was in Greeke, even ſo thoſe, that by the ſame way would *benefit their tong* and country, *deſerve rather thankes than diſprayſe.*" See *Hiſt. Eng. Poetry*, vol. iii. p. 25.—And ſee note [b.] Yet Milton's "neglect of rime," we obſerve, has been conſidered as a defect; and by ſome, with officious anxiety for the fame of Milton, has been commuted into pretended "*neceſſary* jinglings." The *Fall of Man* by Dryden was perhaps the firſt attempt of the kind; which ſerves to exhibit the correſponding paſſages of Milton with redoubled luſtre. To this ſucceeded the production of Edward Eccleſtone, gent. entitled *Noah's Flood*, an Opera, in 1679; afterwards publiſhed with the ſonorous appellation of *The Cataclyſm!* Of this tuneful bard it is ſaid by one of his eulogiſts, in the verſes prefixed to the Opera, that

" Had Milton liv'd to ſee how thou haſt writ,
" He'd, for the charms thou giv'ſt it, Rhime admit."

And he is called by another, " Milton and Dreydon in epitome." Nothing indeed can be more certain, than that he is indebted often enough to theſe poets. But let the reader ſolace himſelf with a ſpecimen of the *charms* which would have won the heart of Milton, and forced him, in ſpite of himſelf, to write in couplets! " The ſcene being opened, Hell is repreſented with Spirits in ſeveral poſtures of torments, &c.

" *Lucifer.* Bid 'em their ſhrieks and howlings now refrain,
And let each ſoul make muſick with his chain;
For at this juncture all from pains are free,
And Hell itſelf ſhall keep a jubilee.
" *Belial.* It ſhall be done.
" *Lucifer.* The happy time is nigh;
I plainly ſee't, i' th' records of the ſky:
The characters of Heaven with care are found:
Read there—the Univerſe will ſoon be drown'd."

This, however, is modeſt when compared to the complacency with which the author of the *Royal Grammar*, publiſhed in 1715, ſpeaks of rectifying Milton's *defect:* " It is not impoſſible, but the *Paradiſe* may admit a ſecond cultivation, and perhaps receive new beauties from *another dreſs;* at leaſt be generally read with more pleaſure; and, which is no ſmall benefit of rhyme, be retained with more eaſe: of which take this ſhort Eſſay upon that paſſage, B. ii. p. 42. edit. 1674. *O ſhame to men! Devil with devil damn'd*, &c.

" O ſhame! O curſe! O more than helliſh ſpight!
" Damn'd Devils with each other never fight.
" Tho' God bids peace with promiſes of life,
" Men onely reaſon arm for deadly ſtrife;
" By bloody wars earth making deſolate,
" And ſacrificing thouſands to their hate, &c."

I conſign to the reader's laughter, or contempt, theſe *new beauties;* which, like the charms in Noah's Flood, may not improperly be termed, in the forcible expreſſion of a modern author,

" The feverous efflux of a rhyme-fed brain."
Knight's *Progreſs of Civ. Society.*

I muſt not omit to mention, that, in a pamphlet publiſhed in 1732, under the title of "Milton reſtor'd and Bentley depos'd," a part of the firſt book of Paradiſe Loſt is "attempted *in rime*," and pretended to be "addreſſed to Dr. Bentley from Dean Swift," in the following letter:

"Sir, New-Year's day, 1732.

"I am overjoy'd to hear, that a very ingenious youth of this city [Dublin] is now upon the uſeful deſign (for which he is never enough to be commended) of beſtowing rime on Milton's Paradiſe Loſt, which will make the Poem, in that only *defective*, more heroic and ſonorous than it has hitherto been. I wiſh the gentleman ſucceſs in the performance; and as it is a work in which a young man could not be more happily employ'd, or appear in with greater advantage to his character, ſo I am concern'd *that it did not fall out to be your province.* I am your's &c.

J. Swift."

Such a deſign had been announced, and is admirably ridiculed by Swift in his Advice to a Young Poet. The attempt juſt-mentioned is wretched in the extreme.—Milton has been amply vindicated in his rejection of rhyme, not only by the remarks of Roſcommon, Addiſon, and other eminent criticks, but alſo by the attention and the ſucceſs with which, in later times, his unfettered and noble verſification has been ſtudied:

"Hither, as to their fountain, other ſtars
"Repairing, in their golden urns draw light."

On this ſubject I ſubjoin the remarks of an elegant poet, and moſt accompliſhed ſcholar; as juſt as they are beautiful. See the late Dr. Roberts's "Poetical Epiſtle to Chriſtopher Anſtey Eſq^r. on the Engliſh Poets, chiefly thoſe who have written in blank verſe," 1772.

"Poet of other times, to thee I bow
"With lowlieſt reverence. Oft thou tak'ſt my ſoul,
"And waft'ſt it by thy potent harmony
"To that empyreal manſion, where thine ear
"Caught the ſoft warblings of a Seraph's harp,
"What time the nightly viſitant unlock'd
"The gates of Heaven, and to the mental ſight
"Diſplay'd celeſtial ſcenes. She from thy lyre
"With indignation tore the tinkling bells,

" And tuned it to ſublimeſt argument.
" Sooner the bird, that uſhering in the ſpring
" Strikes the ſame notes with one unvarying pauſe,
" Shall vie with Philomel, when ſhe purſues
" Her evening ſong through every winding maze
" Of melody, than rhyme ſhall ſoothe the ſoul
" With muſick ſweet as thine!" TODD.

THE

FIRST BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The firſt Book propoſes, firſt in brief, the whole ſubject, Man's diſobedience, and the loſs thereupon of Paradiſe wherein he was placed: Then touches the prime cauſe of his Fall, the Serpent, or rather Satan in the Serpent; who, revolting from God, and drawing to his ſide many legions of Angels, was, by the command of God, driven out of Heaven, with all his crew, into the great deep. Which action paſſed over, the Poem haſtens into the midſt of things, preſenting Satan with his Angels now falling into Hell deſcribed here, not in the center (for Heaven and Earth may be ſuppoſed as yet not made, certainly not yet accurſed,) but in a place of utter darkneſs, fitlieſt called Chaos: Here Satan with his Angels lying on the burning lake, thunderſtruck and aſtoniſhed, after a certain ſpace recovers, as from confuſion, calls up him who next in order and dignity lay by him: They confer of their miſerable fall; Satan awakens all his legions, who lay till then in the ſame manner confounded. They riſe; their numbers; array of battle; their chief leaders named, according to the idols known afterwards in Canaan and the countries adjoining. To theſe Satan directs his ſpeech, comforts them with hope yet of regaining Heaven, but tells them laſtly of a new world and new kind of creature to be created, according to an ancient prophecy or report in Heaven; for, that Angels were long before this viſible creation, was the opinion of many ancient Fathers. To find out the truth of this prophecy, and what to determine thereon, he refers to a full council. What his aſſociates thence attempt. Pandemonium, the palace of Satan, riſes, ſuddenly built out of the deep: The infernal peers there ſit in council.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK I.

OF Man's firſt diſobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whoſe mortal taſte

Ver. 1. *Of Man's firſt diſobedience,*] The poet here lays before the reader the ſubject of the following work—the diſobedience of our anceſtors to the command of God—the effects of that diſobedience which loſt them Paradiſe; and the hope we are allowed to entertain through the Divine Goodneſs, of being reſtored to the like bliſsful ſtate.—Such are the great events our poet propoſes to celebrate—the means, by which they are brought about, are to be unfolded by degrees, whilſt here he offers, to the reader's imagination, only ſuch ideas as are moſt capable to inſpire him with reverence and attention. The Poem begins with the origin of evil in our world, and the diſobedience of our anceſtors to God, the cauſe of all our woe. We find Homer too, the father of Epick poetry, beginning his Iliad from the anger of Achilles, the ſource of all the Grecian misfortunes.

It would have been ridiculous, as Horace juſtly obſerves, had Homer begun his poem with an account of Leda's offspring; and it would have been abſurd too in Milton, to have taken his exordium from the revolt of Satan and his Angels in Heaven; though hence the cauſe of that malice and enmity, which prompted the apoſtate Spirit to endeavour the ruin of mankind. As we were not, however, to be left ignorant of this great event, the poet has taken care to give us ſome hints of it in the beginning of this book, reſerving the particular detail for that beautiful epiſode in the ſixth; as his maſter Homer has done the principal events, that either went before the commencement of the quarrel between the

Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
With loſs of Eden, till one greater Man
Reſtore us, and regain the bliſsful ſeat,
Sing, heavenly Muſe, that on the ſecret top

Phrygians and Grecians, or fell out during the firſt nine years of the war: the Iliad itſelf containing an account only of the tranſactions of a ſmall part of the tenth year.

Virgil has obſerved the ſame conduct. He gives us the hiſtory of the taking of Troy, and what befel his hero, in an epiſode, which forms the ſecond and third books of his poem; and in them are comprehended all the adventures of Æneas, till the time the poem takes him up near the coaſt of Italy, and conſequently towards the end of his travels. Our poet here follows this plan. He opens his work repreſenting Satan as already in Hell, and there contriving the ſcheme of Man's deſtruction, which he begins immediately to put in execution; neither are we told the particulars of his coming there for a great while after: ſo that we may juſtly apply to our auther what Quinctilian ſays of Homer on a like occaſion, "in pauciſſimis verſibus operis ingreſſu, legem proëmiorum ſervavit." CALLANDER.

Ver. 4. *With loſs of Eden,*] But Eden was not loſt; and the laſt that we read of our firſt parents is that they were ſtill in Eden: "*Through Eden* took their ſolitary way." *With loſs of Eden* therefore means no more than *with loſs of Paradiſe*, which was planted in Eden; the whole being put for a part, as ſometimes a part is put for the whole, by the figure *ſynecdoche*.

NEWTON.

Ver. 6. ——— *on the* ſecret *top*
Of Oreb, or of Sinai,] Dr. Bentley reads "the *ſacred* top." But his ſuppoſed emendation is entirely overthrown by Dr. Pearce's maſterly expoſition of the genuine reading. "Sinai and Horeb are the ſame mountain, with two ſeveral eminences, the higher of them called Sinai; of which Joſephus, in his Jewiſh antiquities, ſays, that *it is ſo high, that the top of it cannot be ſeen without ſtraining the eyes.* In this ſenſe therefore, though I believe it is not Milton's ſenſe, the top of it may be well ſaid to be *ſecret*. The words, *of Horeb, or of Sinai*, imply a doubt of the poet, which name was propereſt to be given to that mountain, on

Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didſt inſpire
That ſhepherd, who firſt taught the choſen ſeed,
In the beginning how the Heavens and Earth
Roſe out of Chaos: Or if Sion hill
Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flow'd

the top of which Moſes received inſpiration; becauſe Horeb and Sinai are uſed for one another in Scripture: but, by naming Sinai laſt, he ſeems to incline rather to that. Now it is well known from *Exodus* xix. 16, and other places of Scripture, that when God gave his laws to Moſes on the top of Sinai, it was covered with *clouds*, *dark clouds*, and *thick ſmoke*; it was therefore *ſecret* at that time in a peculiar ſenſe: And the ſame thing ſeems intended by the epithet which Milton uſes upon the very ſame occaſion, B. xii. 227, *Sinai*, whoſe GRAY *top ſhall tremble.*"

Dr. Newton obſerves, that Milton might have a further meaning in the uſe of the epithet *ſecret*, employing it in the ſame ſenſe as the Latin *ſecretus*, *ſet apart*, or *ſeparate*, like Virgil's "*ſecretóſque* pios," *Æn.* viii. 670. For, while Moſes talked with God on the mount in private, the people were forbidden to approach, and, even afterwards, to aſcend it, upon pain of death.

It may be proper alſo to notice Milton's ſecond alluſion to the divine preſence in the mount, *Par. Loſt*, B. v. 598.

——— " a flaming mount, whoſe *top*
" Brightneſs had made *inviſible.*"

Nor may I omit the forcible application of the epithet *ſecret*, in one of the earlieſt productions of the poet, to the altar of God, *Ode Nativ.* ver. 27.

" And join thy voice unto the Angel-quire,
" From out his *ſecret* altar &c." TODD.

Ver. 8. *That ſhepherd,*] For Moſes " *kept the flock* of Jethro his father in law," *Exod.* iii. 1. NEWTON.

Ver. 11. ——— *and Siloa's brook*] Siloa was a ſmall river that flowed near the temple of Jeruſalem. It is mentioned, *Iſaiah* viii. 6. So that, in effect, Milton invokes the heavenly Muſe, that inſpired David and the Prophets on mount Sion, and at Jeruſalem; as well as Moſes on mount Sinai. NEWTON.

Faſt by the oracle of God; I thence
Invoke thy aid to my adventurous ſong,
That with no middle flight intends to ſoar
Above the Aonian mount, while it purſues
Things unattempted yet in proſe or rhime.

Ver. 13. ——— *my* adventurous ſong.] So, in Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, as Mr. Dunſter alſo obſerves, ed. 1621. p. 268.

——— " that mine *adventrous rime*,
" Circling the world, may ſearch out every clime." TODD.

Ver. 15. ——— *while it purſues*
Things unattempted *yet in* proſe or rhime.] So he ſays, that the fable of his *Comus* was new, and " *yet unheard in tale or ſong.*" Mr. Bowle remarks, that it is frequent among the poets to ſpeak of the novelty of their ſubjects; of which cuſtom Lucretius, Horace, Virgil, Spenſer, and Cowley, afford examples. He adds the very phraſe, which Milton uſes, from Boiardo, *Orl. Innam.* Lib. ii. C. xxx. ſt. 1.

—— " Avien, che *ne in proſa è detta, o in rima*
" *Coſa* che non ſia ſtata detta prima."

And Dr. Pearce notes the ſame expreſſion in Arioſto, *Orl. Fur.* C. i. ſt. 2. Nor is our own old poetry without part of this phraſeology. Thus, in Skelton's Boke of Phil. Sparrow, Workes, ed. 1736. p. 241.

——— " to wryte
" And ſpende my time
" In *proſe* and *rime*."

See alſo Davies's *Scourge of Folly*, ed. 1611. p. 23. And Verſes prefixed to Gaywood's *Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654. TODD.

Ver. 16. ——— *rhime*.] Milton appears to have meant a different thing by *rhime* here, from *rime* in his preface, where it is ſix times mentioned, and always ſpelt without an *h*; whereas in all the editions, till Dr. Bentley's appeared, *rhime* in this place of the poem was ſpelt with an *h*. Milton probably meant a difference in the thing, by making ſo

And chiefly Thou, O Spirit, that doſt prefer
Before all temples the upright heart and pure,

conſtant a difference in the ſpelling; and intended that we ſhould here underſtand by *rhime*, not the *jingling ſound of like endings*, but *verſe in general*; the word being derived from *rythmus*, ῥυθμὸς: Thus Spenſer uſes the word *rhime* for *verſe*, in his "Verſes to Lord Buckhurſt," placed before his *Faery Queen*; and in Book i. Cant. vi. ſt. 13, of that poem. And ſo our poet uſes the word in his verſes upon *Lycidas*,

——————— "he knew
"Himſelf to ſing, and build the lofty *rhyme*." PEARCE.

The "lofty *rhyme*," in *Lycidas*, is the "lofty *verſe*:" And this is unqueſtionably the ſenſe of the word *rhyme*, in this place of *Paradiſe Loſt*. I cannot, however, admit biſhop Pearce's reaſoning: at leaſt in the paſſage of *Lycidas* we have no ſuch nicety of ſpelling, but *rhyme* appears in the editions of 1638, 1645, and 1673. Nor are the biſhop's proofs of the true meaning of the word at all to the point. He rather might have alledged the following inſtance from Spenſer's *October*:

"Thou kenſt not, Percie, how the *rime* ſhould rage;
"O if my temples were diſtain'd with wine,
"And girt in girlonds of wilde yvie twine,
"How I could reare the Muſe on ſtately ſtage, &c."

That is, "my poetry ſhould then mount to the higheſt elevations of the tragick and epick muſe." But Fletcher more literally, in an Ode to Beaumont, on his imitations of Ovid, ſt. ii.

"The wanton Ovid whoſe enticing *rimes*."

It is wonderful that Bentley, with all his Grecian predilections, and his critical knowledge of the preciſe original meaning of ῥυθμὸς, ſhould have wiſhed to ſubſtitute, in Milton, *ſong* for *rhyme*. Gray, who ſtudied and copied Milton with true penetration and taſte, in his *Muſick-Ode*, uſes *rhyme* in Milton's ſenſe:

"Meek Newton's ſelf bends from his ſtate ſublime,
"And nods his hoary head, and liſtens to the *rhyme*."
T. WARTON.

In conformity to the original diſtinction, whether intended or not, I have printed *rhime* here, and reſtored *rime* in the preface.

Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt; Thou from the firſt

Inſtances of the word, in the ſame ſenſe, being written both ways in Milton's time, may, however, be produced. See P. Fletcher's *Poet. Miſcell.* 1633. p. 3. "And rais'd my *rime* to ſing." Again, p. 82. "Some wanton *rhyme*." TODD.

Ver. 17. *And chiefly Thou, O Spirit*, &c.] Invoking the Muſe is commonly a matter of mere form, wherein the poets neither mean, nor deſire to be thought to mean any thing ſeriouſly. But the Holy Ghoſt, here invoked, is too ſolemn a name to be uſed inſignificantly: and, beſides, our author, in the beginning of his next work *Paradiſe Regained*, ſcruples not to ſay to the ſame Divine Perſon

——————————— "Inſpire,
"As thou art wont, my prompted ſong, elſe mute."

This addreſs therefore is no mere formality. Yet ſome may think that he incurs a worſe charge of enthuſiaſm, or even profaneneſs, in vouching inſpiration for his performance: but the Scriptures repreſent inſpiration as of a much larger extent than is commonly apprehended, teaching that "*every good gift*," in naturals as well as in morals, "*deſcendeth from the great Father of lights*," Jam. i. 17. And an extraordinary ſkill even in mechanical arts is there aſcribed to the illumination of the Holy Ghoſt. It is ſaid of Bezaleël, who was to make the furniture of the tabernacle, that "*the Lord had filled him with the Spirit of God, in wiſdom, in underſtanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanſhip, and to deviſe curious works, &c.*" Exod. xxxv. 31. HEYLIN.

It may be obſerved too in juſtification of our author, that other ſacred poems are not without the like invocations, and particularly Spenſer's *Hymns* of Heavenly Love and Heavenly Beauty, as well as ſome modern Latin poems. But I conceive that Milton intended ſomething more, for I have been informed by thoſe who had opportunities of converſing with his widow, that ſhe was wont to ſay that he did really look upon himſelf as inſpired; and I think his works are not without a ſpirit of enthuſiaſm. In the beginning of his ſecond Book of *The Reaſon of Church Government*, ſpeaking of his deſign of writing a poem

Waſt preſent, and with mighty wings outſpread
Dove-like ſat'ſt brooding on the vaſt abyſs,
And mad'ſt it pregnant: What in me is dark,

in the Engliſh language, he ſays, "It was not to be obtained by the invocation of Dame Memory and her Siren daughters, but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and ſends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleaſes." p. 61, Edit. 1738. NEWTON.

Ver. 19. *Inſtruct me, for Thou know'ſt;*] Theocritus, *Idyl.* xxii. 116.

Εἰπὲ θεὰ· σὺ γὰρ οἶσθα. NEWTON.

In Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, the poet, proceeding to narrate the hiſtory of the Iſraelites after they were brought out of Egypt, ſimilarly invokes the inſpiration of that Holy Spirit who, having conducted them through the wilderneſs, had been an immediate witneſs of the facts to be related, edit. 1621, p. 365.

"Tell, for I know thou know'ſt—"

The ſame phraſe occurs, ib. p. 346. We may alſo compare Taſſo's addreſs to the Holy Spirit in the opening of his *Il Mondo Creato*, and to the Muſe in his *Gier. Lib.* C. iv. 19. DUNSTER.

Ver. 21. Dove-like *ſat'ſt* brooding] Alluding to *Gen.* i. 2. "*The Spirit of God* moved *on the face of the waters:*" For the word that we tranſlate *moved*, ſignifies properly *brooded*, as a bird doth upon her eggs; and Milton ſays like a *dove* rather than any other bird, becauſe the deſcent of the Holy Ghoſt is compared to a dove, *Luke* iii. 22. As Milton ſtudied the Scriptures in the original languages, his images and expreſſions are oftener copied from them, than from our tranſlations. NEWTON.

Perhaps Milton ſays "*dove-like*," knowing that the Talmudiſts had thus critically illuſtrated the original word, *brooded*: "QUEMADMODUM COLUMBA *incumbit pullis ſuis*, neque eos attingit aut lædit alis ſuis." Vid. Hottinger. *Theſaur. Phil.* p. 275, and p. 350. TODD.

Ver. 22. ——————— *What in me is* dark,
Illumine;] He calls the Holy Ghoſt "the *illumining*

Illumine; what is low, raiſe and ſupport;
That to the highth of this great argument
I may aſſert Eternal Providence,
And juſtify the ways of God to men.
Say firſt, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
Nor the deep tract of Hell; ſay firſt, what cauſe
Mov'd our grand Parents, in that happy ſtate,
Favour'd of Heaven ſo highly, to fall off
From their Creator, and tranſgreſs his will
For one reſtraint, lords of the world beſides?

Spirit," in his *Proſe-Works*, vol. i. p. 273. edit. 1698. Compare Fairfax's *Taſſo*, B. viii. ſt. 76.

"*Illumine* their *dark* ſoules with light diuine." TODD.

Ver. 26. *And* juſtify *the ways of God to men.*] Pope has thought fit to borrow this verſe, with ſome little variation, *Eſſay on Man*, Ep. i. 16. "But *vindicate* the ways of God to Man." It is not eaſy to conceive any good reaſon for Pope's preferring *vindicate;* but Milton uſes *juſtify*, as it is the Scripture word, "That thou mighteſt be *juſtified* in thy ſayings," *Rom.* iii. 4. And "the ways of God to men" are *juſtified* in the many argumentative diſcourſes throughout the Poem, particularly in the conferences between God the Father and the Son. NEWTON.

Ver. 27. *Say firſt, for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,*
Nor the deep tract of Hell;] The poets attribute a kind of omniſcience to the Muſe, and very rightly, as it enables them to ſpeak of things, which could not otherwiſe be ſuppoſed to come to their knowledge. Thus Homer, *Il.* ii. 485.

Ὑμεῖς γὰρ θεαί ἐστε, πάρεστέ τε, ἴστέ τε πάντα.

And ſee Virgil, *Æn.* viii. 645. Milton's Muſe being the *Holy Spirit*, muſt of courſe be omniſcient. And the mention of *Heaven* and *Hell* is very proper in this place, as the ſcene of ſo great a part of the Poem is laid ſometimes in Hell, and ſometimes in Heaven. NEWTON.

Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?
The infernal Serpent; he it was, whoſe guile,
Stirr'd up with envy and revenge, deceiv'd
The mother of mankind, what time his pride
Had caſt him out from Heaven, with all his hoſt
Of rebel Angels; by whoſe aid, aſpiring
To ſet himſelf in glory above his peers,
He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,
If he oppos'd; and, with ambitious aim
Againſt the throne and monarchy of God,

Ver. 33. *Who firſt ſeduc'd them to that foul revolt?*
The infernal Serpent;] An imitation of Homer, *Iliad* i. 8.

Τίς τ' ἄρ σφῶε θεῶν ἔριδι ξυνέηκε μάχεσθαι;
Λητοῦς καὶ Διὸς υἱός. HUME.

Ver. 38. ——————— *by whoſe aid, aſpiring*
To ſet himſelf in glory above his peers,] Here Dr. Bentley objects, that Satan's crime was not his aiming *above his peers:* he was *in place high above them* before, as the doctor proves from B. v. 812. But, though this be true, Milton may be right here; for the force of the words ſeems, not that Satan *aſpired to ſet himſelf above his peers*, but that he *aſpired to ſet himſelf in glory*, that is, in divine glory, in ſuch glory as God and his Son were ſet in. Here was his crime; and this is what God charges him with, in B. v. 725.

—— "who intends to erect his throne
"Equal to ours,"—

and, in B. vi. 88, Milton ſays, that the rebel Angels hoped

"To win the mount of God, and on his throne
"To ſet the envier of his ſtate, the proud
"Aſpirer."

See alſo, to the ſame purpoſe, B. vii. 140, &c. PEARCE.

Ver. 40. *He truſted to have equall'd the Moſt High,*] See Iſaiah, Ch. xiv. 13. STILLINGFLEET.

Rais'd impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,
With hideous ruin and combustion, down
To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
In adamantine chains and penal fire,

Ver. 43. —— impious war *in Heaven*, and battle proud,] See Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 613.

——————— " quique *arma* secuti
" *Impia*"—

And *Æn.* viii. 118.

——— " *bello* profugos egere *superbo*." DUNSTER.

Ver. 45. *Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky.*] Dr. Newton here refers to Homer, *Il.* i. 591. And Mr. Stillingfleet, to Hesiod, *Theog.* 717. But, as Mr. Boyd the learned translator of the Divina Commedia of Dante remarks, Milton seems to have here particularly remembered the description of the Italian poet, *Purgat.* C. xii. 25.

" Vedea colui, che fu nobil creato,
" Più d' altra creatura, giù dal cielo,
" Folgoreggiando, scender da un lato."

Compare also Heywood's *Hierarchie of Angels*, fol. 1635, p. 412, where Lucifer is represented as having selected

" Legions of Angels, with like *pride* infected
" Against Jehovah; and with expedition
" *Hurl'd* them with himselfe *headlong* to *perdition*." TODD.

Ver. 48. *In adamantine chains*] This phrase has been cited from Æschylus by Dr. Newton. It occurs also in Ariosto, and in Fulvio Testi. But it was a common phrase in English. Thus, in Spenser's *Hymn*, In Honour of Love.

" Together linkt with *adamantine chaines*."

And in P. Fletcher's Purp. Island, 1633, c. xii. st. 64, of the old Dragon:

" So now he's bound in *adamantine chain*:
" He storms, he roars, he yells for *high disdain*,"

Who durſt defy the Omnipotent to arms.
Nine times the ſpace that meaſures day and night
To mortal men, he with his horrid crew
Lay vanquiſh'd, rolling in the fiery gulf,
Confounded, though immortal: But his doom
Reſerv'd him to more wrath; for now the thought
Both of loſt happineſs, and laſting pain,
Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride and ſtedfaſt hate:

So, in Drayton's *Polyolbion*, Song 1, "bound with *adamantine chaines*." And Drummond, in his *Flowers of Sion*, has "Death's *adamantine chain*:" whence perhaps Pope in his *Meſſiah*:

"In *adamantine chains* ſhall Death be bound."

Gray has finely adapted the phraſe in his hymn to *Adverſity*:

"Bound in THY *adamantine chain*."

Milton alſo uſes this expreſſion in his *Latin Prolyſions*, and in his *Doct. and Diſcipl. of Divorce*, B. i. ch. 13. TODD.

Ver. 54. ——————— *now the thought*
Both of loſt happineſs, &c.] Milton here had in view, as Mr. Bowle alſo obſerves, the Devil's ſpeech in Marino's *Strage de gli Innocenti*, 1633. l. i. ſt. 31.

"Laſſo, ma che mi val fuor diſperanza
"A lo ſtato primier volger la mente,
"Se con l'amara e miſera membranza
"Raddoppia i ben paſſato il mal preſente?" TODD.

Ver. 56. ——— *round he throws his baleful* eyes,
That witneſs'd huge affliction and diſmay
Mix'd with obdurate pride *and ſtedfaſt* hate:] Mr. Bowle refers to Taſſo, *Gier. Conq.* L. iv. ſt. 11.

"*Alza* gli *occhi dolenti, e'ntorno gira.*"

And Mr. Stillingfleet to Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* C. iv. 1.

"Contra i Chriſtiani *i liuidi occhi torſe.*"

At once, as far as Angels ken, he views
The dismal situation waste and wild:
A dungeon horrible on all sides round,
As one great furnace flam'd; yet from those flames
No light; but rather darkness visible
Serv'd only to discover sights of woe,
Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace

But compare P. Fletcher, in his *Locusts*, 4°. 1627, of Satan;

——————— " his fiery *eye*,
" Much swoln with *pride*, but more with rage and *hate*,
" As censour, mutter'd all his company." TODD.

Ver. 62. ——————— *yet from those flames*
No light;] See the Wisdom of Sol. Ch. xvii. 5, 6. " No power of the fire might give them light—only there appeared unto them a fire kindled of itself, very dreadful." TODD.

Ver. 63. ——— *darkness visible*] Milton seems to have used these words to signify *gloom*. Absolute darkness is, strictly speaking, invisible; but where there is a gloom only, there is so much light remaining, as serves to show that there are objects, and yet that those objects cannot be distinctly seen. PEARCE.

Seneca has a like expression, speaking of the grotto of Pausilipo, *Epist.* lvii. " Nihil illo carcere longius, nihil illis faucibus obscurius, quæ nobis præstant, non ut *per tenebras* videamus, sed ut *ipsas*." And, as Voltaire observes, Antonio de Solis, in his history of Mexico, speaking of the place wherein Montezuma consulted his deities, says; " It was a large dark subterranean vault, where some dismal tapers afforded just *light enough to see the obscurity*." So Euripides, *Bacchæ*, v. 510.

——— ὡς ἂν σκότιον εἰσορᾷ κεύθας.

There is much the same image in Spenser, but not so bold, *Facr. Qu.* i. i. 14.

" A little glooming light, much like a shade."

Or, after all, Milton might take the hint from his own *Il Penf.*

" Where glowing embers through the room
" Teach light to counterfeit a gloom." NEWTON.

And reſt can never dwell; hope never comes
That comes to all; but torture without end
Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
With ever-burning ſulphur unconſum'd:
Such place Eternal Juſtice had prepar'd
For thoſe rebellious; here their priſon ordain'd
In utter darkneſs, and their portion ſet
As far remov'd from God and light of Heaven,
As from the center thrice to the utmoſt pole.

Ver. 66. ——————— *hope never comes*
That comes to all;] Dante's inſcription over *the gates of hell* has been generally ſuppoſed to be here copied, *Inferno*, C. iii. 9.

" *Laſciate ogni ſperanza*, voi che 'ntrate."

Dr. Hurd and Mr. Stillingfleet add, from Euripides, a ſimilar expreſſion, *Troad.* 676.

——————— ἐὸν, ὃ πᾶσι λείπεται βροτοῖς,
Ξύνεστιν ἐλπὶς.

Mr. Bowle cites alſo from Sidney's *Arcadia*, B. ii. p. 322, this obſervation: " He would not put himſelf into that *hell* to be *hopeleſs*." The following paſſage from Dante's deſcription of the damned may likewiſe be compared, *Inferno*, C. v. 44.

" *Nulla ſperanza* gli conforta mai,
" *Non che di poſa*, ma di minor pena." TODD.

Ver. 71. ——————— *their priſon ordain'd*
In utter darkneſs,] Wiſdom, xviii. 4. " They were worthy to be deprived of light and *impriſoned in darkneſs*." TODD.

Ver. 74. *As from the center thrice to the utmoſt pole.*] Thrice as far as it is from the center of the earth, which is the center of the world according to Milton's ſyſtem, B. ix. 103, and B. x. 671, to the pole of the world; for it is the pole of the univerſe, far beyond the pole of the earth, which is here called the *utmoſt pole*. Homer makes the ſeat of Hell as far beneath the deepeſt pit of earth, as the Heaven is above the earth, *Iliad* viii. 16. Virgil makes it *twice* as far, *Æn.* vi. 578. And Milton *thrice* as far.

O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelm'd
With floods and whirlwinds of tempeſtuous fire,
He ſoon diſcerns; and weltering by his ſide
One next himſelf in power, and next in crime,
Long after known in Paleſtine, and nam'd
Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,
And thence in Heaven call'd Satan, with bold words
Breaking the horrid ſilence, thus began.

As if theſe three great poets had ſtretched their utmoſt genius, and vied with each other, who ſhould extend his idea of the depth of Hell fartheſt. But Milton's whole deſcription of Hell as much exceeds theirs, as in this ſingle circumſtance of the depth of it. And how cool and unaffected is the Τάρταρον ἠερόεντα, the σιδήρειαί τε πύλαι καὶ χάλκειος οὐδός, of Homer; the "*lugentes campi*," the "*ferrea turris*" and "*horriſono ſtridentes cardine portæ*," of Virgil; in compariſon with this deſcription by Milton, concluding with that artful contraſt, "O, how unlike the place from whence they fell!" NEWTON.

See alſo Milton's *Proſe-Works*, i. 301. ed. 1698. "To baniſh for ever unto a local Hell, whether in the air or in the center, or in that uttermoſt and bottomleſs gulph of Chaos, *deeper from holy bliſs than the world's diameter multiplied*." TODD.

Ver. 77. ——————— *tempeſtuous fire,*] Pſal. xi. 6. "Upon the wicked the Lord will rain fire and brimſtone, and an horrible tempeſt." DUNSTER.

Ver. 81. *Beëlzebub.*] He is called *Prince of the devils*, *Matt.* xii. 24; therefore deſervedly here made ſecond to Satan himſelf. HUME.

Ver. 82. *And thence in Heaven call'd Satan,*] For the word *Satan*, in Hebrew, ſignifies an *enemy*: He is THE ENEMY by way of eminence; the chief enemy of God and man. NEWTON.

Ver. 83. *Breaking the horrid ſilence,*] We may compare

If thou beeſt he; but O, how fallen! how chang'd
From him, who, in the happy realms of light,
Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightneſs, didſt outſhine
Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
United thoughts and counſels, equal hope
And hazard in the glorious enterpriſe,
Join'd with me once, now miſery hath join'd
In equal ruin! Into what pit thou ſeeſt,

Claudian, where he is ſpeaking of the ſame regions, *Rapt. Proſ.* ii. 328,

" Inſoliti *rumpunt tenebroſa ſilentia* cantus."

See alſo Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 755. And Statius, *Theb.* iv. 420.

" Subter opaca quies, *vacuuſque ſilentia ſervat*
" *Horror* —" DUNSTER.

Ver. 84. ——— *but O, how fallen! how chang'd*
From him,] He imitates Iſaiah and Virgil at the ſame time: *Iſaiah* xiv. 12. " How art thou fallen from heaven, &c." And Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 274. " Hei mihi, qualis erat! quantum mutatus ab illo!" NEWTON.

Ver. 86. *Cloth'd with tranſcendent brightneſs, didſt outſhine*
Myriads though bright!] Imitated from Homer, *Odyſſ.* vi. 110, where Diana excels all her nymphs in beauty, though all of them be beautiful:

Ῥεῖα δ' ἀριγνώτη πέλεται, καλαὶ δέ τε πᾶσαι. BENTLEY.

Ver. 91. In *equal ruin:*] So it is in all the editions. " *And* equal ruin," is Dr. Bentley's emendation, which Dr. Pearce allows, and I believe every body muſt allow, to be juſt and proper; it being very eaſy to miſtake one of theſe words for the other; and other inſtances perhaps may occur in the courſe of this work. *Equal ruin* hath joined now, as *equal hope* joined before; ſomewhat like that in Ovid, *Met.* i. 351.

From what highth fallen; ſo much the ſtronger prov'd
He with his thunder: and till then who knew
The force of thoſe dire arms? Yet not for thoſe,
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change,

" O ſoror, O conjux, O fœmina ſola ſuperſtes,
" Quam commune mihi genus, et patruelis origo,
" Deinde torus junxit, nunc ipſa pericula jungunt."

In equal ruin cannot anſwer to *in the glorious enterprize*, becauſe Milton places a comma after *enterprize*, and in conſtruction it follows after *hazard*, not after *join'd*. NEWTON.

Ver. 93. *He with his thunder:*] There is an uncommon beauty in this expreſſion. Satan diſdains to utter the name of God, though he cannot but acknowledge his ſuperiority. See alſo v. 257. NEWTON.

Ver. 94. ——— *Yet not for thoſe,*
Nor what the potent victor in his rage
Can elſe inflict, do I repent or change, &c.] Milton, in this and other paſſages where he deſcribes the fierce and unrelenting ſpirit of Satan, ſeems very plainly to have copied after the picture that Æſchylus gives of Prometheus. Thus Prometheus, ſpeaking of Jupiter, *Prom. Vinct.* 991.

——— ῥιπίζεσθω μὲν αἰθάλωσα φλὸξ,
Λευκοπλέρῳ δὲ νιφάδι, καὶ βρονθήμασι
Χθονίοις κυκάτω πάντα, καὶ ταρασσέτω·
Γνάμψει γὰρ οὐδὲν τῶν δέ μ', ὥστε καὶ φράσαι, κ. τ. λ. THYER.

Poſſibly Milton might recollect the unſubdued ſpirit of Capaneus in Dante, *Inferno* xiv. 52.

" Se Giove ſtanchi il ſuo fabbro, da cui
" Crucciato preſe la folgore acuta,
" Onde l' ultimo dì percoſſo fui,
" O s' egli ſtanchi gli altri, a muta a muta,
" In Mongibello alla fucina negra,
" Gridando, Buon Vulcano, ajuta ajuta;

Though chang'd in outward luſtre, that fix'd mind,
And high diſdain from ſenſe of injur'd merit,
That with the Mightieſt rais'd me to contend,
And to the fierce contention brought along
Innumerable force of Spirits arm'd,
That durſt diſlike his reign, and, me preferring,
His utmoſt power with adverſe power oppos'd
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
And ſhook his throne. What though the field be loſt?
All is not loſt; the unconquerable will,
And ſtudy of revenge, immortal hate,
And courage never to ſubmit or yield,

" Sì com' e' fece alla pugna di Flegra,
" E me ſaetti di tutta ſua forza,
" Non ne potrebbe aver vendetta allegra." TODD.

Ver. 98. *And* high diſdain] Thus Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* i. i. 19.

" His gall did grate for grief and *high diſdain.*"

This, as Mr. Thyer citing the paſſage from Spenſer has obſerved, is the *alto ſdegno* of the Italians. Our old poets, I may add, were fond of the expreſſion. P. Fletcher has adopted it. See the note on ver. 48 of the preſent Book. And Sir J. Harington, *Orl. Fur.* 1607, B. xiv. ſt. 20.

——— " they took this thing in *high diſdaine.*"

And Sylveſter, *Du Bart.* 1621, p. 1129.

" Yet out of *high diſdain*, &c." TODD.

Ver. 105. ——— *What though the field be loſt?*
All is not loſt; &c.] This paſſage is an excellent improvement upon Satan's ſpeech to the infernal ſpirits in Taſſo, c. iv. ſt. 15; but ſeems to be expreſſed from Fairfax's tranſlation, rather than from the original:

" We loſt the field, yet loſt we not our heart." NEWTON.

And what is elſe not to be overcome;
That glory never ſhall his wrath or might
Extort from me. To bow and ſue for grace
With ſuppliant knee, and deify his power,
Who from the terrour of this arm ſo late
Doubted his empire; that were low indeed,

Ver. 109. *And what is elſe not to be overcome;*] Milton's own, as well as all ſubſequent, editions, till Dr. Newton's appeared, read this line with a note of interrogation. But Dr. Pearce obſerved, there ſhould be only a ſemicolon; as the words ſignify, *And if there be any thing elſe*, beſides the particulars mentioned, *which is not to be overcome.* A literary friend, peculiarly diſtinguiſhed by his dramatick taſte and judgement, prefers the original punctuation as being more animated, more ſuitable to the impetuoſity and indignation of the ſpeaker. The late Mr. Reed communicated to me his agreement in opinion with Dr. Pearce. TODD.

Ver. 110. That glory &c.] *That* refers to what went before; to his *unconquerable will, and ſtudy of revenge*, his *immortal hate, and courage never to ſubmit or yield*, and what beſides *is not to be overcome;* theſe Satan eſteems his glory, and *that glory* he ſays God ſhould never extort from him. Then begins a new ſentence, according to all the beſt editions, *To bow and ſue for grace*, &c., *that were low indeed*, &c.; *that* ſtill referring to what went before: And, by obſerving this punctuation, this whole paſſage, which has perplexed and confounded many readers and writers, is rendered plain and eaſy to be underſtood. NEWTON.

Ver. 111. ——————— *To bow and ſue for grace*
With ſuppliant knee, &c.] The reſolution of Satan is that of Prometheus, Æſchyl. *Prom. Vinct.* ver. 1002, ed. Schütz.

Εἰσελθέτω σὲ μήποθ', ὡς ἐγὼ Διὸς
Γνώμην φοβηθείς, ἠλίνους γενήσομαι,
Καὶ λιπαρήσω τὸν μιγα γεγάμενον
Γυναικομιμεῖς ἐπτιάσμασιν χερῶν,
Λῦσαί με δεσμῶν τῶνδε· τῦ παιτὸς δέω. TODD.

That were an ignominy, and ſhame beneath
This downfall; ſince, by fate, the ſtrength of Gods
And this empyreal ſubſtance cannot fail;
Since through experience of this great event
In arms not worſe, in foreſight much advanc'd,
We may with more ſucceſsful hope reſolve
To wage, by force or guile, eternal war,
Irreconcileable to our grand Foe,
Who now triumphs, and, in the exceſs of joy
Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven.
So ſpake the apoſtate Angel, though in pain,
Vaunting aloud, but rack'd with deep deſpair:

Ver. 116. ——*ſince, by fate*, &c.] For Satan ſuppoſes the Angels to ſubſiſt by fate and neceſſity; and he repreſents them of an *empyreal*, that is a *fiery*, ſubſtance, as the Scripture itſelf does, *Pſalm* civ. 4. "He maketh his Angels ſpirits, and his miniſters *a flame of fire*." NEWTON.

Ver. 124. —— *the tyranny of Heaven.*] The poet, ſpeaking in his own perſon at v. 42, of the ſupremacy of the Deity, calls it "*the throne and monarchy of God;* but here very artfully alters it to *the tyranny of Heaven*. THYER.

Tyranny vulgarly ſignifies *the art of tyranniſing;* here it ſignifies *the power*, as in Greek. See Euripid. *Phoeniſſ.* v. 509. ed. P. Steph. 1602. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 126. *Vaunting aloud*, &c.] Thus Virgil, *Æn.* i. 212.

"Talia voce refert, curíſque ingentibus æger
"Spem vultu ſimulat, premit altum corde dolorem."

Theocritus has expreſſed this in a more ſimple manner, as better ſuited to the paſtoral ſtile, *Idyll.* i. 95.

——— ἁ Κύπρις γελάοισα,
Λαθρα μὲν γελάοισα, βαρὺν δ' ἀνὰ θυμὸν ἔχοισα.

Homer's deſcription of Juno in the ſame circumſtances is more majeſtick:

And him thus anſwer'd ſoon his bold compeer.

O Prince, O Chief of many throned Powers,
That led the embattled Seraphim to war
Under thy conduct, and, in dreadful deeds
Fearleſs, endanger'd Heaven's perpetual king,
And put to proof his high ſupremacy,
Whether upheld by ſtrength, or chance, or fate:
Too well I ſee and rue the dire event,
That with ſad overthrow, and foul defeat,
Hath loſt us Heaven, and all this mighty hoſt
In horrible deſtruction laid thus low,
As far as Gods and heavenly eſſences
Can periſh: for the mind and ſpirit remains
Invincible, and vigour ſoon returns,

——————— ἡ δὲ γέλασσε
Χείλεσιν· οὐδὲ μέτωπον ἐπ' ὀφρύσι κυανέῃσιν
Ἰάνθη—

One needs not be afraid to pronounce Milton's verſe ſuperiour to any of theſe above-quoted, both in the brevity and energy of expreſſion, and juſtneſs of the thought, ariſing from the nature of the foregoing ſpeech, and Satan's preſent miſery.

CALLANDER.

Ver. 131. ——————— *endanger'd Heaven's* perpetual *king*,] The reader ſhould remark here the propriety of the word *perpetual*. Beëlzebub does not ſay *eternal* king, for then he could not have boaſted of *endangering* his kingdom: but he endeavours to detract as much as he can from God's everlaſting dominion, and calls him only *perpetual king*, king from time immemorial or without interruption, as Ovid uſes *perpetuum*, *Met.* i. 1.

——— " primáque ab origine mundi
" Ad mea *perpetuum* deducite tempora carmen."

What Beëlzebub means here, is expreſſed more at large afterwards by Satan, v. 637, &c. NEWTON.

Though all our glory extinct, and happy ſtate
Here ſwallow'd up in endleſs miſery.
But what if he our Conquerour (whom I now
Of force believe Almighty, ſince no leſs
Than ſuch could have o'er-power'd ſuch force as ours)
Have left us this our ſpirit and ſtrength entire
Strongly to ſuffer and ſupport our pains,
That we may ſo ſuffice his vengeful ire,
Or do him mightier ſervice as his thralls
By right of war, whate'er his buſineſs be,
Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
Or do his errands in the gloomy deep;
What can it then avail, though yet we feel
Strength undiminiſh'd, or eternal being,

Ver. 141. *Though all our glory* extinct,] As a flame put out and extinguiſhed for ever. This word is very properly applied to their irrecoverable loſs of that angelick beauty, which accompanied them when in a ſtate of innocence. The Latins have uſed the word *extinctus* in the ſame metaphorical ſenſe. Thus Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 322.

——— " te propter eundem
" *Extinctus* pudor, et, qua ſola ſidera adibam,
" Fama prior." CALLANDER.

Ver. 150. ——— *whate'er his buſineſs be,*] The buſineſs which God has appointed for us to do. So, in B. ii. 70, " *his torments*" are the torments which he has appointed for us to ſuffer. Many inſtances of this way of ſpeaking may be found in this Poem. PEARCE.

Ver. 152. ——— *the* gloomy *deep;*] Æſchylus, *Prom. Vinct.* ver. 219.

——— Ταρταρᾳ ΜΕΛΑΜΒΑΘΗΣ
Κευθμωνι— DUNSTER.

To undergo eternal punifhment? 155
Whereto with fpeedy words the Arch-Fiend replied.
Fallen Cherub! to be weak is miferable
Doing or fuffering: but of this be fure,
To do aught good never will be our talk,
But ever to do ill our fole delight, 160
As being the contrary to his high will
Whom we refift. If then his providence
Out of our evil feek to bring forth good,
Our labour muft be to pervert that end,
And out of good ftill to find means of evil; 165
Which oft-times may fucceed, fo as perhaps
Shall grieve him, if I fail not, and difturb
His inmoft counfels from their deftin'd aim.
But fee! the angry Victor hath recall'd

Ver. 156. *Whereto*] To what he had faid laft, which had ftartled Satan, and to which he thinks it proper to make a *fpeedy* reply. *Speedy words* are better applied here than ἔπεα πτερόεντα are always in Homer. NEWTON.

Ver. 157. ——— *to be weak is miferable*
Doing or fuffering:] Satan having in his fpeech boafted that the "*ftrength of Gods could not fail*," v. 116; and Beëlzebub having faid v. 146, "*If God has left us this our ftrength entire to fuffer pain ftrongly, or to do him mightier fervice as his thralls, what then can our ftrength avail us?*" Satan here replies very properly, whether we are to *fuffer* or to *work*, yet ftill it is fome comfort to have our ftrength undiminifhed: For it is a *miferable* thing, fays he, *to be weak* and without ftrength, whether we are *doing* or *fuffering*. This is the fenfe of the place; and this is farther confirmed by what Belial fays, B. ii. 199.

——— "To *fuffer*, as to *do*,
"Our *ftrength* is equal." PEARCE.

Ver. 169. *But fee! the angry victor hath recall'd* &c.] Dr.

His miniſters of vengeance and purſuit 170
Back to the gates of Heaven: the ſulphurous hail,

Bentley has really made a very material objection to this and ſome other paſſages of the poem, wherein the good Angels are repreſented, as purſuing the rebel hoſt with fire and thunderbolts, down through Chaos, even to the gates of Hell; as being contrary to the account, which the Angel Raphael gives to Adam in the vith book. And it is certain that there the good Angels are ordered to *ſtand ſtill only and behold*, and the Meſſiah alone expels them out of Heaven; and, after he has expelled them, and Hell has cloſed upon them, B. vi. 880,

" Sole victor from the expulſion of his foes
" Meſſiah his triumphal chariot turn'd;
" To meet him all his Saints, who ſilent ſtood
" Eye-witneſſes of his almighty acts,
" With jubilee advanc'd."

Theſe accounts are plainly contrary the one to the other: but the author does not therefore contradict himſelf, nor is one part of his ſcheme inconſiſtent with another. For it ſhould be conſidered, who are the perſons that give theſe different accounts. In book the vith the Angel Raphael is the ſpeaker, and therefore his account may be depended upon as the genuine and exact truth of the matter. But in the other paſſages Satan himſelf or ſome of his Angels are the ſpeakers; and they were too proud and obſtinate ever to acknowledge the Meſſiah for their conquerour; as their rebellion was raiſed on his account, they would never own his ſuperiority; they would rather aſcribe their defeat to the whole hoſt of heaven than to *him alone;* or, if they did indeed imagine their purſuers to be ſo many in number, their fears multiplied them, and it ſerves admirably to expreſs how much they were terrified and confounded. In book the vith, 830, the noiſe of his chariot is compared to the *ſound of a numerous hoſt;* and perhaps they might think that a numerous hoſt were really purſuing. In one place indeed we have Chaos ſpeaking thus, B. ii. 996.

——— " and Heaven gates
" Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
" Purſuing:"

Shot after us in ſtorm, o'erblown, hath laid
The fiery ſurge, that from the precipice
Of Heaven receiv'd us falling; and the thunder,
Wing'd with red lightning and impetuous rage,
Perhaps hath ſpent his ſhafts, and ceaſes now
To bellow through the vaſt and boundleſs deep.
Let us not ſlip the occaſion, whether ſcorn,
Or ſatiate fury, yield it from our Foe.
Seeſt thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
The ſeat of Deſolation, void of light,

But what a condition was Chaos in during the fall of the rebel Angels? See B. vi. 871.

" Nine days they fell; confounded Chaos roar'd,
" And felt tenfold confuſion in their fall
" Through this wild anarchy, ſo huge a rout
" Incumber'd him with ruin."

We muſt ſuppoſe him therefore to ſpeak according to his own frighted and diſturbed imagination; he might conceive that ſo much

" Ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,"

could not all be effected by a ſingle hand: and what a ſublime idea muſt it give us of the terrours of the Meſſiah, that he alone ſhould be as formidable as if the whole hoſt of Heaven were purſuing! So that this ſeeming contradiction, upon examination, proves rather a beauty than any blemiſh to the poem. NEWTON.

Ver. 181. *The ſeat of Deſolation, void of light,*] The former part of this line reſembles a phraſe in Lodge's *Looking Glaſſe for London*, 1598.

" Theſe pallaces, the pride of Aſſur's kings,
" Shall be the *bowres of Deſolation:*"

See alſo *Comus*, ver. 428. and the note there. The latter part of the line before us is ſimilar to an expreſſion in Dante, *Inf.* C. v. 28.

" I' venni in luogo *d' ogni luce muto.*" TODD.

Save what the glimmering of theſe livid flames
Caſts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
From off the toſſing of theſe fiery waves;
There reſt, if any reſt can harbour there;
And, re-aſſembling our afflicted Powers,
Conſult how we may henceforth moſt offend
Our Enemy; our own loſs how repair;
How overcome this dire calamity;
What reinforcement we may gain from hope;
If not, what reſolution from deſpair.
Thus Satan talking to his neareſt mate
With head up-lift above the wave, and eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd; his other parts beſides

Ver. 182. ——— *the glimmering of theſe* livid *flames*] So Dante calls Charon, " nocchier della *livida* palude," *Inf.* c. iii. And, in like manner, the Stygian lake is called by Statius, *Theb.* i. 57. " Umbrifero Styx *livida* fundo." TODD.

Ver. 185. *There* reſt, *if any* reſt *can harbour there;*] The turn of the words in this verſe, reſembles a paſſage in Shakſpeare, *Rich.* II. A. v. S. i.

" Here let us *reſt*, if this rebellious earth
" Have any *reſting*." BOWLE.

Ver. 186. ——————— *our* afflicted *Powers*,] Afflicted is here intended to be underſtood in the Latin ſenſe, *routed, ruined, utterly broken*. RICHARDSON.

Ver. 191. *If* not, *what reſolution*] *What* reinforcement; to which is returned, " If *not;*" a vicious ſyntax: But the poet gave it " If *none:*" BENTLEY.

The ſentiment in this verſe may be referred to Seneca's *Medea*, ver. 163.

" Qui nihil poteſt ſperare, nihil deſperet," DUNSTER.

Ver. 193. ——————————— eyes
That ſparkling blaz'd;] Dante deſcribes Charon

Prone on the flood, extended long and large,
Lay floating many a rood; in bulk as huge
As whom the fables name of monſtrous ſize,
Titanian, or Earth-born, that warr'd on Jove;
Briarëos or Typhon, whom the den
By ancient Tarſus held; or that ſea-beaſt
Leviathan, which God of all his works

with eyes of burning coal, "con *occhi di bragia*," Inſern. C. iii. 109. See alſo Marino's deſcription of the Devil, *Strage degl' Innocenti*, L. i. ſt. 19.

" Poiche da' baſſi effetti egli raccolſe
" L' alto tenor de le cagion ſuperne,
" Tinte di ſangue, e di venen trauolſe,
" Quaſi *bragia infernal*, l' empie lucerne."

But Spenſer's more elaborate account of the Old Dragon's eyes, was probably in Milton's mind, F. Q. i. xi. 14.

" His *blazing eyes*, like two bright ſhining ſhieldes,
" Did burne with wrath, and *ſparkled* living fyre." TODD.

Ver. 196. ———— *in bulk as huge* &c.] So Dante, ſpeaking of the devil, *Inferno*, C. xxxiv. 30.

" E più con gigante i' mi convegno,
" Che *i giganti* non fan con *le ſue braccia*." TODD.

Ver. 199. ———— *Typhon*,] Typhon is the ſame with Typhoëus. Tha *whe den* of Typhoëus was in Cilicia, of which *Tarſus* was a celebrated city, we are told by Pindar and Pomponius Mela. I am much miſtaken, if Milton did not make uſe of Farnaby's note on Ovid, *Met.* v. 347, to which I refer the reader. He took *ancient* Tarſus perhaps from Nonnus:

Ταρσὸς ἀειδομενη πρωτόπολις,

which is quoted in Lloyd's Dictionary. JORTIN.

But ſee Pindar, edit. Benedict. p. 252, who confounds *Typhon* and *Typhoeus* together. The Cilician *den*, mentioned by Pindar, ſhows alſo that Milton had this very paſſage in view.
STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 201. *Leviathan*,] The beſt criticks ſeem to agree, that

Created hugeſt that ſwim the ocean ſtream:
Him, haply, ſlumbering on the Norway foam
The pilot of ſome ſmall night-founder'd ſkiff
Deeming ſome iſland, oft, as ſea-men tell,

the *leviathan* in *Job*, means the *crocodile;* and Milton deſcribes it, in the ſame manner, partly as a *fiſh*, and partly as a *beaſt*, and attributes *ſcales* to it: And yet by ſome things one would think that he took it rather for a *whale*, as was the general opinion; there being no crocodiles upon the coaſt of Norway, and what follows bein related of the *whale*, but never, as I have heard, of the *crocodile*. NEWTON.

Ver. 202. ——————— *the ocean ſtream:*] The Greek and Latin poets frequently turn ſubſtantives into adjectives. So Juvenal, according to the beſt copies, *Sat.* xi. 94.

" Qualis in *oceano fluctu* teſtudo nataret." JORTIN.

The phraſe is common in our own poetry. Thus, in the *Hiſt. of Orlando Furioſo*, 4to. 1599.

" To burſt the billowes of the *ocean ſea*."

And in Drummond's *Poems*, 1616, part 2d.

" And too long painted on the *ocean ſtreames*."

And in Drayton's *Barons Warres*, C. v. ſt. 50. " The *ocean ſtreame*." And often in Spenſer. TODD.

Ver. 204. *The pilot of ſome ſmall* night-founder'd *ſkiff*] Some little boat, whoſe pilot dares not proceed in his courſe, for fear of the dark night: a metaphor taken from a *foundered* horſe that can go no farther: Or, *night-foundered*, in danger of ſinking at night, from the term, *foundering at ſea*. I prefer the former, as being Milton's aim. HUME.

The phraſe in *Comus*, v. 483, confirms the former of theſe explications. TODD.

Ver. 205. *Deeming ſome iſland,*] Milton is juſtified in this deſcription by various authorities. Olaus magnus writes a whole chapter *De anchoris dorſo ceti impoſitis*. " Habet etiam cetus ſuper corium ſuum ſuperficiem tanquam ſabulum quod eſt juxta littus maris: unde *plerunque*, elevato dorſo ſuo ſuper undas, *à*

With fixed anchor in his ſcaly rind
Moors by his ſide under the lee, while night
Inveſts the ſea, and wiſhed morn delays:
So ſtretch'd out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,
Chain'd on the burning lake: nor ever thence
Had riſen, or heav'd his head; but that the will
And high permiſſion of all-ruling Heaven
Left him at large to his own dark deſigns;

navigantibus nihil aliud creditur eſſe quàm inſula. Itaque nautæ ad eum appellunt: et ſuper eum deſcendunt, *inque ipſum palos figunt*, naves alligant, etc." There is a ſimilar relation of the whale in Hakluyt's *Voyages*, i. 568. And Arioſto's deſcription of the *balena*, an enormous ſea-monſter, affords another proof of fiſh having been taken for iſlands: *Orl. Fur.* C. vi. ſt. 37.

" Ch'ella ſia un *iſoletta* ci credemo." TODD.

Ver. 207. Inveſts *the ſea*,] A phraſe often uſed by the poets, who call darkneſs the mantle of the night, with which ſhe *inveſts* the earth. Milton, in another place, has another ſuch beautiful figure, and truly poetical, when ſpeaking of the moon, B. iv. 609,

" And o'er the dark her ſilver mantle threw."

And in another place, B. ix. 52,

" Night's hemiſphere had *veil'd* the horizon round."

Thus the epithet, κτανόπεπλος, is given to the night by Muſæus. Statius has a ſimilar expreſſion to that of Milton, *Theb.* v. 51.

———— " ingenti tellurem proximus *umbrâ*
" *Veſtit* Athos, &c." CALLANDER.

Ver. 211. ———— *but that the will* &c.] This is a material part of the poem; and the management of it is admirable. The poet has no where ſhown his judgement more, than in the reaſons aſſigned, on account of which we find this Rebel releaſed from his adamantine chains, and at liberty to become the great, though bad, agent of the poem. We may alſo notice the finely plain but majeſtick language, in which theſe reaſons are aſſigned. DUNSTER.

That with reiterated crimes he might
Heap on himſelf damnation, while he ſought
Evil to others; and, enrag'd, might ſee
How all his malice ſerv'd but to bring forth
Infinite goodneſs, grace, and mercy, ſhown
On Man by him ſeduc'd; but on himſelf
Treble confuſion, wrath, and vengeance, pour'd.
Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool
His mighty ſtature; on each hand the flames,
Driven backward, ſlope their pointing ſpires, and, roll'd
In billows, leave i' the midſt a horrid vale.
Then with expanded wings he ſteers his flight

Ver. 222. ——————— *on each hand the flames,*
Driven backward, &c.] See the achievement of Britomart in Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* iii. xi. 25. The circumſtance of the fire, mixed with a moſt noiſome ſmoke, which prevents her from entering into the houſe of Buſyrane, is, I think, an obſtacle, which we meet with in *The Seven Champions of Chriſtendom*. And there are many inſtances in this achievement, parallel to thoſe in the adventure of the Black Caſtle, and the Enchanted Fountain.

" Therwith, reſolv'd to prove her utmoſt might,
" Her ample ſhield ſhe threw before her face,
" And her ſwords point directing forward right
" Aſſayld the flame; the which eſteſoones gave place,
" And did itſelfe divide with equall ſpace,
" That through ſhe paſſed; as a thonder-bolt
" Perceth the yielding ayre, &c."

Milton, who tempered and exalted the extravagance of romance with the dignity of Homer, has here given us a noble image, which, like Spenſer's, ſeems to have had its foundation in ſome deſcription which he had met with in books of chivalry.

T. WARTON.

Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air
That felt unusual weight; till on dry land
He lights, if it were land that ever burn'd
With solid, as the lake with liquid fire:
And such appear'd in hue, as when the force
Of subterranean wind transports a hill

Ver. 226. ——— *incumbent on the dusky air*
That felt unusual weight;] This conceit of the air's feeling unusual weight, is borrowed from Spenser's description of the Old Dragon, *Facr. Qu.* i. xi. 18.

" Then with his waving wings displayed wyde,
" Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
" And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
" The yielding *ayre*, which nigh *too feeble* found
" Her flitting parts, and element unsound,
" *To beare so great a weight*." THYER.

P. Fletcher, in his *Purp. Island*, c. 12. st. 59, speaks in like manner of the dragon, as Mr. Headley also has observed:

" So up he rose upon his stretched sails
" Fearlesse expecting his approaching death:
" So up he rose, that the *ayer* starts, and fails,
" And, *over-prest*, *sinks his load beneath*:
" So up he rose, as does a thunder-cloud,
" Which all the earth with shadows black does shroud:
" So up he rose, and through the *weary ayer* row'd." TODD.

Ver. 229. ——— *with* liquid fire:] Dr. Newton cites Virg. *Ecl.* vi. 33. " Et *liquidi* simul *ignis*." See likewise Lucret. vi. 204. The phrase is also in Shakspeare's *Othello*, and in Crashaw's *Sacred Poems*, 1652, p. 106. Milton repeats it, v. 701. But, as Mr. Dunster observes, the lake burning with liquid fire is palpably Ariosto's " *bollenti stagni*" of wicked souls, *Orl. Fur.* C. xiii. 36. TODD.

Ver. 231. *Of subterranean wind*] Dr. Pearce conjectures, that it should be read *winds*, because it is said " aid the *winds*," afterwards; and the conjecture seems probable and ingenious: The " fuell'd entrails aid and encrease the *winds*" which first blew up the fire. NEWTON.

Torn from Pelorus, or the ſhatter'd ſide
Of thundering Ætna, whoſe combuſtible
And fuell'd entrails thence conceiving fire,
Sublim'd with mineral fury, aid the winds,
And leave a ſinged bottom all involv'd
With ſtench and ſmoke: ſuch reſting found the ſole
Of unbleſt feet. Him follow'd his next mate:
Both glorying to have 'ſcap'd the Stygian flood
As Gods, and by their own recover'd ſtrength,
Not by the ſufferance of ſupernal Power.

Is this the region, this the ſoil, the clime,
Said then the loſt Arch-Angel, this the ſeat
That we muſt change for Heaven; this mournful gloom
For that celeſtial light? Be it ſo! ſince he,
Who now is Sovran, can diſpoſe and bid
What ſhall be right: fartheſt from him is beſt,
Whom reaſon hath equall'd, force hath made ſupreme
Above his equals. Farewell, happy fields,
Where joy for ever dwells! Hail, horrours! hail,

Ver. 232. *Torn from Pelorus,*] Dante, *Purg.* C. xiv. 32.

" L'alpeſtro monte, *ond' è tronco Peloro.*"

Pelorus, one of the three great promontories of Sicily; now called *Cape Faro;* not far from mount Ætna. TODD.

Ver. 246. *Who now is* Sovran,] So Milton ſpells it after the Italian *ſovrano.* It is not eaſy to account for the formation of our word *ſovereign.* NEWTON.

Ver. 247. ——————— *fartheſt from him is beſt,*] This is expreſſed from the Greek proverb, Πόῤῥω Διὸς τε καὶ κεραυνοῦ, *Far from Jupiter, but far too from thunder.* BENTLEY.

Infernal world! And thou, profoundeſt Hell,
Receive thy new poſſeſſour! one who brings
A mind not to be chang'd by place or time:
The mind is its own place, and in itſelf
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven.
What matter where, if I be ſtill the ſame,
And what I ſhould be; all but leſs than he
Whom thunder hath made greater? Here at leaſt
We ſhall be free; the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign ſecure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition, though in Hell:
Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven!

Ver. 252. *Receive thy new poſſeſſour!*] This paſſage ſeems to be an improvement upon the *Ajax* of Sophocles, where Ajax, before he kills himſelf, cries out much in the ſame manner;

Ιὼ σκότος, ἐμὸν φάος, ἔρεμβος
Ω φαεινὸν ὡς ἐμοὶ,
Ελεσθ', ἕλεσθ' οἰκήτορα,
Ελεσθέ με. NEWTON.

Ver. 254. *The mind is its own place*, &c.] Theſe are ſome of the extravagancies of the Stoicks, and could not be better ridiculed than they are here, by being put in the mouth of Satan in his preſent ſituation. THYER.

Ver. 263. *Better to reign in Hell, than ſerve in Heaven!*] Dr. Newton obſerves, that this line a very fine improvement upon Prometheus's anſwer to Mercury in Æſchylus, *Prom. Vinct.* 965—967. Compare alſo P. Fletcher's *Locuſts*, 1627, p. 37.

" Thus fell this Prince of darknes, once a bright
" And glorious ſtarre:———
" *To be in heaven the ſecond he diſdains:*
" So now the firſt *in hell* and flames *he raignes*,
" Crown'd once with joy and light; now crown'd with fire and paines."

But wherefore let we then our faithful friends,
The aſſociates and copartners of our loſs,
Lie thus aſtoniſh'd on the oblivious pool,
And call them not to ſhare with us their part
In this unhappy manſion; or once more
With rallied arms to try what may be yet
Regain'd in Heaven, or what more loſt in Hell?
So Satan ſpake; and him Beëlzebub
Thus anſwer'd. Leader of thoſe armies bright,
Which but the Omnipotent none could have foil'd!
If once they hear that voice, their livelieſt pledge
Of hope in fears and dangers, heard ſo oft
In worſt extremes, and on the perilous edge
Of battle when it rag'd, in all aſſaults
Their ſureſt ſignal, they will ſoon reſume
New courage and revive; though now they lie
Groveling and proſtrate on yon lake of fire,
As we ere while, aſtounded and amaz'd;
No wonder, fallen ſuch a pernicious highth.
He ſcarce had ceas'd, when the ſuperiour Fiend
Was moving toward the ſhore: his ponderous ſhield,
Ethereal temper, maſſy, large and round,
Behind him caſt; the broad circumference

See likewiſe the citation from Stafford's *Niobe*, in the Inquiry into the Origin of Paradiſe Loſt, in the preſent volume, p. 269. TODD.

Ver. 266. ——————— *the* oblivious *pool,*] Oblivious, that is, *cauſing forgetfulneſs*, as in Shakſpeare's *Macbeth*: "ſome ſweet *oblivious* antidote." DUNSTER.

Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon, whoſe orb
Through optick glaſs the Tuſcan artiſt views
At evening from the top of Feſolé,
Or in Valdarno, to deſcry new lands,
Rivers or mountains in her ſpotty globe.
His ſpear, to equal which the talleſt pine
Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the maſt
Of ſome great ammiral, were but a wand,

Ver. 287. *Hung on his ſhoulders like the moon,*] So Spenſer deſcribes the ſhield of Radigund, *Faery Queen*, v. v. 3.

" And *on her ſhoulder hung her ſhield,* bedeckt
" Upon the boſſe with ſtones that ſhined wide,
" *As the faire moone* in her moſt full aſpect,
" That *to the moone it mote be like* in each reſpect."

Compare alſo Callimachus, *Hymn. Dian.* v. 53. TODD.

Ver. 289. *Feſolé,*] A town near Florence. " Mean time here we are however in Arno's vale; [*Valdarno;*] the *full moon* ſhining over *Fieſole*, which I ſee from my windows: Milton's verſes every moment in one's mouth, and *Galileo's houſe* twenty yards from one's door." Obſerv. in a Journey through Italy, by Mrs. Piozzi, 1789, vol. i. p. 271. TODD.

Ver. 292. *His ſpear, to equal which* &c.] Mr. Stillingfleet refers to Homer's Polypheme, *Odyſſ.* ix. 321. But the pages of Italian romance ſeem to have ſuggeſted this deſcription. See Mr. Warton's note on *Samſ. Agon.* ver. 1122. TODD.

Ver. 293. ——— *Norwegian hills,*] The hills of Norway, barren and rocky, but abounding in vaſt woods, from whence are brought maſts of the largeſt ſize. HUME.

Ver. 294. *Of ſome great* ammiral,] From the German *amiral*, or *amiracl*, ſays Hume; from the Italian *ammiraglio*, ſays Richardſon more probably. Milton made choice of this, as thinking it of a better ſound than *admiral*; and in Latin he writes *ammiralatûs* curia, " the court of admiralty." NEWTON.

Ammiral, that is, any *great* or *capital ſhip*. In this ſenſe the word frequently occurs in Sir R. Hawkins's " Obſervations in

He walk'd with, to ſupport uneaſy ſteps
Over the burning marle, not like thoſe ſteps
On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime
Smote on him ſore beſides, vaulted with fire:
Nathleſs he ſo endur'd, till on the beach
Of that inflamed ſea he ſtood, and call'd
His legions, Angel forms, who lay intranc'd
Thick as autumnal leaves that ſtrow the brooks

his Voyage to the South Seas," ed. 1622. fol. "The *Admirall* of the Spaniſh Armado was a Flemiſh *ſhippe*." p. 9. Again, "The *Admirall*, in which I came, a *ſhip* of about five hundreth tunnes." p. 87. Hume and Dr. Newton have miſtaken the ſenſe of this place. Dobſon renders the word, not improperly, by *prætoria puppis*. Rolli finely italianizes it by this line,

"Per arborarne un' *almirante nave*." BOWLE.

I muſt add, that Fairfax, in his tranſlation of *Taſſo*, edit. 1600, p. 92, ſpells the word, *amrall*. Sylveſter alſo uſes *amral* in an elegy, ſubjoined to his tranſlation of *Du Bart*. 1621, p. 1170. And Fanſhaw, in his tranſlation of the *Luſiad of Camöens*, 1655, generally ſpells it, *ammiral*. TODD.

Ver. 299. *Nathleſs*] Neverthelefs. Thus Chaucer, *Prologue* to Cant. Tales,

"But *nathleſs* while that I have time and ſpace."

And Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* i. ix. 54.

"Yet *nathëleſſe* it could not doe him die." CALLANDER.

Ver. 302. *Thick as autumnal leaves*] The compariſon of *multitudes* to *leaves*, occurs in Homer, Virgil, and other ancient poets; but without any ſuch accompanying ſcenery as in Milton. The number of *evil ſpirits* is likewiſe illuſtrated ſimply by this compariſon, in Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* C. ix. ſt. 66.

"Nè tante vede mai l' Autunno al ſuolo.
"Cader co' primi freddi aride foglie."

And in Dante the multitude of thoſe who enter Charon's boat, is repreſented by the ſame image, *Inferno*, C. iii. 112.

In Vallombroſa, where the Etrurian ſhades,
High over-arch'd, imbower; or ſcatter'd ſedge
Afloat, when with fierce winds Orion arm'd

" Come d' Autunno ſi levan le foglie,
" L' una appreſſa dell' altra, inſin che 'l ramo
" Rende alla terra tutte le ſue ſpoglie:"

Here the leaves lie *in heaps upon the ground*; but, in Milton, they *ſtrow the brooks*, as his angels *covered the burning lake*. There is alſo a beautiful ſimile, which Milton might have in view, in Arioſto, *Orl. Fur.* C. xiv. ſt. 75.

" Poi ſon le genti ſenza nome tante,
" Che del lor ſangue oggi ſaranno un lago,
" Che meglio conterei ciaſcuna foglia,
" Quando l' Autunno gli arbori ne ſpoglia." TODD.

Ver. 303. *In Vallombroſa,*] This vale, celebrated for its piety and ſituation, is about eighteen miles from Florence. It is thus ſweetly deſcribed by Arioſto, *Orl. Fur.* c. xxii. ſt. 36.

" Così fu nominata una badia
" Ricca, e bella, nè men religioſa,
" E corteſe a chiunque vi venia."

Milton, no doubt, had viſited this delightful ſpot. His accuracy, however, was called in queſtion by ſome gentlemen, who, in 1789, having ſeen it, contradicted the aſſertion, " *thick* as *autumnal leaves* in Vallombroſa;" becauſe, as they ſaid, the trees are all ever-green in thoſe woods. But, Mrs. Piozzi obſerves, " Milton was right, it ſeems, notwithſtanding: For the botaniſts tell me, that nothing makes *more litter* than the *ſhedding of leaves*, which replace themſelves by others, as on the plants ſtyled *ever-green*; which change like every tree, but only do not change all at once, and remain ſtript till Spring." Obſervations, &c. as before, vol. i. p. 323. TODD.

Ver. 305. ——— *with fierce winds* Orion arm'd] *Orion* is a conſtellation repreſented in the figure of an *armed man*, and ſuppoſed to be attended with ſtormy weather: " *aſſurgens fluctu nimboſus Orion.*" Virg. *Æn.* i. 539. NEWTON.

In Petrarch's *Son.* xxxiii, parte prima, the combination of " *Orione armato*" occurs. In the *Ion* of Euripides, Orion is called ξιφήρης. TODD.

Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coaſt, whoſe waves o'erthrew
Buſiris and his Memphian chivalry,
While with perfidious hatred they purſued
The ſojourners of Goſhen, who beheld
From the ſafe ſhore their floating carcaſſes
And broken chariot wheels: ſo thick beſtrown,
Abject and loſt lay theſe, covering the flood,

Ver. 306. *Hath vex'd the Red-Sea coaſt,*] The Red-Sea abounds ſo much with ſedge, that in the Hebrew Scriptures it is called "The *Sedgy Sea.*" And Milton ſays "*hath vex'd the Red-Sea coaſt*" particularly, becauſe the wind uſually drives the ſedge in great quantities towards the ſhore. NEWTON.

Ver. 307. Buſiris *and his Memphian* chivalry,] *Pharaoh* has been called by ſome writers *Buſiris*, as Dr. Pearce and Hume have noted. And *chivalry* ſignifies not only *knighthood*, but *perſons who uſe horſes in fight*; both ſuch as ride on horſes, and ſuch as ride in chariots drawn by them; as Dr. Pearce illuſtrates by v. 765, by *Par. Reg.* B. iii. 344, and by ſeveral references to Fairfax's Taſſo. It may be added, that *cavalleria*, in Italian, has a ſignification equally extenſive; being uſed "per *ogni genere di milizie*, così cavaliere ſi diſſe per ſoldato." Della Cruſca. So Milton, in his *Hiſt. of Eng.* B. iii. "Arthur with all his *chivalry.*" Or, as Mr. Dunſter obſerves, *chivalry* may be uſed for *chariots*, as ἵπποι are by Homer, *Il.* v. 328. Where ſee the ſcholiaſt. TODD.

Ver. 308. ——— *perfidious hatred*] Becauſe Pharaoh, after leave given to the Iſraelites to depart, followed after them as fugitives. HUME.

Ver. 310. *From the ſafe ſhore* &c.] Much has been ſaid of the long ſimilitudes of Homer, Virgil, and Milton, wherein they fetch a compaſs as it were to draw in new images, beſides thoſe in which the direct point of likeneſs conſiſts. I think they have been ſufficiently juſtified in the general: But, in this before us, while the poet is digreſſing, he raiſes a new ſimilitude from the floating carcaſſes of the Egyptians. HEYLIN.

Under amazement of their hideous change.
He call'd ſo loud, that all the hollow deep
Of Hell reſounded! Princes, Potentates,
Warriours, the flower of Heaven! once yours, now loſt,
If ſuch aſtoniſhment as this can ſeiſe
Eternal Spirits; or have ye choſen this place
After the toil of battle to repoſe
Your wearied virtue, for the eaſe you find
To ſlumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?
Or in this abject poſture have ye ſworn
To adore the Conquerour? who now beholds
Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood,
With ſcatter'd arms and enſigns; till anon
His ſwift purſuers from Heaven-gates diſcern
The advantage, and, deſcending, tread us down
Thus drooping, or with linked thunderbolts
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.

Ver. 314. ——————— *all the hollow deep*
Of Hell reſounded!] So, at the blaſt of the Infernal Trumpet, in Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* C. iv. 3.

" Tremàn le ſpatioſe atre caverne,
" Et l' aer cieco à quel romor rimbomba."

And ſee Marino, *Strage degl' Innocenti*, 1633, l. i. ſt. 38.

" Vlularo trè volte i caui ſpechi,
" Trè volte rimbombar l'ombre profonde, &c."

Compare alſo l. i. ſt. 19.

——————— " e ſciolſe
" Ruggito, che 'ntrono l'atre cauerne." TODD.

Ver. 328. ——— *with linked thunderbolts*
Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf.] This alludes to the fate of Ajax Oileus, Virg. *Æn.* i. 44.

Awake, ariſe, or be for ever fallen!
They heard, and were abaſh'd, and up they ſprung
Upon the wing; as when men wont to watch
On duty, ſleeping found by whom they dread,
Rouſe and beſtir themſelves ere well awake.
Nor did they not perceive the evil plight
In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;
Yet to their General's voice they ſoon obey'd;
Innumerable. As when the potent rod
Of Amram's ſon, in Egypt's evil day,
Wav'd round the coaſt, up call'd a pitchy cloud
Of locuſts, warping on the eaſtern wind,
That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung
Like night, and darken'd all the land of Nile:

" Illum expirantem *transfixo pectore* flammas
" Turbine corripuit, ſcopulóque infixit acuto."

Compare the devil's ſpeech to his damned aſſembly, in Taſſo, canto the fourth, from ſtanza 9 to ſtanza 18, which Milton had ſeen, but has borrowed little of. HUME.

Ver. 337. *Yet* to *their General's voice they ſoon* obey'd] Thus Chaucer, in his *Legend of women*,

" That as an harp *obeyeth to* the hand."

And Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* iii. xi. 35.

" Lo, now the heavens *obey to* me alone." BENTLEY.

Ver. 341. —— *warping*] Working themſelves forward; a ſea-term. HUME.

Ver. 343. —————— *darken'd all the land of Nile:*] The devils, at the command of their infernal monarch, flying abroad over the world to injure the Chriſtian cauſe, are ſimilarly compared by Taſſo to black ſtorms obſcuring the face of day, *Ger.*

So numberleſs were thoſe bad Angels ſeen
Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell
'Twixt upper, nether, and ſurrounding fires;
Till, as a ſignal given, the up-lifted ſpear
Of their great Sultan waving to direct
Their courſe, in even balance down they light
On the firm brimſtone, and fill all the plain;
A multitude, like which the populous North
Pour'd never from her frozen loins, to paſs

Lib. C. iv. 18. And, where they are all driven back by Michael, it is ſaid, C. ix. 66.

" *Liberato* di lor quella ſi *negra*
" *Faccia* depone il *mondo*." DUNSTER.

Ver. 351. *A multitude, like which the populous North Pour'd never*] This compariſon doth not fall below the reſt, as ſome have imagined. They were *thick* as the *leaves*, and *numberleſs* as the *locuſts*; but ſuch a multitude the North *never* poured forth: The ſubject of *this compariſon* riſes very much above the others; the *leaves* and *locuſts*. The Northern parts of the world are obſerved to be more fruitful of people, than the hotter countries: hence, " the *populous* North," which Sir William Temple calls, " *the Northern hive*." NEWTON.

Dr. Newton does not ſeem to be aware that the *three compariſons*, which he refers to, relate to the *three different ſtates* in which theſe fallen Angels are repreſented. When, abject, they lie ſupine on the lake, they are in this ſituation compared, in point of number, to vaſt heaps of leaves which in Autumn the poet himſelf had obſerved to beſtrew the water-courſes and bottoms of Vallombroſa.—When rouſed by their great leader's objurgatory ſummons, and on wing, they are in this ſecond ſituation again compared, in point of number, to the locuſts which were ſent as a divine vengeance or plague on the land of Egypt, when Pharaoh refuſed to let the Iſraelites depart.—Theſe two ſimiles are admirable, and in their place could not, I believe, well be ſurpaſſed. That of the locuſts, independently of its

Rhene or the Danaw, when her barbarous ſons

being taken from Scripture, far ſurpaſſes in every reſpect that of the birds of paſſage in Virgil and Taſſo; which both poets have joined to that of leaves falling, to repreſent the numerous ghoſts crowding on the banks of Styx, and the multitude of devils driven back by Michael to the infernal regions.—The object of the third compariſon is to illuſtrate the number of the fallen Angels, when alighted on the firm brimſtone; and, like ſoldiers, forming into bands under their reſpective leaders. In this ſituation, I doubt if he could well have found any thing ſo proper to compare them with, as the moſt numerous multitude of troops which hiſtory records ever to have marched out upon any military expedition. But it muſt be allowed, that the comparing one band of troops to another, where though different in their nature the deſcription of them when embodied is ſo nearly ſimilar, is rather an exemplification than a ſimile. Beſides, comparing the numerous infernal legions to a circumſtance of real undecorated hiſtory, is no very lucid or poetick illuſtration; and in this reſpect I much prefer the reference to the legions of romance and the fabulous ages, ver. 576, &c.

DUNSTER.

Ver. 353. *Rhene or the Danaw,*] He might have ſaid, *Rhine or the Danube;* but he choſe *Rhene* of the Latin, and *Danaw* of the German. NEWTON.

He choſe to follow Spenſer, and our elder poets. *Rhene* is Spenſer's word for the *Rhine*, Faer. Qu. iv. xi. 21. And Lod. Bryſkett, in the *Mourning Muſe of Theſtylis*, writes *Reyne* and *Danow*. Liſle, in his tranſlation of *Du Bartas*, writes "the *Donaw* and the Rhine," ed. 1625. p. 129. TODD.

Ibid. ——— *when her* barbarous *ſons*] They were truly *barbarous*; for, beſides exerciſing ſeveral cruelties, they deſtroyed all the monuments of learning and politeneſs wherever they came. They were the *Goths*, and *Huns*, and *Vandals*, who over-ran all the Southern provinces of Europe; and croſſing the Mediterranean *beneath Gibraltar*, landed in Africa, and ſpread themſelves as far as Lybia. "*Beneath*" Gibraltar, means more *South-ward*; the *North* being *uppermoſt* in the globe. NEWTON.

Came like a deluge on the South, and ſpread
Beneath Gibraltar to the Lybian ſands.
Forthwith from every ſquadron, and each band,
The heads and leaders thither haſte where ſtood
Their great Commander; Godlike ſhapes, and forms
Excelling human; princely Dignities;
And Powers that erſt in Heaven ſat on thrones;
Though of their names in heavenly records now
Be no memorial; blotted out and ras'd
By their rebellion from the books of life.
Nor had they yet among the ſons of Eve
Got them new names; till, wandering o'er the earth,
Through God's high ſufferance for the trial of man,

Ver. 354. *Came like a deluge*] Spenſer, deſcribing the ſame people, has the ſame ſimile, *Facr. Qu.* ii. x. 15, as Dr. Newton has obſerved. And Petrarch has the like compariſon, *Canz.* xvi. But we muſt refer to *Iſaiah*, lix. 19. "When the enemy ſhall come in like a flood." TODD.

Ver. 361. *Though of their names* &c.] *Pſalm* ix. 5, 6. "Thou haſt put out *their name* for ever and ever. Their *memorial* is periſhed with them." And *Rev.* iii. 5. "I will not *blot* his *name out of the book of life*." GILLIES.

Dr. Newton obſerves, that Milton has written *books* in the plural, as well as *records* juſt before; and becauſe the plural agrees better with the idea that he would give of the great number of the Angels. But Mr. Capel Loffft, in his edition of this Book of Paradiſe Loſt in 1792, has admitted into the text the conjecture of Bentley, "the *book* of life;" which, he ſays, the ſtyle of the ſacred Penck, and the analogy of Scripture, invincibly ſupport. TODD.

By falſities and lies the greateſt part
Of mankind they corrupted to forſake
God their Creator, and the inviſible
Glory of him that made them to transform
Oft to the image of a brute, adorn'd
With gay religions full of pomp and gold,
And Devils to adore for Deities:
Then were they known to men by various names,
And various idols through the Heathen world.
Say, Muſe, their names then known; who firſt,
who laſt,

Ver. 367. *By falſities and lies*] That is, as Mr. Upton obſerves, by *falſe idols*, under a corporeal repreſentation *belying* the true God. The poet plainly alludes to *Rom.* i. 22. NEWTON.

Ver. 369. ——— *and the inviſible*
Glory of him that made them to transform &c.] Alluding to *Rom.* i. 23. NEWTON.

Ver. 372. *With gay* religions *full of pomp and gold,*] By *religions* Milton means *religious rites*, as Cicero uſes the word, when he joins "*religiones* et ceremonias," *De Leg.* lib. i. c. 15, and elſewhere. PEARCE.

Thus Milton alſo, in his *Hiſt. of Engl.* B. iii. "The Britons were taken up with *religions*, more than with feats of arms." TODD.

Ver. 376. *Say, Muſe, their names then known*;] Their *new names*. Milton finely conſidered, that the names, he was obliged to apply to theſe evil Angels, carry a bad ſignification, and therefore could not be thoſe they had in their ſtate of innocence and glory; he has therefore ſaid their *former names* are now loſt, raſed from amongſt thoſe of their old aſſociates who retain their purity and happineſs. RICHARDSON.

For the enumeration of the Syrian and Arabian deities, i may be obſerved, that Milton has compriſed in one hundred and

Rous'd from the ſlumber, on that fiery couch,
At their great Emperour's call, as next in worth
Came ſingly where he ſtood on the bare ſtrand,
While the promiſcuous croud ſtood yet aloof.
The chief were thoſe, who, from the pit of Hell
Roaming to ſeek their prey on earth, durſt fix
Their ſeats long after next the ſeat of God,
Their altars by his altar; Gods ador'd
Among the nations round; and durſt abide
Jehovah thundering out of Sion, thron'd
Between the Cherubim; yea, often plac'd
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations; and with curſed things
His holy rites and ſolemn feaſts profan'd,
And with their darkneſs durſt affront his light.

thirty very beautiful lines, the two learned ſyntagmas, which Selden had compoſed on that abſtruſe ſubject. Gibbon, *Rom. Emp.* vol. i. p. 539, note. 4°. edit. The exordium to this enumeration, "*who firſt, who laſt,*" is from Homer, *Il.* v. 703.

Ἔνθα τίνα πρῶτον, τίνα δ' ὕστατον. TODD.

Ver. 382. *Roaming to ſeek their prey*] In alluſion to that expreſſion in Scripture, the devil "goeth about, like a roaring lion, ſeeking whom he may devour." CALLANDER.

Ver. 387. *Between the Cherubim;*] This relates to the ark being placed between the two golden Cherubim, I. *Kings* vi. 23. See alſo II. *Kings* xix. 15. HUME.

Ibid. ——— *yea, often plac'd*
Within his ſanctuary itſelf their ſhrines,
Abominations;] This is complained of by the prophet Jeremiah, vii. 30. So we read of Manaſſeh, II. *Kings* xxi. 4, 5. See alſo *Ezek.* vii. 20, and viii. 5, 6. NEWTON.

Firſt, Moloch, horrid king, beſmear'd with blood
Of human ſacrifice, and parents tears;
Though, for the noiſe of drums and timbrels loud,
Their childrens cries unheard, that paſs'd through fire
To his grim idol. Him the Ammonite
Worſhipt in Rabba and her watery plain,
In Argob and in Baſan, to the ſtream
Of utmoſt Arnon; Nor content with ſuch
Audacious neighbourhood, the wiſeſt heart
Of Solomon he led by fraud to build

Ver. 392. *Firſt*, &c.] Firſt, after Satan and Beëlzebub. *Moloch* ſignifies *king*, and he is called "*horrid* king," becauſe of the human ſacrifices which were made to him. The expreſſion, "*paſs'd through fire*," is taken from *Leviticus* xviii. 21, or II. *Kings* xxiii. 10. His idol was of braſs, ſitting on a throne, and wearing a crown; having the head of a calf, and his arms extended to receive the miſerable victims which were to be ſacrificed; and therefore it is here probably ſtyled "his *grim* idol." He was the god of the Ammonites, I. *Kings* xi. 7, and was worſhipped in *Rabba*, their capital city, called the *city of waters*, II. *Sam.* xii. 27; and in the neighbouring countries as far as to the river Arnon, the boundary of their country on the ſouth. NEWTON.

Dr. Newton ſays that Moloch was ſuppoſed to be the ſame as Saturn. But Milton did not ſuppoſe it, or at leaſt did not attend to the ſuppoſition; as Saturn himſelf is afterwards mentioned, ver. 519. But Moloch has alſo been ſuppoſed to be Mars; with a view to which, Milton ſeems to have drawn his character in the ſecond book. That the planet Mars was named Moloch by the Egyptians, is mentioned by Beyer in his Additamenta to Selden's *Syntag. de Diis Syr.* DUNSTER.

Ver. 400. ——————— *the wiſeſt heart*
Of Solomon he led &c.] Solomon built a temple

His temple right againſt the temple of God
On that opprobrious hill; and made his grove
The pleaſant valley of Hinnom, Tophet thence
And black Gehenna call'd, the type of Hell.
Next, Chemos, the obſcene dread of Moab's ſons,

to Moloch on the mount of Olives, I. *Kings* xi. 7, which is therefore called "*that opprobrious hill.*" NEWTON.

Tickell has thought proper to alter the text, by reading "*the* opprobrious hill." Fenton follows him. TODD.

Ver. 404. *The pleaſant valley of Hinnom*, &c.] See *Jeremiah* vii. 31. It was called alſo *Tophet* from the Hebrew *toph*, a drum; drums, and ſuch like noiſy inſtruments, being uſed to drown the cries of the miſerable children who were offered to this idol. And *Gehenna*, or *the valley of Hinnom*, is in ſeveral places of the New Teſtament, and by our Saviour himſelf, made the *name* and "*type of Hell.*" NEWTON.

Ver. 405. ——————————— *the type of Hell.*] In Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, edit. 1621, p. 425, the witch of Endor is called the "hideous *type of Hell.*" TODD.

Ver. 406. *Next, Chemos*, &c.] Moloch and *Chemos* are joined together, I. *Kings* xi. 7. And it was a natural tranſition from the god of the Ammonites to the god of their neighbours, the Moabites. St. Jerom, and ſeveral learned men, aſſert *Chemos* and *Baal-Peor* to be only different names for the ſame idol; and ſuppoſe him to be the ſame with *Priapus*, the idol of turpitude, and therefore here called "the *obſcene* dread of Moab's ſons, from *Aroer*," a city upon the Arnon, the boundary of their country to the north, "to *Nebo*," a city eaſtward, "and the wild of ſouthmoſt *Abarim*," a ridge of mountains, the boundary of their country to the ſouth; "*Heſebon* and *Horonaim*," two cities of the Moabites, taken from them by *Sihon*, king of the Amorites, *Numb.* xxi. 26, "beyond *Sibma*," a place famous *for vineyards*, *Jer.* xlviii. 32, and *Elealeh*, another city of the Moabites, not far from *Heſebon*, "to the *Aſphaltick* pool," the *Dead Sea*, (ſo called from the *Aſphaltus*, or bitumen, abounding in it) the boundary of the Moabites to the weſt. The Iſraelites worſhipped

From Aroer to Nebo, and the wild
Of ſouthmoſt Abarim; in Heſebon
And Horonaim, Seon's realm, beyond
The flowery dale of Sibma clad with vines;
And Eleälé to the Aſphaltick pool.
Peor his other name, when he entic'd
Iſrael in Sittim, on their march from Nile,
To do him wanton rites, which coſt them woe.
Yet thence his luſtful orgies he enlarg'd
Even to that hill of ſcandal, by the grove
Of Moloch homicide; luſt hard by hate;
Till good Joſiah drove them thence to Hell.
With theſe came they, who, from the bordering
flood

this god in *Sittim*, and committed whoredom with the daughters of Moab; for which there died of the plague twenty and four thouſand, *Numb.* xxv. 9. His high places were adjoining to thoſe of *Moloch* on the mount of Olives, therefore here called "that *hill of ſcandal*," as before "that *opprobrious hill*;" for Solomon did alſo "build an high place for *Chemoſh*," as well as for *Moloch*, I. *Kings* xi. 7: But *Joſiah* brake in pieces their images &c. II. *Kings* xxiii. 13, 14. NEWTON.

Ver. 417. ——— *luſt hard by hate;*] What a fine moral ſentiment has Milton here introduced and couched in half a verſe! He might perhaps have in view Spenſer's Maſk of Cupid, where *Anger*, *Strife*, &c. are repreſented as immediately following *Cupid* in the proceſſion. See *Faery Qu.* iii. xii. THYER.

The poet's moral is exactly verified in the inceſtuous and cruel conduct of Amnon towards Tamar; II. *Sam.* xiii. 15. "*Then* Amnon *hated her exceedingly*; ſo that the *hatred*, wherewith he hated her, was greater than the *love*, wherewith he had loved her." The hemiſtich is a fine commentary on the paſſage. TODD.

Ver. 419. ——— *from the* bordering flood
Of old *Euphrates*] It is rightly called *old*, being

Of old Euphrates to the brook that parts 420
Egypt from Syrian ground, had general names
Of Baälim and Aſhtaroth; thoſe male,
Theſe feminine: For Spirits, when they pleaſe,

mentioned by the oldeſt hiſtorian in the earlieſt accounts of time, *Gen.* ii. 14. And it is called the *bordering flood*, being the utmoſt limit or border Eaſtward of the Promiſed Land, according to *Gen.* xv. 18. NEWTON.

Ver. 420. ——————— *the brook that parts*
Egypt &c.] Moſt probably the brook Beſor, mentioned in Scripture, near Rhinocolura; which city is aſſigned ſometimes to Syria, and ſometimes to Egypt. NEWTON.

Ver. 422. *Baälim and Aſtaroth,*] They are frequently named together in Scripture. They were the general names of the gods and goddeſſes of Syria and Paleſtine. They are ſuppoſed to mean the Sun and the hoſt of heaven. NEWTON.

Ver. 423. *For Spirits, when they pleaſe*, &c.] Dr. Newton is of opinion, that Milton borrowed theſe notions about Spirits, from Michael Pſellus's dialogue, publiſhed in Greek and Latin at Paris in 1615, concerning the *operations of Demons:* in which it is aſſerted, that they can aſſume either ſex, and take what ſhape and colour they pleaſe, and contract or dilate themſelves at pleaſure, as they are of an airy nature. It ſhould be obſerved, that theſe operations are recounted in Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, a book familiar to Milton. The whimſical notions of Pſellus are alſo oppoſed, in this book, by a hoſt of grave confutations. See the chapter entitled, "*A digreſſion of diuels, and how they cauſe melancholy.*" It may be proper alſo to compare a paſſage in Wierus *De Præſtigiis Dæmonum*, 1582, lib. i. cap. xiv. which affords a commentary both to Pſellus and to Milton: "Dæmones, licet ſexu et propria lingua careant, corpus tamen illud aereum ſibi conceſſum, pro arbitrio velut nubes, vento flante, in varias formas mutant, contrahúntque, atque extendunt, *quemadmodum lumbricis videtur accidere ob ſubſtantiam molliorem, ductâque facillimam:* neque ſolùm magnitudine diverſitas in eis accidit, verùm etiam *figuras coloréſque variant multiformes.* — Sic *tanquam vir apparet*, et mox *occurrit ut fœmina.*" This was com-

Can either ſex aſſume, or both; ſo ſoft
And uncompounded is their eſſence pure;
Not tied or manacled with joint or limb,
Nor founded on the brittle ſtrength of bones,
Like cumbrous fleſh; but, in what ſhape they chooſe,
Dilated or condens'd, bright or obſcure,
Can execute their aery purpoſes,
And works of love or enmity fulfil.
For thoſe the race of Iſrael oft forſook
Their Living Strength, and unfrequented left
His righteous altar, bowing lowly down
To beſtial Gods; for which their heads as low
Bow'd down in battle, ſunk before the ſpear
Of deſpicable foes. With theſe in troop
Came Aſtoreth, whom the Phœnicians call'd
Aſtarte, queen of Heaven, with crefcent horns;

municated by Marcus to Michael Pſellus. Dr. Drake and Mr. Dunſter refer to the Satanick transformations enumerated by Sylveſter, *Du Bart.* 1621, p. 187, &c. TODD.

Ver. 437. ——— *With theſe in troop*
Came Aſtoreth, &c.] The goddeſs of the *Phœnicians*, under which name the *moon* was adored. She is rightly ſaid to *come in troop* with Aſhtaroth, as ſhe was one of them; the *moon with the ſtars*. She is called *queen of heaven*, *Jer.* vii. 18, and *goddeſs of the Zidonians*, I. *Kings* xi. 5; as ſhe was worſhipped very much in *Zidon* or *Sidon*, a famous city of the *Phœnicians*. Solomon, who had many wives that were foreigners, was prevailed upon by them to introduce the worſhip of this goddeſs into Iſrael; and he built her temple on the mount of Olives, which, on account of this and other idols, is called the *mountain of corruption*, II. *Kings* xxiii. 13, as here, by the poet, the *offenſive mountain*. NEWTON.

To whoſe bright image nightly by the moon
Sidonian virgins paid their vows and ſongs;
In Sion alſo not unſung, where ſtood
Her temple on the offenſive mountain, built
By that uxorious king, whoſe heart, though large,
Beguil'd by fair idolatreſſes, fell
To idols foul. Thammuz came next behind,
Whoſe annual wound in Lebanon allur'd
The Syrian damſels to lament his fate
In amorous ditties all a ſummer's day;
While ſmooth Adonis from his native rock
Ran purple to the ſea, ſuppos'd with blood
Of Thammuz yearly wounded: the love-tale
Infected Sion's daughters with like heat;

Ver. 444. ——— *whoſe* heart *though* large,] I. *Kings* iv. 29. "And God gave Solomon *largeneſs of heart*." Milton uſes the expreſſion "*large heart*," Par. Reg. B. iii. 10. So Henry More in his *Song of the Soul*, 1642, Part 2d, p. 100.

——— "*Large hearts* deride
"This pent hypocriſie." TODD.

Ver. 446. *Thammuz*] He was the god of the Syrians, the ſame with *Adonis;* who was ſaid to die every year and revive again. He was ſlain by a wild boar in *Lebanon*, from whence *the river Adonis* deſcends: And when this river began to be of a reddiſh hue, as it did at a certain ſeaſon of the year, this was their ſignal for celebrating their feaſts of Adonis; and the women made loud lamentations for him, ſuppoſing the river was diſcoloured with his blood. The like idolatrous rites were tranſferred to Jeruſalem, where Ezekiel ſaw the women lamenting *Thammuz*, *Ezek.* viii. 13, 14. NEWTON.

Ver. 447. *Whoſe annual wound* &c.] Ovid, *Met.* x. 726.

——— "repetitáque mortis imago
"*Annua plangoris* peraget *ſimulamina*." HUME.

Whoſe wanton paſſions in the ſacred porch
Ezekiel ſaw, when, by the viſion led,
His eye ſurvey'd the dark idolatries
Of alienated Judah. Next came one
Who mourn'd in earneſt, when the captive ark
Maim'd his brute image, head and hands lopt off
In his own temple, on the grunſel edge,
Where he fell flat, and ſham'd his worſhippers:
Dagon his name, ſea-monſter, upward man
And downward fiſh: yet had his temple high
Rear'd in Azotus, dreaded through the coaſt
Of Paleſtine, in Gath and Aſcalon,
And Accaron and Gaza's frontier bounds.
Him follow'd Rimmon, whoſe delightful ſeat

Ver. 456. ——— *the* dark *idolatries*] *Ezekiel* viii. 12. "Then ſaid he unto me, Son of man, haſt thou ſeen what the ancients of the houſe of Iſrael do *in the dark*, every man *in the chambers of his imagery?*" TODD.

Ver. 457. ——— *Next came one*
Who mourn'd in earneſt, &c.] The lamentations for Adonis were without reaſon; but there was real occaſion for *Dagon*'s mourning, when the ark of God was taken by the Philiſtines, and being placed in the temple of *Dagon*, the next morning, "behold, *Dagon* was fallen upon his face to the ground before the ark of the Lord; and the *head* of *Dagon*, and both *the palms of his hands* were *cut off* upon the *threſhold*," the *grunſel* or *groundſel* edge, the edge of the *foot-poſt* of his temple-gate, I. *Sam.* v. 4. NEWTON.

Ver. 467. *Him follow'd* Rimmon,] *Rimmon* was a god of the Syrians. He had a temple at *Damaſcus*, the moſt celebrated city of Syria, on the banks of *Abbana* and *Pharphar*, II. *Kings* v. 12, 18. NEWTON.

Was fair Damaſcus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharphar, lucid ſtreams.
He alſo againſt the houſe of God was bold:
A leper once he loſt, and gain'd a king;
Ahaz, his ſottiſh conquerour, whom he drew
God's altar to diſparage, and diſplace,
For one of Syrian mode, whereon to burn
His odious offerings, and adore the Gods
Whom he had vanquiſh'd. After theſe appear'd
A crew, who, under names of old renown,
Oſiris, Iſis, Orus, and their train,

Ver. 468. ——— fair *Damaſcus*,] Taſſo had ſimilarly characteriſed Damaſcus, *Gier. Lib.* C. iv. 43.

" Figlia i' fon d' Arbilan, che 'l regno tenne
" Del *bel* Damaſco." DUNSTER.

Ver. 471. *A leper once he loſt*,] Naaman the Syrian, who was cured of his leproſy by Eliſha, and who, for that reaſon, reſolved thenceforth to offer " neither burnt-offering nor ſacrifice to any other God, but unto the Lord," II. *Kings* v. 17. "*And gained a king*," Ahaz, *his ſcottiſh conquerour*, who, with the aſſiſtance of the king of Aſſyria, *having taken Damaſcus*, ſaw there an *altar*, of which he ſent *a pattern* to Jeruſalem to have another made by it; *upon which he ſacrificed*, after his return to Jeruſalem, and thenceforth gave himſelf up to idolatry, II. *Kings* xvi. 10, II. *Chron.* xxviii. 23. NEWTON.

Ver. 478. ——— Orus, &c.] *Orus* was the ſon of Oſiris and Iſis. Theſe, and the other gods of the Egyptians, were worſhipped in " *monſtrous ſhapes*," bulls, cats, dogs, &c.; and the reaſon alleged for this worſhip is derived from the fabulous tradition, that, when the giants invaded Heaven, the gods were ſo affrighted that they fled into Egypt, and there concealed themſelves in the ſhapes of various animals; and the Egyptians afterwards out of gratitude worſhipped the creatures, whoſe ſhapes the gods had aſſumed, Ovid, *Met.* v. 419, &c. Milton therefore

With monſtrous ſhapes and ſorceries abus'd
Fanatick Egypt, and her prieſts, to ſeek
Their wandering Gods diſguis'd in brutiſh forms
Rather than human. Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape
The infection, when their borrow'd gold compos'd
The calf in Oreb; and the rebel king
Doubled that ſin in Bethel and in Dan,
Likening his Maker to the grazed ox;
Jehovah, who in one night, when he paſs'd
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating Gods.

calls them *wandering* gods *diſguis'd in brutiſh forms* rather than human." NEWTON.

Ver. 482. ——— *Nor did Iſrael 'ſcape*
The infection, &c.] The Iſraelites, by dwelling ſo long in Egypt, were infected with the ſuperſtitions of the Egyptians; and probably made the golden calf in imitation of that which repreſented *Oſiris,* and out of the golden ear-rings which it is moſt likely they borrowed of the Egyptians, *Exod.* xii. 35. "And the *rebel* king," *Jeroboam,* made king by the Iſraelites who rebelled againſt Rehoboam, I. *Kings* xii. "*doubled that ſin,*" by making two golden calves, probably in imitation of the Egyptians with whom he had converſed, who had a couple of oxen which they worſhipped, one at Memphis the metropolis of Upper Egypt, and the other at Hierapolis the chief city of Lower Egypt; and he ſet them up "*in Bethel* and *in Dan,*" the two extremities of the kingdom of Iſrael: "*Likening his Maker to the grazed ox,*" alluding to *Pſalm* cvi. 20. NEWTON.

Ver. 487. —— *who in one night, when he paſs'd*
From Egypt marching, equall'd with one ſtroke
Both her firſt-born and all her bleating *gods.*] See *Exod.* xii. 12, and *Numb.* xxxiii. 3, 4. And Milton means all her gods in general, though he ſays "*bleating* gods" in particular; borrowing the metaphor from *ſheep,* (which R. Iarchi, upon *Gen.* xlvi. 34, ſays the Egyptians worſhipped as gods,) and uſing

Belial came laſt, than whom a Spirit more lewd 490

it for the cry of any ſort of beaſts: Or he might make uſe of the epithet as one of the moſt inſignificant and contemptible, with the ſame air of diſdain as Virgil ſays, *Æn.* viii. 698,

" Omnigenúmque deûm monſtra, et *latrator* Anubis."

NEWTON.

The expreſſion " *bleating* gods" might be ſuggeſted from Shakſpeare's *Winter's Tale*, A. iv. S. iii.

——————————— " Jupiter
" Became a bull, and bellow'd; the green Neptune
" A ram, and *bleated*." DUNSTER.

Ver. 490. *Belial came laſt*, &c.] Moloch and *Belial* are very properly made the firſt and the laſt in this catalogue; as they both make ſo great a figure afterwards in the Poem: *Moloch* the firſt, as he was " the *fierceſt* ſpirit," B. ii. 44; and *Belial* the laſt, as he was the " *moſt timorous and ſlothful*," B. ii. 117. It does not appear that he was ever worſhipped; but lewd, profligate fellows, ſuch as regard neither God nor man, are called in Scripture " *the children of Belial*," *Deut.* xiii. 13. See alſo I. *Sam.* ii. 12, and *Judges* xix, which are the particular inſtances here given by Milton. NEWTON.

The *laſt place* in a proceſſional catalogue, is in fact a *poſt of honour;* and Belial's rank among the fallen Spirits, the pre-eminence in wickedneſs and talents aſcribed to him by the poet, peculiarly entitles him to fill it. In opening his catalogue with Moloch, and cloſing it with Belial, Milton beyond all doubt had an eye to Virgil, who in the ſeventh Æneid commences his liſt of warriours with a brief character of Mezentius, (the Moloch of his liſt,) and cloſes it with a more diffuſe deſcription of Camilla. Taſſo's deſcription alſo of the Chriſtian leaders cloſes with Rinaldo, the flower of their chivalry. DUNSTER.

Dr. Newton would neither have miſtaken the *rank* of Belial, nor aſſerted that " it does *not* appear that Belial was *ever worſhipped*," if he had looked into the *Pſeudomonarchia Daemonum* of Wierus; a work, in which the *worſhip*, as well as the *rank*, of the fallen Angel is thus deſcribed. " Regem *Belial* aliqui dicunt ſtatim poſt Luciferum fuiſſe creatum, ideóque ſentiunt ipſum eſſe patrem et ſeductorem eorum qui ex Ordine cecide-

Fell not from Heaven, or more groſs to love
Vice for itſelf: to him no temple ſtood
Or altar ſmok'd; yet who more oft than he
In temples and at altars, when the prieſt
Turns atheiſt, as did Eli's ſons, who fill'd
With luſt and violence the houſe of God?
In courts and palaces he alſo reigns,
And in luxurious cities, where the noiſe
Of riot aſcends above their loftieſt towers,
And injury, and outrage: And when night
Darkens the ſtreets, then wander forth the ſons
Of Belial, flown with inſolence and wine.
Witneſs the ſtreets of Sodom, and that night
In Gibeah, when the hoſpitable door

runt, &c. Quamvis autem BELIAL IPSOS, *qui in terram dejecti fuerint*, PRÆCESSERIT; alios tamen, qui in cœlo manſere, non antecceſſit. Cogitur hic divina virtute, CUM ACCIPIT SACRIFICIA, MUNERA, ET HOLOCAUSTA, ut viciſſim det *immolantibus* reſponſa vera." Wierus de Lamiis, 4to. Baſil. 1582. col. 919. Again, ſpeaking of Belial, ibid. col. 920. "Babylonienſes *adorantes ſacrificaverunt* EIDEM." See alſo the account of Solomon's pretended homage to Belial, cited in the note on *Par. Reg.* B. ii. 204. TODD.

Ver. 502. ——— flown] *Blown* has been propoſed, by a nameleſs critick, for *flown*, according to doctor Newton; as there is in Virgil, "*inflatus* Iaccho," *Ecl.* vi. 15. And Mr. Warton reads *ſwoln*: See his note on *Comus*, v. 178. But *flown* is the true reading, and ſignifies *flushed*, like the Greek οἰνόφλυξ, *flushed with wine*: So *Deut.* xxi. 20, συμβολοκοπῶν OINOΦΛΥΓΕΙ, Septuagint: that is, "he is a glutton and a *drunkard*." TODD.

Ver. 504. ——— *when* the *hoſpitable* door
Expos'd a matron, to avoid *worſe rape*.] In the firſt edition thus,

Expos'd a matron, to avoid worſe rape.
Theſe were the prime in order and in might;
The reſt were long to tell, though far renown'd,
The Ionian Gods, of Javan's iſſue; held
Gods, yet confeſs'd later than Heaven and Earth,
Their boaſted parents: Titan, Heaven's firſt-born,
With his enormous brood, and birthright ſeis'd
By younger Saturn; he from mightier Jove,
His own and Rhea's ſon, like meaſure found;

——— "when hoſpitable *doors*
"*Yielded their matrons to prevent* worſe rape."

Milton did well in altering the paſſage; for it was not true of *Sodom*, that any *matron* was yielded there; ſee *Gen.* xix. 8: And, as the women were only offered, not accepted, it is not proper to ſay that they were *yielded*. But obſerve that Milton, in the ſecond edition changed *yielded* into *expoſed*; becauſe, in what was done at Gibeah, *Judges* xix. 25, the Levite's *wife* was not only *yielded*, but put out of doors, and *expos'd* to the men's lewdneſs. PEARCE.

Ver. 506. *Theſe were the* prime] Becauſe theſe are the idols who are mentioned in the moſt ancient records, viz. by the ſacred text. The Grecian and Roman deities are much later, as we have no account of them for ſeveral ages after Moſes; wherefore Milton conſiders them as of an inferiour order and degree: and it is known too that theſe Greek and Roman deities were derived from the Gods of this country. CALLANDER.

Ver. 508. *The Ionian Gods*, &c.] Javan, the fourth ſon of Japhet, is ſuppoſed to have ſettled in the ſouth-weſt part of Aſia Minor, about *Ionia*, which contains the radical letters of his name. His deſcendants were the *Ionians* and Grecians; and the principal of their Gods were *Heaven* and *Earth*; *Titan*, the father of the giants, was their eldeſt ſon, and his empire was ſeiſed by his younger brother *Saturn*, as Saturn's was by *Jupiter*. Theſe were firſt known in the iſland *Crete*, now Candia, in which is mount *Ida*, where Jupiter is ſaid to have been born; thence paſſed over into Greece, and reſided on mount *Olympus* in Theſſaly. NEWTON.

So Jove uſurping reign'd: theſe firſt in Crete
And Ida known, thence on the ſnowy top
Of cold Olympus, rul'd the middle air,
Their higheſt Heaven; or on the Delphian cliff,
Or in Dodona, and through all the bounds
Of Dorick land; or who with Saturn old
Fled over Adria to the Heſperian fields,
And o'er the Celtick roam'd the utmoſt iſles.
All theſe and more came flocking; but with looks
Down-caſt and damp; yet ſuch wherein appear'd
Obſcure ſome glimpſe of joy, to have found their Chief
Not in deſpair, to have found themſelves not loſt
In loſs itſelf; which on his countenance caſt
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride

Ver. 515. ——— *the* ſnowy *top*] So Homer calls it, *Iliad* i. 420, Ὄλυμπον ἈΓΑΝΝΙΦΟΝ. Again, *Il.* xviii. 615. Οὐλύμπῳ ΝΙΦΟΕΝΤΟΣ. NEWTON.

Ver. 517. ——— *the Delphian cliff,*] A tranſlation of Θεσπιέπεια Δελφὶς πέτρα, *Œd. Tyr.* 471. Every one knows this to be the famous oracle of Apollo at Delphos; and *Dodona* to be the oracle of Jupiter. CALLANDER.

Ver. 519. — *Dorick land;* &c.] That is, Greece, *Doris* being a part of Greece; *or fled over Adria*, the Adriatick, to the *Heſperian fields*, Italy; *and o'er the Celtick*, France and the other countries over-run by the Celtes. NEWTON.

By *roam'd the utmoſt iſles*, Milton means the idols which we had from the continent. Our Saxon anceſtors, coming over into England, while they were yet Pagans, brought over the worſhip of their idols with them. The *utmoſt iſles* mean Britain, Ireland, and the adjacent iſlands, which by the Ancients were thought the utmoſt boundaries of the world. CALLANDER.

And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly,
That Hermes once to wife Ulyſſes gave;
He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,

Ver. 636 *And yet more med'cinal is it than that Moly*, &c.] Drayton introduces a ſhepherd "his ſundry ſimples ſorting," who, among other rare plants, produces Moly, *Muſ. Elyſ. Nymph.* v. vol. iv. p. 1489.

"Here is my *Moly* of much fame,
"In magicks often uſed."

It is not agreed, whether Milton's Hæmony is a real or poetical plant. Drayton, in the lines following the paſſage juſt quoted, recites, with many more of the kind,

"Here holy vervain, and here dill,
"*'Gainſt witchcrayt* much avayling."

But Milton, through the whole of the context, had his eye on Fletcher, who perhaps availed himſelf of Drayton, *Faith. Shep.* A. ii. S. i. vol. iii. p. 127. where the ſhepherdeſs Clorin appears ſkilled in the medicinal and ſuperſtitious uſes of plants. Nor muſt I forbear to obſerve, that in Browne's *Inner Temple Maſque*, written on Milton's ſubject, Circe, attended by the Syrens, uſes Moly for a charm, p. 135. Our author again alludes to the powers of Moly for "quelling the might of helliſh charms," *El.* i. 87. Compare Sandys's *Ovid*, p. 256. 479. edit. 1632. And Drayton's *Nymphid.* vol. ii. p. 463. And *Polyolb.* S. xii. vol. iii. p. 919. In Taſſo, Ubaldo, a virtuous magician, performs his operations, not by the charms of necromancy and the machinations of hell, but by the hidden powers of herbs and ſprings, *Gier. Lib.* C. xiv. ſt. 42

"Qual in ſe virtù celi ò l' *erba* ò 'l fonte."

In the *Faerie Queene*, the Palmer has a *vertuous ſtaffe*, which, like Milton's Moly and Hæmony, defeats all monſtrous apparitions and diabolical illuſions. And Taſſo's Ubaldo above-mentioned carries a ſtaff of the ſame ſort, when he enters the palace of Armida, xiv. 73. xv. 49. T. Warton.

Ver. 637. See the quotation from *The Valiant Welſhman*, in the note on v. 615.

"That Mercury to wife Ulliſſes gave." Todd.

And bade me keep it as of ſovran uſe
'Gainſt all enchantments, mildew blaſt, or damp,
Or ghaſtly furies' apparition.
I purs'd it up, but little reckoning made,
Till now that this extremity compell'd:
But now I find it true; for by this means
I knew the foul enchanter though diſguis'd,
Enter'd the very lime-twigs of his ſpells,
And yet came off: If you have this about you,

Ver. 640. *'Gainſt all enchantments,* mildew blaſt, *or damp,*] This is Milton's own pointing: no comma after *mildew.* And, although it is not adopted in other editions, I preſume it is right. See v. 845. "Helping all *urchin blaſts.*" And compare *Hamlet,* A. iii. S. iv.

"Here is your huſband; like a *mildew'd* ear,
"*Blaſting* his wholeſome brother." TODD.

Ver. 641. *Or* ghaſtly furies' *apparition.*] Peck ſuppoſes, that the Furies were never believed to appear, and propoſes to read "*fairies'* apparition." But Milton means any frightful appearance raiſed by magick. Among the ſpectres which ſurrounded our Saviour in the wilderneſs, and which the *fiend had raiſed,* are *furies,* Par. Reg. B. iv. 422. T. WARTON.

The combination "*ghaſtly furies*" occurs in Sylveſter's *Du Bartas,* ed. 1621. fol. p. 201. TODD.

Ver. 642. *I purs'd it up,*] It was cuſtomary in families to have herbs *in ſtore,* not only for medical and culinary, but for ſuperſtitious purpoſes. In ſome houſes, rue and róſemary were conſtantly kept for good luck. Among the plants to which preternatural qualities were aſcribed, Perdita in the *Winter's Tale* mentions *Rue* as the herb of grace, and *Roſemary* as the emblem of remembrance, A. iv. S. iii. T. WARTON.

Ver. 647. ——— *If you have this about you,*
(As I will give you when we go) you may
Boldly aſſault the necromancer's hall;] The notion

With orient colours waving: with them roſe
A foreſt huge of ſpears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and ferried ſhields in thick array
Of depth immeaſurable: Anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and ſoft recorders; ſuch as rais'd

Ver. 546. *With* orient colours *waving*:] So, in *Comus*, v. 65. "His *orient* liquour in a cryſtal glaſs:" Where Mr. Warton has obſerved, that *orient* means *richly bright* from the radiance of the *Eaſt*; that it was a very common deſcription of *colour*, and had long ago become literal even in the plaineſt proſe; and that in old agreements of glaſs-painters for churches, they bargain to execute their work in *orient colours*. Bentley had objected to the phraſe. TODD.

Ver. 547. *A* foreſt *huge of* ſpears;] Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* C. viii. ſt. 17. "E intorno *un boſco* habbian *d' haſte*." TODD.

Ver. 548. ——— ferried] *Locked one within another*, *linked* and *claſped together*, from the French *ſerrer*, to lock, to ſhut cloſe. HUME.

Ver. 550. ——— *to the* Dorian *mood*
Of flutes *and ſoft* recorders;] Milton, in his *Areopagitica*, uſes *grave* and *Dorick* almoſt as ſynonymous terms. "No muſick muſt be heard, no ſong be ſet or ſung, but what is *grave* and *Dorick*." This therefore was the meaſure beſt adapted to the fallen Angels at this juncture: And their inſtruments were *flutes* and *ſoft recorders*, for the ſame reaſon that Thucydides and other ancient hiſtorians aſſign for the Lacedæmonians making uſe of theſe inſtruments; becauſe they inſpired them with a more cool and deliberate courage, whereas trumpets and other martial muſick incited and inflamed them more to rage. See Aulus Gellius, lib. i. cap. 11, and Thucyd. lib. v. NEWTON.

Hence is to be obſerved the exactneſs of Milton's judgement in appropriating the ſeveral inſtruments to the ſeveral purpoſes which they were to ſerve, and the different effects which they produced. Thus, when *a doubtful hue was caſt* upon the countenance of Satan and his aſſociates, and they were but little above deſpair; in order to *raiſe their fainting courage and diſpel their*

To highth of nobleſt temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and inſtead of rage
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd
With dread of death to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and ſwage
With ſolemn touches troubled thoughts, and chaſe
Anguiſh, and doubt, and fear, and ſorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Mov'd on in ſilence to ſoft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful ſteps o'er the burnt ſoil: and now
Advanc'd in view they ſtand; a horrid front
Of dreadful length and dazzling arms, in guiſe
Of warriours old with order'd ſpear and ſhield;
Awaiting what command their mighty Chief
Had to impoſe: He through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and ſoon traverſe
The whole battalion views; their order due;
Their viſages and ſtature as of Gods;

fears, he commanded his ſtandard to be upreared *at the warlike ſound of trumpets and clarions*; which immediately inſpired them with ſuch a flow of ſpirits, that they are repreſented ſending up *a ſhout that tore Hell's concave*. But, when this ardour was once blown up, and they were to move in perfect phalanx, then the inſtruments are changed for *flutes and recorders to the Dorian mood*, which compoſed them into a more cool and deliberate valour, ſo that they marched on with *ſilence* and reſolution. GREENWOOD.

Ver. 560. *Breathing united force,*] Homer, *Il.* ii. 536.

Οὐδ' Εὐεδειαν ἔχον ΜΕΝΕΑ ΠΝΕΙΟΝΤΕΣ Ἀχαιοὶ.

STILLINGFLEET.

Their number laſt he ſums. And now his heart
Diſtends with pride, and hardening in his ſtrength
Glories: for never, ſince created man,
Met ſuch imbodied force, as nam'd with theſe
Could merit more than that ſmall infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with the heroick race were join'd
That fought at Thebes and Ilium, on each ſide
Mix'd with auxiliar Gods; and what reſounds
In fable or romance of Uther's ſon

Ver. 571, &c. Dan. v. 20. "His *heart* was lifted up, and his mind *hardened in pride*." GILLIES.

Ver. 575. ——————— *that ſmall infantry*
Warr'd on by cranes;] All the heroes and armies that ever were aſſembled, were no more than pygmies in compariſon with theſe Angels. NEWTON.

Ver. 576. ——————— *the* giant brood] An expreſſion which he repeats in *Samſon Agon.* ver. 1247. It occurs in Goffe's *Amurath*, 1632. A. v. S. 3.

——————— "the whole *gyant brood*
"Of thoſe fame ſonnes of Earth." TODD.

Ver. 579. *Mix'd with* auxiliar *Gods*;] In the war between the ſons of Œdipus *at Thebes*, and between the Greeks and Trojans *at Ilium*, the heroes were aſſiſted by the gods, who are therefore called "*auxiliar* gods." NEWTON.

Ver. 580. ——————— Uther's ſon] *King Arthur*, whoſe exploits Milton once intended to celebrate in an epick poem. Of his achievements in *Armorica* (now called Bretagne), as well as in England, the old legends are full. "*In fable*," here perhaps particularly alludes to Geoffry of Monmouth's account of Arthur, which Milton, in his *Hiſt. of England*, calls "that *fabulous* book." The old French "*romance*" of *La Morte d' Arthur* was here alſo remembered. The names of places, which follow, are written as they are in romance; and theſe

Begirt with Britiſh and Armorick knights;
And all who ſince, baptiz'd or infidel,
Jouſted in Aſpramont, or Montalban,
Damaſco, or Marocco, or Trebiſond,
Or whom Biſerta ſent from Africk ſhore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabbia. Thus far theſe beyond
Compare of mortal proweſs, yet obſerv'd
Their dread Commander: he, above the reſt

places were famous for *jouſtings*, or ſingle combats, between the Saracens and Chriſtians. See Boiardo, Arioſto, and Taſſo, in many deſcriptions. And the combatants are alſo thus diſtinguiſhed by the writers of romance. Thus Boiardo, *Orl. Innam.* l. 1. C. 1. ſt. 30.

" E ſia chi vuol Chriſtiano, o Saracino."

And Arioſto, *Orl. Fur.* C. xxx. ſt. 40.

" Macommetani, e genti di batteſmo."

In the ſtory of Charlemain, Milton follows the fabulous relation of the Spaniſh writers, by ſaying that the emperour and his twelve peers "*fell at Fontarabbia:*" He ſuſtained indeed, in returning home over the Pyrenean mountains, a partial defeat by the Duke of Gaſcony; but, according to the beſt French hiſtorians, he died in peace, many years after. Dr. Newton here obſerves, " It is much to be wiſhed that our poet had not ſo far indulged his taſte for romances, of which he profeſſes himſelf to have been fond in his younger years; and had not been oſtentatious of ſuch reading, as perhaps had better never have been read." I differ, with ſubmiſſion, from this remark. Milton's imagination, naturally ſublime, was *enlarged*, as Fenton has obſerved, by reading of romances. And hence his poetry often unites, with his own unborrowed imagery, the ſtriking embelliſhments and graces of romantick fiction. TODD.

Ver. 589. ——————— *he*, &c.] The greateſt maſters in painting had not ſuch ſublime ideas as Milton; and, among all their devils, have drawn no portrait comparable to this; as

In ſhape and geſture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower: his form had yet not loſt
All her original brightneſs; nor appear'd
Leſs than Arch-Angel ruin'd, and the exceſs
Of glory obſcur'd: as when the ſun, new riſen,

every body muſt allow who has ſeen the pictures or the prints of *Michael and the Devil* by Raphael; and of *the fame* by Guido: and of the *Laſt Judgement* by Michael Angelo. NEWTON.

And in what does this *poetical picture* conſiſt? in images of a tower; an archangel; the ſun riſing through miſts, or in an eclipſe; the ruin of monarchs; and the revolutions of kingdoms. The mind is hurried out of itſelf, by a crowd of great and confuſed images; which affect, becauſe they are crowded and confuſed. For, ſeparate them, and you looſe much of the greatneſs; and join them, and you infallibly loſe the clearneſs. BURKE.

I can find neither confuſion nor obſcurity in this paſſage. The firmneſs of the devil's ſtation or poſture is here compared to that of a tower; and his faded or diminiſhed ſplendour to that of the ſun ſeen through a morning haze, or from behind the moon during an eclipſe; all which is perfectly clear; the objects of compariſon being at once grand and illuſtrative; and the deſcription of them, as far as they are deſcribed, diſtinct, correct, and circumſtantial. The properties of ſolidity and firmneſs only, in the tower, being the objects of compariſon, to have deſcribed its form or magnitude would have been ſilly and impertinent: but the diminution of brightneſs is an occaſional effect; and when an occaſional effect is made the object of poetical compariſon or deſcription, it is always neceſſary to ſtate its cauſes and circumſtances; which the poet has here done with equal conciſeneſs, preciſion, perſpicuity, and energy; and it is to this that its ſublimity is, in a great degree, owing.

R. P. KNIGHT.

Ver. 591. *Stood like a tower:*] Mr. Stillingfleet refers the deſcription of Satan's perſon to Homer, *Il.* iii. 226. But I am perſuaded Milton had Dante here in mind, *Purgator.* C. v. 14.

"Sta, come torre ferma." TODD.

Ver. 594. ——— *as when the ſun, new riſen,* &c.] The

Looks through the horizontal misty air
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all the Arch-Angel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd; and care

contrast between the sun in a mist and in all his unclouded brightness, has been applied, by an elder poet, to the effectual reformation of those whose faith had been "vayl'd within the mist of errour." See Quarles's *Feast for Wormes*, 4to. 1620, sign. F. i.

"As when bright Phœbus, in a summer tide,
"*New risen* from the pillow of his bride,
"*Enveloped with misty foggs*, at length
"Breaks forth, &c."

But we may refer, as Mr. Dunster remarks, the simile of Milton to a very fine one of somewhat the same kind in Shakspeare; who (in *Rich.* II. A. iii. S. iii.) compares Richard, appearing with much discontent and indignation, to

——— "the blushing discontented sun
"From out the fiery portal of the east;
"When he perceives the envious clouds are bent
"To dim his glory, &c. ———
"Yet looks he like a king." TODD.

Ver. 597. ——————— disastrous *twilight*] The fine effect of the epithet *disastrous* must strike us. We may illustrate it by a passage in *Hamlet*;

"*Disasters* in the *sun*."——

Where Warburton observes that *disaster* is finely used in its original signification of evil conjunction of stars. Thus in Sylvester, speaking of the planet Saturn, *Du Bart.* p. 80.

"His froward beams' *disastrous* frowns." DUNSTER.

Ver. 601. ——————— intrench'd;] *Cut into*, had *made trenches* in his face; from the French *trencher*. So Shak-

Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntleſs courage, and conſiderate pride
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but caſt
Signs of remorſe and paſſion, to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliſs) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of Spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heaven, and from eternal ſplendours flung
For his ſake: yet faithful how they ſtood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heaven's fire
Hath ſcath'd the foreſt oaks, or mountain pines,

ſpeare, ſ[illegible] a *year*, in *All's Well that ends well*, "It was this very [illegible] *utmoſt'd* it." NEWTON.

Ver. [illegible]. ——————— amerc'd] *Amerc'd* has here a ſtrange affinity with the Greek ἀμερδω, to *deprive*, to *take away*; as Homer has often uſed it much to our purpoſe, *Odyſſ.* viii. 64.

Ὀφθαλμῶν μὲν ΑΜΕΡΣΕ, δίδου δ' ἡδείαν ἀοιδήν,

"The Muſe *amerced* him of his eyes, but gave him the faculty of ſinging ſweetly." HUME.

Amerce is an old Engliſh verb, and occurs in the drama of *Tancred and Gismund*, 4to. 1591. ſign. H. 3. b.

"Now, daughter, feeſt thou not how I *amerce*
"My wrath, that thus bereft thee of my loue,
"Vpon my head?" TODD.

Ver. 611. ——— *yet faithful how they ſtood,*] To ſee the true conſtruction of this, we muſt go back to ver. 605 for the verb. The ſenſe then is this, to *behold* the fellows of his crime condemn'd &c. yet how they ſtood faithful. RICHARDSON.

Ver. 612. ——————— *as when Heaven's fire*
Hath ſcath'd &c.] Hath *hurt*, hath *damaged*; a word frequently uſed in Chaucer, Spenſer, Shakſpeare, and our old writers. This is a very beautiful and cloſe ſimile; it repre-

With ſinged top their ſtately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blaſted heath. He now prepar'd
To ſpeak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half encloſe him round
With all his peers: Attention held them mute.
Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice, in ſpite of ſcorn,
Tears, ſuch as Angels weep, burſt forth: at laſt

ſents the majeſtick ſtature, and withered glory, of the Angels: and the laſt with great propriety, ſince their luſtre was impaired by thunder, as well as that of the trees in the ſimile: and beſides, the blaſted heath gives us ſome idea of that ſinged burning ſoil, on which the Angels were ſtanding. Homer and Virgil frequently uſe compariſons from trees, to expreſs the ſtature or falling of a hero, but none of them are applied with ſuch variety and propriety of circumſtances as this of Milton. See *An Eſſay upon Milton's imitations of the Ancients*, p. 24. NEWTON.

Their *ſtately growth, though bare*, will remind the reader of an elegant ſimile in Lucan, *Pharſal.* i. 136.

" Qualis frugifero quercus ſublimis in agro,
" Exuvias veteres populi, ſacratáque geſtans
" Dona ducum, nec jam validis radicibus hærens,
" Pondere fixa ſuo eſt, nudóſque per aëra ramos
" Effundens, trunco, non frondibus, efficit umbram."

The *blaſted heath*, as Mr. Dunſter alſo notices, is an expreſſion of Shakſpeare, which gives, as here, additional intereſt to the deſcription. It is where Macbeth is accoſted by the witches, " with prophetick greetings, upon the *blaſted heath*." TODD.

Ver. 619. *Thrice he aſſay'd, and thrice* ———
Tears burſt forth:] He had Ovid in his thought, *Met.* xi. 419.

" Ter conata loqui, ter fletibus ora rigavit." BENTLEY.

The turn of the words bears a near reſemblance to Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* i. xi. 41.

" *Thrice he aſſaid* it from his foote to draw,
" And *thrice in vain* to draw it did aſſay:"

Words, interwove with ſighs, found out their way.
O Myriads of immortal Spirits! O Powers
Matchleſs, but with the Almighty! and that ſtrife
Was not inglorious, though the event was dire,
As this place teſtifies, and this dire change
Hateful to utter: but what power of mind,
Foreſeeing or preſaging, from the depth
Of knowledge paſt or preſent, could have fear'd,
How ſuch united force of Gods, how ſuch
As ſtood like theſe, could ever know repulſe?
For who can yet believe, though after loſs,
That all theſe puiſſant legions, whoſe exile
Hath emptied Heaven, ſhall fail to re-aſcend

As alſo to Sackville, Induction *Mir. for Magiſtrates*, ſt. laſt,

" *Thryſe he began* to tell his doleful tale,
" And *thryſe the ſighs did ſwallow up his voyce.*"

BOWLE.

Milton perhaps had alſo in mind Agamemnon's addreſs to the Grecian leaders, *Il.* ix. 13.

——— ἀν δ' Ἀγαμέμνων
Ἴσατο δακρυχέων, κ. τ. λ.
Ὡς ὁ βαρυστενάχων ἔπε' Ἀργείοσι μετηύδα. TODD.

Ver. 622. *O Myriads* &c.] Compare ver. 315, &c. And the ſpeech in Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* C. iv. ſt. 9, 10. TODD.

Ver. 623. ——— *and that ſtrife*
Was not inglorious,] Ovid, *Met.* ix. 6.

——— " nec tàm
" Turpe fuit vinci, quàm contendiſſe decorum eſt."

NEWTON.

Ver. 633. *Hath emptied Heaven,*] It is conceived that a third part of the Angels fell with Satan, according to *Rev.* xii. 4. " And his tail drew the third part of the ſtars of heaven, and caſt them to the earth:" And this opinion Milton has again ex-

Self-rais'd, and repoſſeſs their native ſeat?
For me, be witneſs all the hoſt of Heaven,
If counſels different, or dangers ſhunn'd
By me, have loſt our hopes. But he, who reigns
Monarch in Heaven, till then as one ſecure
Sat on his throne, upheld by old repute,
Conſent or cuſtom; and his regal ſtate
Put forth at full, but ſtill his ſtrength conceal'd,
Which tempted our attempt, and wrought our fall.
Henceforth his might we know, and know our own;
So as not either to provoke, or dread
New war, provok'd: our better part remains
To work in cloſe deſign, by fraud or guile,
What force effected not: that he no leſs
At length from us may find, who overcomes
By force, hath overcome but half his foe.
Space may produce new worlds; whereof ſo rife
There went a fame in Heaven that he ere long

preſſed, B. ii. 692, B. v. 710, B. vi. 156. But Satan here talks big, and magnifies their number, as if their "exile had *emptied* Heaven." NEWTON.

Ver. 642. *Which* tempted *our* attempt,] The jingle of the times: So Sylveſter, *Du Bartas*, ed. 1621. p. 827.

"Shee dar'd, and did *attempt* to *tempt* mee too;
"But God forbad, &c." TODD.

Ver. 646. ——————— *by fraud* &c.] From Marino. See the note on *Par. Reg.* B. i. 97. TODD.

Ver. 651. *There went a fame* &c.] This is a neceſſary circumſtance, whereon to found the project on which the whole Poem turns; which project is with much judgement firſt ſlightly

Intended to create, and therein plant
A generation, whom his choice regard
Should favour equal to the ſons of Heaven:
Thither, if but to pry, ſhall be perhaps
Our firſt eruption; thither or elſewhere:
For this infernal pit ſhall never hold
Celeſtial Spirits in bondage, nor the abyſs
Long under darkneſs cover. But theſe thoughts
Full counſel muſt mature: Peace is deſpair'd;
For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, War,
Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd.
He ſpake: and, to confirm his words, out-flew
Millions of flaming ſwords, drawn from the thighs
Of mighty Cherubim; the ſudden blaze
Far round illumin'd Hell: Highly they rag'd

touched upon in this firſt book, and more fully developed in the ſecond, previous to Satan's proceeding on his enterpriſe. See alſo the note on ver. 211. DUNSTER.

Ver. 664. *Millions of flaming ſwords,*] Compare Taſſo, *Ger. Lib.* c. v. ſt. 28.

" Quaſi in quel punto *mille ſpade ardenti*
" Furon vedute fiammeggiar infieme."

And Silius Italicus, L. i. v. 500.

" Mille ſimul dextræ, *denſăſque micare* videtur
" *Enſis.*—" BOWLE.

Ibid. ——— *drawn from the thighs*] It may be obſerved here, that Milton, to keep up the dignity of language, has purpoſely avoided the trite phraſe *drawn from the ſides*, and adopted the Greek way of expreſſing it. Thus Homer, *Il.* i. 194.

Ἡ ὀγε φάσγανον ὀξὺ ἐρυσσάμενος παρὰ μηροῦ. THYER.

Ver. 665. ——— *the ſudden* blaze
Far round illumin'd] " *Traict l'eſpice* hors de

Againſt the Higheſt, and fierce with graſped arms
Claſh'd on their ſounding ſhields the din of war,
Hurling defiance toward the vault of Heaven.
There ſtood a hill not far, whoſe grifly top
Belch'd fire and rolling ſmoke; the reſt entire
Shone with a gloſſy ſcurf; undoubted ſign

fourreaux qui *jettoit moult grand clairte*," occurs in Huon de Bourdeaux, as Mr. Bowle obſerves. See alſo the Prologue to *Faimus Troes*, 1633. Of " bold ſouldiers in *hell;*

" Whoſe glittering armes brighten thoſe gloomy ſhades,
" In lieu of ſtarry lights." TODD.

Ver. 667. ——— *and fierce with* graſped arms
Claſh'd *on their ſounding* ſhields *the din of war*,
Hurling defiance *toward the vault of Heaven.*]
Graſped, joined to *arms*, determines the expreſſion to mean *ſwords* only, which were ſpoken of a little before, v. 664. PEARCE.

The known cuſtom of the Roman ſoldiers, when they applauded a ſpeech of their general, was *to ſmite their ſhields with their ſwords*. BENTLEY.

Milton here imitates both Spenſer and Shakſpeare. See the *Faer. Qu.* i. iv. 40.

" Therewith they gan to *hurlen* greedily,
" Redoubted battaile ready to darraine,
" And *claſh their ſhields*, and ſhake their ſwords on high."

And *Julius Ceſar*, A. v. S. i.

" *Defiance*, traitors, *hurl* we in your teeth." UPTON.

Ver. 669. ——— *toward the* vault *of Heaven.*] So Spenſer, in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*,

" Whatſo the Heaven in his wide *vault* contains."

Milton again uſes the word *vault* by a ſimilar figure, B. iv. 777 The ſame image is beautifully uſed by Buchanan, *Pſalm* xix. 2.

" Qui templa Olympi *fornice* flammeo
" Suſpendit." CALLANDER.

That in his womb was hid metallick ore,
The work of ſulphur. Thither, wing'd with ſpeed,
A numerous brigad haſten'd: as when bands
Of pioneers, with ſpade and pickax arm'd,
Forerun the royal camp, to trench a field,
Or caſt a rampart. Mammon led them on;
Mammon, the leaſt erected Spirit that fell
From Heaven; for e'en in Heaven his looks and thoughts

Ver. 673. ——— womb] *Womb* is here uſed in as large a ſenſe as the Latin *uterus*, which Virgil applies to a ſtag, *Æn.* vii. 490.

" *Ille* manum patiens, menſæque aſſuetus herili,"

but afterwards Aſcanius wounds him, v. 499.

" Pérque *uterum* ſonitu, pérque ilia venit arundo."

And ſee *Æn.* xi. 813. NEWTON.

A more appropriate illuſtration may be drawn from our own poetry; the application of *womb* being made to the ſame object as that before us, in Chamberlayne's *Pharonnida*, 8vo. 1659. B. ii. 147.

——— " a purling ſtream, whoſe ſpring did live,
" When from the *hil's* cool WOMB broke forth, within
" A grotto." TODD.

Ver. 674. *The work of ſulphur.*] Agricola ſays it was the common opinion of chemiſts, though erroneous, that metals were compoſed of ſulphur and quickſilver, *De re metallicâ*, p. 520. He mentions alſo burning mountains throwing up maſſes like iron, p. 562. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 678. *Mammon*] This name is Syriack, and ſignifies *riches*. " Ye cannot ſerve God and *Mammon*," *Mat.* vi. 24. *Mammon* is by ſome ſuppoſed to be the *god of riches*; and is accordingly perſonified by Milton, and had been before by Spenſer; whoſe deſcription of Mammon and his cave Milton ſeems to have had his eye upon in ſeveral places. NEWTON.

Were always downward bent, admiring more
The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold,
Than aught, divine or holy, elſe enjoy'd
In viſion beatifick: by him firſt
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion taught, 685

Ver. 682. *The riches of Heaven's pavement,*] So Homer, of Heaven's pavement, *Il.* iv. 2, χρυσείῳ ἐν δαπέδῳ. "And St. John, of the heavenly Jeruſalem," *Rev.* xxi. 21. "And the *ſtreet* of the city is *pure gold.*" NEWTON.

Dr. Gillies well obſerves, that Mammon could not have this ſordid diſpoſition of admiring *the gold of the ſtreet*, rather than the bleſſed viſion of God, before he ſinned. What is ſaid of him, therefore, from v. 679 to v. 684, though expreſſed in general terms, muſt be underſtood only of the time he remained in Heaven after he joined Satan. TODD.

Ver. 684. ——————— *by* him *firſt*
Men alſo, and by his ſuggeſtion *taught*,] Dr. Bentley ſays, the poet aſſigns as *two* cauſes *him* and *his ſuggeſtion*, which are one and the ſame thing. This obſervation has the appearance of accuracy. But Milton is exact, and alludes in a beautiful manner to a ſuperſtitious opinion, generally believed amongſt the miners: That there are a ſort of Devils which converſe much in minerals, where they are frequently ſeen to buſy and employ themſelves in all the operations of the workmen; they will dig, cleanſe, melt, and ſeparate the metals. See *G. Agricola de Animantibus ſubterraneis.* So that Milton prophetically ſuppoſes *Mammon* and his clan to have taught the ſons of earth by example and practical inſtruction, as well as precept and mental ſuggeſtion. WARBURTON.

Notwithſtanding all *the appearance of accuracy*, Dr. Bentley's obſervation is a hypercritical miſtake. "*Him and his ſuggeſtion*," mean, indeed, *one and the ſame thing*; but are not aſſigned by the Poet as *two cauſes*, but as *one* only. We have the like expreſſions commonly in proſe; "It was *you and your perſuaſion* that made me do ſo or ſo:" "It was *he and his example* which influenced others." And we meet with a paſſage in Book xi. 261. very like this:

Ranſack'd the center, and with impious hands
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treaſures, better hid. Soon had his crew
Open'd into the hill a ſpacious wound,
And digg'd out ribs of gold. Let none admire
That riches grow in Hell; that ſoil may beſt
Deſerve the precious bane. And here let thoſe,
Who boaſt in mortal things, and wondering tell
Of Babel, and the works of Memphian kings,
Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,
And ſtrength, and art, are eaſily out-done

" To *theſe* that ſober race of men, whoſe lives
" Religious titled them the ſons of God,
" Shall yield up all their virtue, all their fame
" Ignobly, *to the trains and to the ſmiles*
" *Of theſe fair atheiſts.*" EDWARDS.

Ver. 686. *Ranſack'd the* center, *and with impious hands*
Rifled the bowels of their mother Earth
For treaſures, *better* hid.] Ovid, *Met.* i. 138.

——— " Itum eſt in viſcera terræ,
" Quáſque recondiderat, Stygiiſque admoverat umbris,
" Effodiuntur opes." HUME.

See alſo Hor. *Od.* III. iii. 49.

" Aurum *irrepertum*, et ſic *melius* ſitum." NEWTON.

And compare Beaumont and Fletcher, *King and no King:*

——— " or were you hid
" Where *Earth hides* all her *riches*, near her *center*." TODD.

Ver. 695. *Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame,*
And ſtrength, and art, &c.] This paſſage has been miſunderſtood by Dr. Bentley and others. *Strength and art* are not to be conſtrued in the genitive caſe with *fame*, but in the nominative with *monuments*. And then the meaning is plainly thus, *Learn how their greateſt monuments of fame*, and how their *ſtrength and art, are eaſily outdone* &c. NEWTON.

By Spirits reprobate, and in an hour
What in an age they with inceſſant toil
And hands innumerable ſcarce perform.
Nigh on the plain, in many cells prepar'd,
That underneath had veins of liquid fire
Sluc'd from the lake, a ſecond multitude
With wonderous art founded the maſſy ore,
Severing each kind, and ſcumm'd the bullion
dross:
A third as ſoon had form'd within the ground
A various mould, and from the boiling cells
By ſtrange conveyance fill'd each hollow nook;
As in an organ, from one blaſt of wind,
To many a row of pipes the ſound-board breathes.
Anon, out of the earth, a fabrick huge

Ver. 699. There were 360,000 men employed for near twenty years upon one of the Pyramids, according to Diodorus Siculus, Lib. i. and Pliny, Lib. 36. c. 12. NEWTON.

Ver. 703. ——— founded] So the firſt edition reads; but in the ſucceeding editions, till Dr. Bentley's, it is *found out*. *Founded*, that is, *melted* the maſſy ore. TODD.

Ver. 704. ——————— *and* ſcumm'd *the bullion* droſs:] As one would ſay, gold-droſs, or ſilver-droſs, the droſs which aroſe from the melted metal in refining it. RICHARDSON.

See Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* ii. vii. 36.

"Some *ſcumm'd* the *droſs* that from the metall came."
STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 708. *As in an organ*, &c.] This ſimile is as exact, as it is new. And we may obſerve, that Milton frequently fetches his images from muſick, more than any other Engliſh poet; as he was very fond of it, and was himſelf a performer upon the organ and other inſtruments. NEWTON.

Roſe like an exhalation, with the ſound
Of dulcet ſymphonies and voices ſweet,
Built like a temple, where pilaſters round
Were ſet, and Dorick pillars overlaid
With golden architrave; nor did there want
Cornice or freeze, with boſſy ſculptures graven:

Ver. 711. *Roſe like an exhalation,*] The ſudden riſing of Pandemonium is ſuppoſed, and with great probability, by Peck, to be a hint taken from ſome of the moving ſcenes, and machines, invented for the ſtage by the famous Inigo Jones. In one of Charles the firſt's Sunday Maſks, I find a repreſentation of the kind which here deſerves to be cited: "In the further part of the ſcene, the *earth open'd;* and there ROSE UP a richly-adorned PALLACE, ſeeming all of goldſmiths-work, with porticos vaulted, on pillaſters of ruſtick work; their baſes and capitels of gold.—Above theſe ran an architrave freeſe, and coronis of the ſame; the freeſe enrich'd with jewels.—When this pallace was arriv'd to the hight, the whole ſcene was chang'd into a periſtilium of two orders, Dorick and Ionick, &c." The Maſk, in which this machinery was diſplayed, was acted at Whitehall on the Sunday after Twelfth-night in 1637. See *The Stage Condemn'd*, 8vo. Lond. 1698. pp. 12, 25. TODD.

Ver. 712. *Of* dulcet *ſymphonies and voices* ſweet,] *Dulcet* and *ſweet*, though ſynonimous, are thus employed together by Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* iii. i. 40.

"And all the while *ſweet* birdes thereto applide
"Their daintie lays and *dulcet* melody." TODD.

Ver. 713. ——— *where pilaſters round* &c.] See the note on ver. 711. And thus Spenſer, deſcribing the bridge that leads to the temple of Venus, *Faer. Qu.* iv. x. 6.

"And, arched all with porches, did arize
"On ſtately *pillars* fram'd after the *Doricke guize.*"

And Shakſpeare, *Cymbeline*, A. ii. S. iv.

——— "the *roof* o' the chamber
"With *golden* cherubim is *fretted.*" TODD.

The roof was fretted gold. Not Babylon,
Nor great Alcairo, ſuch magnificence
Equall'd in all their glories, to enſhrine
Belus or Sérapis, their Gods; or ſeat
Their kings, when Egypt with Aſſyria ſtrove
In wealth and luxury. The aſcending pile
Stood fix'd her ſtately highth: and ſtraight the doors,
Opening their brazen folds, diſcover, wide
Within, her ample ſpaces, o'er the ſmooth

Ver. 717. ——— *Not Babylon*, &c.] He had challenged *Babylon* and *Memphis*, v. 694; and now, as quite forgetful, he reiterates it, *Babylon* and *Alcairo:* This latter the worſe; becauſe *Alcairo* is a modern name, and not fit to join with *Belus* or *Serapis*. BENTLEY.

Ver. 720. *Belus or* Sérapis,] There are authorities, which may ſerve to juſtify in Milton this departure from the claſſical accent upon the ſecond ſyllable of *Serápis;* for we read in Martianus Capella,

" Te *Serăpin* Nilus &c."

And, in Prudentius,

" Iſis enim et *Serăpis*, &c." PEARCE.

Ver. 723. *Stood fix'd her ſtately highth:*] This is a Greek conſtruction. The meaning is, that the building ſtood firm along the whole of its height, or it ſtood now firm and complete in all its parts. CALLANDER.

Ver. 725. *Within,*] An adverb here, and not a prepoſition; and therefore Milton puts a comma after it, that it may not be joined in conſtruction with her *ample ſpaces*. So Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 483. " Apparet domus *intus*, et atria longa pateſcunt."

NEWTON.

Ibid. ——— *ample ſpaces,*] A beautiful Latiniſm. So Seneca, deſcribing the deſcent of Hercules into Hell, *Herc. Fur.* iii. 673.

" Hinc *ampla* vacuis *ſpatia* laxantur locis." THYER.

And level pavement: from the arched roof
Pendant by ſubtle magick many a row
Of ſtarry lamps and blazing creſſets, fed
With Naphtha and Aſphaltus, yielded light
As from a ſky. The haſty multitude
Admiring enter'd; and the work ſome praiſe,
And ſome the architect: his hand was known
In Heaven by many a tower'd ſtructure high,
Where ſcepter'd Angels held their reſidence,
And ſat as princes; whom the ſupreme King
Exalted to ſuch power, and gave to rule,
Each in his hierarchy, the orders bright.

Ver. 728. ——— *and blazing* creſſets, *fed*
With Naphtha &c.] A *creſſet* is any great blazing light, as a *beacon*. *Naphtha* is of ſo unctuous and fiery a nature, that it kindles at approaching the fire, or the ſun-beams. *Aſphaltus* or bitumen, another pitchy ſubſtance. RICHARDSON.

Shakſpeare alſo uſes the word *creſſet*, *Hen.* iv. Part i. A. iii. Glendower ſpeaks:

——— " At my nativity
" The front of heaven was full of fiery ſhapes,
" Of burning *creſſets*." NEWTON.

The word is derived from the French *croiſſette*, according to Sir Thomas Hanmer; becauſe the *beacons*, anciently had *croſſes* on the top of them. In Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, 1621, p. 74, the ſtars are called " the heaven's bright *creſſets*." In Golding's tranſlation of Ovid's Metamorphoſes, 1575, Shakſpeare's combination occurs in the fourth book: " A *burning creſſet* ſteept in blood." But there a *creſſet* is a *torch*. TODD.

Ver. 737. *Hierarchy*,] This word ſignifies *ſacred principality*: According to the writer of the book concerning the *celeſtial hierarchy*, falſely attributed to Dionyſius the Areopagite, the angelick world is divided into *three orders*. The firſt contains, Seraphim, Cherubim, and Thrones; the next order is made up

Nor was his name unheard, or unador'd,
In ancient Greece; and in Ausonian land
Men call'd him Mulciber; and how he fell
From Heaven, they fabled, thrown by angry Jove
Sheer o'er the crystal battlements: from morn

of Dominations, (Δυνάμεις) Princedoms, (Κυριότητες) Powers, (ἐξουσιαι.) Under the third, and loweſt order are ranged, Principalities, (ἀρχαι) Archangels, and Angels. It would ſeem evident, that Milton had ſome view to this arrangement, in his diſtinction of the orders of angels through all his work. Dionyſ. Areop. Περὶ ἑραν. ἱεραρχ. cap. vi. et vii. CALLANDER.

Ver. 738. *Nor was his name unheard,*] Dr. Bentley ſays, "This is careleſly expreſſed. Why does he not tell his name in Greece, as well as his Latin name? and *Mulciber* was not ſo common a name as *Vulcan*." I think it is very exactly expreſſed. Milton is here ſpeaking of a Devil exerciſing the *founder*'s art; and ſays he was not unknown in Greece and Italy. The poet has his choice of three names to tell us what they called him in the claſſick world, *Hephæſtos*, *Vulcan*, and *Mulciber*, the laſt only of which deſigning the office of a *founder*, he has very judiciouſly choſen that. WARBURTON.

Ver. 740. ——— *and how he fell*
From Heaven, &c.] Alluding to Homer, *Iliad* i. 590, &c. It is worth obſerving how Milton lengthens out the time of Vulcan's fall. He not only ſays with Homer, that it was all day long, but we are led through the parts of the day, *from morn to noon*, *from noon to evening*, and this *a ſummer's day*. There is a ſimilar paſſage in the *Odyſſey*, where Ulyſſes deſcribes his ſleeping twenty-four hours together, and, to make the time ſeem the longer, divides it into ſeveral parts, and points them out diſtinctly to us, *Odyſſ.* vii. 288.

Εὗδον παννύχιος, καὶ ἐπ' ἠῶ, καὶ μέσον ἦμαρ,
Δύσέ τ' ἠέλιος, καὶ μοι γλυκὺς ὕπνος ἀνῆκεν. NEWTON.

Ver. 742. "The *cryſtall battlements* of heauen," is a phraſe in R. Niccols's "England's Eliza," *Mir. for Mag.* 1610, p. 835; as alſo in the *Mirour*, p. 688. TODD.

To noon he fell, from noon to dewy eve,
A ſummer's day; and with the ſetting ſun
Dropt from the zenith like a falling ſtar,
On Lemnos the Ægean iſle: thus they relate,
Erring; for he with this rebellious rout
Fell long before; nor aught avail'd him now
To have built in Heaven high towers; nor did he 'ſcape
By all his engines, but was headlong ſent
With his induſtrious crew to build in Hell.
Mean while the winged heralds, by command

Ver. 745. The ſimile is probably adopted from Theocritus, *Idyll.* xiii. 49.

——— κατήριπε δ' ἐς μέλαν ὕδωρ
Ἀθρόος, ὡς ὅτε πυῤῥος ἀπ' οὐρανοῦ ἤριπεν ἀςὴρ
Ἀθρόος ἐς πόντον. TODD.

Ver. 746. *On Lemnos the Æ'gean iſle:*] So he pronounces *Æ'gean* in *Par. Reg.* B. iv. 238. Fairfax led the way to this manner of pronouncing the word, or rather to this poetical liberty; for in his tranſlation of *Taſſo*, C. i. 60, he ſays,

"O'er *Æ'gean* ſeas, through many a Greekiſh hold."

Again, c. xii. ſt. 63.

"As *Æ'gean* ſeas, &c. PEARCE.

Ver. 748. ——— *nor aught avail'd him now* &c.] Homer, *Iliad* v. 53.

Ἀλλ' οὔ οἱ τότε γὲ χραῖσμ' Ἄρτεμις ἰοχέαιρα,
Οὐδὲ ἑκηβολίαι.

And ſee Virgil, *Æn.* xi. 843. NEWTON.

Ver. 750. ——— engines,] *Devices, contrivances;* as in Fairfax's *Taſſo*, B. v. ſt. 15.

"'Gainſt him yet vain did all her *engins* prove." BOWLE.

Ver. 752. *Mean while the* winged heralds,] *Haralds*, in Milton's own editions; which he ſpells, according to Richardſon,

Of ſovran power, with awful ceremony
And trumpet's ſound, throughout the hoſt proclaim
A ſolemn council, forthwith to be held
At Pandemonium; the high capital
Of Satan and his peers: their ſummons call'd
From every band and ſquared regiment
By place or choice the worthieſt; they anon,
With hundreds and with thouſands, trooping came,
Attended: all acceſs was throng'd; the gates
And porches wide, but chief the ſpacious hall
(Though like a cover'd field, where champions bold

from the Italian *araldo*. Yet *harold* and *harauld* often occur in ancient Engliſh books. See Note on *Pericles*, Steevens's Shakſpeare, 1793, vol. xiii. p. 489. Mr. Stillingfleet here refers to the order given to the heralds in Homer, *Il.* ix. 10, and Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* C. iv. 3. And I may add the obſervation of a ſimilar order in Marino's *Strage degl. Innocenti*, L. i. ſt. 64. Mr. Dunſter cites the expreſſion, *winged heralds*, from Sylveſter's *Du Bart.* 1621, p. 812; and *alato corrier* from Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* Arg. C. ix. TODD.

Ver. 756. *At Pandemonium;*] Compare Henry More's *Song of the Soul*, 1642. Part 1ſt. p. 40.

" On Ida hill there ſtands a caſtle ſtrong;
" They, that it built, call it *Pantheothen:*
" Hither reſort a raſcall rabble throng
" Of miſcreant wights: But if that wiſer men
" May name that fort, *Pandemoniathen*
" They would it cleep."——

There was a book, publiſhed ſoon after the reſtoration of K. Charles II., entitled " *Pandemonium*," the ſubject of which, if I recollect rightly, is witchcraft. TODD.

Ver. 763. ———— cover'd field,] The *field for combat*,

Wont ride in arm'd, and at the Soldan's chair
Defied the beſt of Panim chivalry
To mortal combat, or career with lance,)
Thick ſwarm'd, both on the ground and in the air
Bruſh'd with the hiſs of ruſling wings. As bees

the *liſts; Champ clos.* The hall of Pandemonium, one room only, is like a ſpacious field encloſed for martial exerciſes on horſeback. RICHARDSON.

Ver. 764. ——— *at the* Soldan's *chair*] He alludes to thoſe accounts of the ſingle combats between the Saracens and Chriſtians in Spain and Paleſtine, of which the old romances are full. CALLANDER.

Soldan is an old Engliſh word, uſed for *ſultan*; probably from the Italian, *ſoldano*. It occurs often in old Engliſh romances. And *Panim*, another word frequent both in our ancient poetry and proſe, is here adopted inſtead of *Pagan*. TODD.

Ver. 766. *To mortal combat, or career with lance,*)] Milton has carefully diſtinguiſhed the two different methods of combat in the *champ clos*. Sometimes theſe fights were only for ſport, and to ſhow their addreſs. Upon theſe occaſions the combatants made uſe of ſpears and ſwords, whoſe points were blunted beforehand. At other times theſe combats were uſed to decide differences between particular perſons, who offered to fight, that the victory might ſhow which was in the right. In this caſe, the death of one of the parties generally decided the queſtion, and the victor was pronounced innocent. CALLANDER.

Ver. 768. *Bruſh'd with the hiſs* &c.] See the note on *Par. L.* B. vii. 431. TODD.

Ibid. ——— *As bees* &c.] An imitation of Homer, who compares the Grecians crouding, to a *ſwarm of bees*, Il. ii. 87. There are ſuch ſimilies alſo in Virgil, *Æn.* i. 430, *Æn.* vi. 707. But Milton carries the ſimilitude farther than either of his great maſters, and mentions the bees *conferring their ſtate-affairs*, as he is going to give an account of the conſultations of the devils. NEWTON.

In ſpring time, when the ſun with Taurus rides,
Pour forth their populous youth about the hive
In cluſters: they among freſh dews and flowers
Fly to and fro, or on the ſmoothed plank,
The ſuburb of their ſtraw-built citadel,
New rubb'd with balm, expatiate and confer
Their ſtate affairs. So thick the aery croud
Swarm'd and were ſtraiten'd; till, the ſignal given,
Behold a wonder! They but now who ſeem'd
In bigneſs to ſurpaſs Earth's giant ſons,

Ver. 769. *In ſpring time, when the ſun* with *Taurus rides,*] In April. Virgil, *Georg.* i. 217.

" Candidus auratis aperit cum cornibus annum
" Taurus." HUME.

Dr. Bentley reads, " *in* Taurus," and ſays, " Does Taurus *ride* too, a conſtellation fixed?" Yes, or elſe Ovid is wrong throughout his whole *Faſti*, where he deſcribes the riſing and ſetting of the ſigns of the zodiack: See what he ſays of the riſing of *Taurus*, v. 603. And Milton, in B. x. 663, ſpeaking of the fixed ſtars, ſays, " which of them *riſing with the ſun, or falling*, &c." PEARCE.

Ver. 770. *Pour forth their populous youth about the hive.*] Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 21.

—— " Quum prima novi ducent examina reges
" Vere ſuo, ludétque favis emiſſa juventus." HUME.

Ver. 771. ———————— freſh dews] *Lycidas*, ver. 29.

" Battening our flocks with the *freſh dews* of night."

As in Ovid, *Faſt.* iii. 880. " Canuerint herbæ *rore recente* quater." TODD.

Ver. 774. ———————— *expatiate*] In its Latin ſenſe, ſignifying to *walk abroad*. So Virgil uſes it, *Æn.* iv. 62.

" Aut ante ora Deûm, pingues *ſpatiatur* ad aras."

And Cicero, *Orat.* c. iii. " Ut palæſtricè *ſpatiari* in Xyſto liceat." CALLANDER.

Now leſs than ſmalleſt dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberleſs, like that Pygmean race
Beyond the Indian mount; or faery elves,
Whoſe midnight revels, by a foreſt ſide
Or fountain, ſome belated peaſant ſees,
Or dreams he ſees, while over-head the moon
Sits arbitreſs, and nearer to the earth

Ver. 780. ——————— *that Pygmean race*
Beyond the Indian mount;] Mr. Stillingfleet points out the ſimile of the Pygmean race, in Homer, *Iliad* iii. 6. Where ſee the ſcholiaſt. For the reaſon of the poet's fixing the habitation of this race "beyond the Indian mount," ſee, beſide the ſcholiaſt on Homer, Pliny, *Nat. Hiſt.* L. vii. C. ii. "Supra hos, (circa fontem Gangis,) extrema in parte montium, Spithamæi Pygmæi narrantur, ternas ſpithamas longitudine, hoc eſt, ternos dodrantes non excedentes." TODD.

Ver. 782. *Whoſe midnight revels*, &c.] Olaus Magnus, treating of the *night-dances* of the *Fairies* and Ghoſts, relates that *travellers in the night*, and ſuch as watch the flocks and herds, are wont to be compaſſed about with many ſtrange apparitions of this kind. See B. iii. Ch. x. Engl. ed. fol. 1658. TODD.

Ver. 783. ——————— *ſees*,
Or dreams he ſees,] From Apollonius Rhodius, one of his favourite authors, *Argonaut.* iv. 1479.

——— ὥς τίς τε νέῳ ἐνὶ ἤματι μήνην
Ἢ ἴδεν, ἢ ἐδοκήσεν ἐπακλύουσαν ἴδεσθαι. TODD.

Ver. 785. *Sits* arbitreſs,] *Witneſs*, ſpectatreſs. So Horace, *Epod.* v. 49.

"O rebus meis
"Non infideles *arbitræ*
"Nox et Diana." HEYLIN.

Ibid. ——— *nearer to the earth*] This is ſaid in alluſion to the ſuperſtitious notion of witches and faeries having great power over the moon. Virgil, *Eclog.* viii. 69.

"Carmina vel cœlo poſſunt *deducere* lunam." NEWTON.

Wheels her pale courſe; they, on their mirth and dance
Intent, with jocund muſick charm his ear;
At once with joy and fear his heart rebounds.
Thus incorporeal Spirits to ſmalleſt forms
Reduc'd their ſhapes immenſe, and were at large,
Though without number ſtill, amidſt the hall
Of that infernal court. But far within,
And in their own dimenſions, like themſelves,
The great Seraphick Lords and Cherubim
In cloſe receſs and ſecret conclave ſat;

Ver. 786. *Wheels her* pale courſe;] Virg. *Æn.* vii. 8.

——————— " nec *candida curſum*
" *Luna* negat." DUNSTER.

Ibid. ——— *they, on their mirth and dance*
Intent, &c.] There is a ſimilar night-ſcene in Horace, *Od.* i. iv. 5.

" Jam Cytherea *choros ducit* Venus, *imminente Lunâ*;
" Junctæque Nymphis Gratiæ decentes
" Alterno terram quatiunt pede." TODD.

Ver. 790. ——— *and were* at large,] Though numberleſs, they had ſo contracted their dimenſions, as to have room enough to be *au large*, French; *a largo*, Italian; and be yet in the hall. So, in B. xi. 626.

" Ere long to ſwim *at large*." RICHARDSON.

Ver. 793. ——————— *like themſelves*,] So Mars and Minerva are diſtinguiſhed, Hom. *Il.* xviii. 518.

Καλῷ καὶ μεγάλῳ σὺν τεύχεσιν, ΩΣ ΤΕ ΘΕΩ ΠΕΡ,
Ἀμφὶς ἀριζήλω, κ. τ. λ. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 795. *In cloſe receſs and ſecret* conclave *ſat*;] It is not impoſſible that the poet might here allude to what is ſtrictly and properly called *the conclave*; for it is certain that he had not a much better opinion of the one than of the other of theſe aſſemblies. NEWTON.

A thouſand Demi-gods on golden ſeats,
Frequent and full. After ſhort ſilence then,
And ſummons read, the great conſult began.

Dr. Newton means the *hall*, in which the Cardinals meet, after the death of a *Pope*, to chooſe a ſucceſſour: But, in a note on B. x. 457, he obſerves that the Devils are frequently deſcribed by metaphors taken from the *Turks*; Satan being called the *Sultan*, and his council the *Divan*: which council "is here ſaid *to ſit in ſecret* CONCLAVE; the *Devil*, the *Turk*, and the *Pope*, being commonly thought to be nearly related, and often joined together."

Without diſputing the *triple alliance* thus aſſerted, I will adduce a paſſage, to which Milton perhaps adverted rather than immediately to *Turk* or *Pope*, from P. Fletcher's *Locuſts*, 1627, p. 36.

" And now the *Infernal Powers*, through the ayer driving,
" For ſpeed their leather pinions broad diſplay;
" Now, at eternall Death's wide gate arriving,
" Sinne gives them paſſage; ſtill they cut their way,
" Till, to the bottome of *Hell's palace* diving,
" They enter Dis' *deepe* CONCLAVE: there they ſtay,
" Waiting the reſt; and now they all are met,
" A *full* foule *Senate*, now *they all are ſet*,
" The horride *Court*, big ſwolne with th' hideous *Counſel*, ſwet."

See alſo my note on *Par. Regained*, B. i. 42. TODD.

Ver. 796. *A thouſand Demi-gods on golden ſeats,*
Frequent and full.] Homer, *Il.* xx. 10.

Ἐλθόντες δ' ἐς δῶμα Διὸς νεφεληγερέταο,
ἕεδρῃς αἰθούσῃσιν ἰφιξάνου, κ. τ. λ. STILLINGFLEET.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

THE

SECOND BOOK

OF

PARADISE LOST.

THE ARGUMENT.

The conſultation begun, Satan debates whether another battle be to be hazarded for the recovery of Heaven: Some adviſe it, others diſſuade: A third propoſal is preferred, mentioned before by Satan, to ſearch the truth of that prophecy or tradition in Heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature equal or not much inferiour to themſelves, about this time to be created: Their doubt, who ſhall be ſent on this difficult ſearch; Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the reſt betake them ſeveral ways, and to ſeveral employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He paſſes on his journey to Hell gates; finds them ſhut, and who ſat there to guard them; by whom at length they are opened, and diſcover to him the great gulf between Hell and Heaven; with what difficulty he paſſes through, directed by Chaos, the Power of that place, to the ſight of this new world which he ſought.

PARADISE LOST.

BOOK II.

HIGH on a throne of royal ſtate, which far
Outſhone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
Or where the gorgeous Eaſt with richeſt hand
Showers on her kings barbarick pearl and gold,

Ver. 1. *High on a throne* &c.] Spenſer, F. Q. i. iv. 8.

" High above all a cloth of ſtate was ſpred,
" And a rich throne, as bright as ſunny day,
" On which there ſate &c." STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 2. ——— the wealth *of Ormus and of Ind*,] That is, *diamonds*; a principal part of the wealth of India, where they are found, and of the iſland Ormus, in the Perſian gulf, which is the mart for them. PEARCE.

Ver. 3. *Or where the* gorgeous Eaſt &c.] Spenſer has the ſame thought, *Faery Queen*, iii. iv. 23.

——————— " It did paſſe
" The *wealth of th' Eaſt*, and *pompe of* Perſian *kings*."
NEWTON.

And ſee Shakſpeare, *Love's Lab. Loſt*, A. iv. S. iii.

——— " like a rude and ſavage man of *Inde*,
" At the firſt opening of the *gorgeous Eaſt*."
CALLANDER.

Ver. 4. *Showers on her kings barbarick pearl and gold*,] It was the eaſtern ceremony, at the coronation of their kings, to powder them with *gold-duſt* and *ſeed-pearl*.—In the Life of Timur-bec, or Tamerlane, written by a Perſian contemporary

Satan exalted ſat, by merit rais'd
To that bad eminence: and, from deſpair
Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aſpires
Beyond thus high; inſatiate to purſue
Vain war with Heaven; and, by ſucceſs untaught,
His proud imaginations thus diſplay'd.
Powers and Dominions, Deities of Heaven!
For ſince no deep within her gulf can hold
Immortal vigour, though oppreſs'd and fallen,
I give not Heaven for loſt. From this deſcent
Celeſtial virtues riſing, will appear
More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
And truſt themſelves to fear no ſecond fate.
Me though juſt right, and the fix'd laws of Heaven,

author, are the following words, as tranſlated by Monſ. Petit de la Croix, in the account there given of his coronation, B. ii. c. i. "*Les princes du ſang royal et les emirs repandirent à pleines mains*" [with liberal hand] "*ſur ſa tête quantité d'or et de pierreries ſelon la coûtume.*" WARBURTON.

Ver. 4. ——— barbarick *pearl and* gold,] Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 504.

"*Barbarico* poſtes *auro* ſpoliiſque ſuperbi."

And Taſſo, as Mr. Thyer obſerves, *Gier. Lib.* c. xvii. ſt. 10.

"E ricco di *barbarico* ornamento,
"In habito regal ſplender ſi vede." NEWTON.

Ver. 11. Powers *and* Dominions,] As St. Paul calls the Angels, *Thrones*, or *Dominions*, or *Principalities*, or *Powers*, Col. i. 16. NEWTON.

Ver. 12. This, and the five following lines, ſhould be encloſed in a parentheſis. LORD MONBODDO.

Ver. 18. Me *though juſt right*, &c.] *Me* is rightly placed firſt in the ſentence, being the emphatical word and the accuſa-

Did firſt create your Leader; next, free choice,
With what beſides, in counſel or in fight,
Hath been achiev'd of merit; yet this loſs,
Thus far at leaſt recover'd, hath much more
Eſtabliſh'd in a ſafe unenvied throne,
Yielded with full conſent. The happier ſtate
In Heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
Envy from each inferiour; but who here
Will envy whom the higheſt place expoſes
Foremoſt to ſtand againſt the Thunderer's aim,
Your bulwark, and condemns to greateſt ſhare
Of endleſs pain? Where there is then no good
For which to ſtrive, no ſtrife can grow up there
From faction; for none ſure will claim in Hell
Precedence; none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall

tive caſe governed by the two verbs which follow, *create* and *eſtabliſhed*. NEWTON.

" *Me though juſt right*" to the end of the ſentence, is an elegant example of artificial arrangement, and a perfect pattern of rhetorical compoſition, hardly to be equalled in Engliſh. There is a ſimilar inſtance of the collocation of the pronoun in Horace, *Od.* i. v.

——— " *Me* tabula ſacer
" Votiva paries indicat uvida
" Suſpendiſſe potenti
" Veſtimenta maris deo." LORD MONBODDO.

Ver. 20. ——— *in* counſel *or in fight,*] Perhaps it ſhould be *council;* as if the poet had ſaid, " his merit in the *ſenate* or the *field*." Fenton reads *council*. TODD.

Ver. 33. ——— *none, whoſe portion* &c.] Here ſeems to be ſome obſcurity and difficulty in the ſyntax. Dr. Bentley and Dr. Heylin would read and point the paſſage thus:

Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in Heaven, we now return
To claim our juſt inheritance of old,
Surer to proſper than proſperity
Could have aſſur'd us; and, by what beſt way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate: Who can adviſe, may ſpeak.

——— " for none ſure will claim in Hell
" Precedence, none. Whoſe portion is ſo ſmall
" Of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind
" *He'll* covet more?" NEWTON.

I will venture to ſay Milton never wrote the paſſage in the manner ſuggeſted by Dr. Bentley and Dr. Heylin. The reduplication of the pronoun *none*, where ſtanding ſingly it could only be meant emphatically, would be mere botch; as there is no place here for any thing emphatical. Condenſation of language is a principal feature of the Miltonick ſtyle; which ſometimes involves obſcurity and grammatical confuſion; for the clearing up which, in this place, a material ellipſis muſt be ſuppoſed. Milton's meaning ſeems palpably to have been; " For *there is* none ſure will claim precedence in Hell; *there is* none, whoſe portion is ſo ſmall of preſent pain, that with ambitious mind *he* will covet more." DUNSTER.

Ver. 40. ——————— *by* what beſt way,
Whether of open war, *or* covert guile,
We now debate: Who can adviſe, *may ſpeak*.] Compare Jove's ſpeech to the gods, reſpecting the Titaneſs, in Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, vii. vi. 21.

——————— " It now behoves us to *adviſe*
" *What way is beſt* to drive her to retire,
" Whether by *open force*, or counſell wiſe,
" Areed, ye ſonnes of God! as *beſt ye can deviſe*."

See alſo ii. xi. 7.

" To aſſayle with *open force* or *hidden guyle*." TODD.

He ceas'd; and next him Moloch, ſcepter'd king,
Stood up, the ſtrongeſt and the fierceſt Spirit
That fought in Heaven, now fiercer by deſpair:
His truſt was with the Eternal to be deem'd
Equal in ſtrength; and rather than be leſs
Car'd not to be at all; with that care loſt
Went all his fear: of God, or Hell, or worſe,
He reck'd not; and theſe words thereafter ſpake.
My ſentence is for open war: Of wiles,
More unexpert, I boaſt not: them let thoſe
Contrive who need, or when they need; not now.
For, while they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt,
Millions that ſtand in arms, and longing wait
The ſignal to aſcend, ſit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling place

Ver. 43. ——————— *ſcepter'd king,*] As Homer ſays, *Iliad* i. 279, σκήπτȣχος βασιλεὺς. NEWTON.

Ver. 50. *He* reck'd *not*;] He *made no account of.* To *reck* is much the ſame as to *reckon.* He ſpake *thereafter*, that is, *accordingly*; as one who made no account of God, or hell, or any thing. NEWTON.

Ver. 51. *My ſentence is for open war: Of wiles,*
More unexpert, I boaſt not: &c.] Compare Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* C. ii. 51.

"Faccia Iſmeno, incantando, ogni ſua prova;
"Egli, a cui le malie ſon d' arme in vece:
"Trattiamo il ferro pur noi cavalieri:
"Queſt' arte è noſtra, e 'n queſta ſol ſi ſperi." TODD.

Ver. 56. ——————— ſit lingering] *Sit lingering*, to anſwer *ſit contriving*, ver. 54. While they ſit contriving, ſhall the reſt ſit lingering? NEWTON.

Accept this dark opprobrious den of ſhame,
The priſon of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No! let us rather chooſe,
Arm'd with Hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er Heaven's high towers to force reſiſtleſs way,
Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Againſt the Torturer; when to meet the noiſe
Of his almighty engine he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder; and, for lightning, ſee
Black fire and horrour ſhot with equal rage
Among his Angels; and his throne itſelf
Mix'd with Tartarean ſulphur, and ſtrange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way ſeems difficult and ſteep to ſcale
With upright wing againſt a higher foe.
Let ſuch bethink them, if the ſleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumm not ſtill,
That in our proper motion we aſcend

Ver. 64. ——————— *when to meet the noiſe*
Of his almighty engine he ſhall hear
Infernal thunder; &c.] Æſchylus, *Prom. Vinct.* ver. 920, edit. Schütz.

Τοῖον παλαιςὴν νῦν παρασκευάζεται
Ἐπ' αὐτὸς αὐτῷ, δυσμαχώτατον τέρας·
Ὃς δὴ κεραυνοῦ κρεισσον' εἰρήσει φλόγα,
Βροντῆς θ' ὑπερβάλλοντα καρτερὸν κτύπον, κ. τ. λ. TODD.

Ver. 69. Mix'd with] *Filled with*: It is an imitation of Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 487.

" At domus interior gemitu miſeróque tumultu
" *Miſcetur.*"—— PEARCE.

Ver. 74. —— *that* forgetful *lake*] Cauſing forgetfulneſs, as " the *oblivious* pool," B. i. 266. TODD.

Up to our native ſeat: Deſcent and fall
To us is adverſe. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce Foe hung on our broken rear
Inſulting, and purſued us through the deep,
With what compulſion and laborious flight
We ſunk thus low? The aſcent is eaſy then;
The event is fear'd; ſhould we again provoke
Our ſtronger, ſome worſe way his wrath may find
To our deſtruction; if there be in Hell
Fear to be worſe deſtroy'd: What can be worſe
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliſs, condemn'd
In this abhorred deep to utter woe;
Where pain of unextinguiſhable fire
Muſt exerciſe us without hope of end,
The vaſſals of his anger, when the ſcourge

Ver. 89. *Muſt* exerciſe *us*] He uſes the word like the Latin *exercco*, which ſignifies to *vex* and *trouble*, as well as to practiſe and employ; as in Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 453.

"Non te nullius *exercent* numinis iræ." NEWTON.

Ver. 90. *The* vaſſals *of his anger*,] The devils are the *vaſſals* of the Almighty; thence Mammon ſays, B. ii. 252. "*Our ſtate of ſplendid vaſſalage.*" And *the vaſſals of anger* is an expreſſion confirmed by Spenſer in his *Tears of the Muſes*,

"Ah, wretched world, and all that are therein,
"The *vaſſals* of God's *wrath*, and ſlaves of ſin."

But yet when I remember St. Paul's words, *Rom.* ix. 22. "*The veſſels of wrath fitted to deſtruction*, Σκεύη ὀργῆς," I ſuſpect that Milton here, as perpetually, kept cloſe to the Scripture ſtyle, and leave it to the reader's choice, *vaſſals* or *veſſels*. BENTLEY.

In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy*, 1624, p. 39, the devils are divided into *nine* kinds; the *third* of which, "are thoſe *veſſels of anger*, inventers of all miſchiefe, &c. whom Eſay cals

Inexorably, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance? More deſtroy'd than thus,
We ſhould be quite aboliſh'd, and expire.
What fear we then? what doubt we to incenſe
His utmoſt ire? which, to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, and reduce
To nothing this eſſential; happier far
Than miſerable to have eternal being:
Or if our ſubſtance be indeed divine,
And cannot ceaſe to be, we are at worſt
On this ſide nothing; and by proof we feel

veſſels of fury: Their prince is Beliall." But the true reading of Milton is certainly *vaſſals*. For thus alſo, in his *Proſe-W.* i. 274. ed. 1698. "The moſt underfoot and down-trodden VASSALS *of perdition*." TODD.

Ver. 91. ——— *and the torturing hour*
Calls us to penance?] To puniſhment. Milton here ſuppoſes the ſufferings of the damned ſpirits not to be always alike intenſe, but that they have ſome intermiſſions. HUME.

Poſſibly Milton had in view the intermiſſion which the Ghoſt in *Hamlet* deſcribes:

——— "My *hour* is *almoſt come*,
"When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
"Muſt *render up myſelf*." TODD.

Ver. 94. ——— *what doubt we to incenſe*
His utmoſt ire? which, to the highth enrag'd,
Will either quite conſume us, &c. &c.] Homer, *Il.* xv. 509.

Ἡμῖν δ' ὄτις τῦδε νόος καὶ μῆτις ἀμείνων,
Ἢ αὐτοσχεδίην μίξαι χεῖράς τε μένος τε.
Βέλτερον, ἢ ἀπολέσθαι ἕνα χρόνον, ἠὲ βιῶναι,
Ἢ δηθὰ στρεύγεσθαι ἐν αἰνῇ δηϊοτῆτι,
Ὧδ' αὔτως παρὰ νηυσὶν, ὑπ' ἀνδράσι χειροτέροισιν.

STILLINGFLEET.

Our power ſufficient to diſturb his Heaven,
And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
Though inacceſſible, his fatal throne:
Which, if not victory, is yet revenge.
He ended frowning, and his look denounc'd
Deſperate revenge, and battle dangerous
To leſs than Gods. On the other ſide up-roſe
Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
A fairer perſon loſt not Heaven; he ſeem'd
For dignity compos'd, and high exploit:
But all was falſe and hollow; though his tongue

Ver. 104. ——————— *his* fatal *throne:*] That is, *upheld by fate*, as he expreſſes it, B. i. 133. NEWTON.

Ver. 106. *He ended frowning*, &c.] Nobody of any taſte or underſtanding will deny the beauty of the following paragraph; in the whole of which there is not one metaphorical or figurative word. In what then does the beauty of it conſiſt? In the juſtneſs of the thought, in the propriety of the expreſſion, in the art of the compoſition, and in the variety of the verſification.

LORD MONBODDO.

Ver. 108. *To leſs than* Gods.] He gave it "To leſs than *God.*" For it was dangerous to the Angels. BENTLEY.

This emendation appears very probable at firſt view: But the Angels, though often called *Gods*, yet ſometimes are only compared or ſaid to be *like the Gods*, as in B. i. 570. "Their viſages and ſtature *as of Gods;* and of the two chief, Michael and Satan, it is ſaid, B. vi. 301, that "*likeſt Gods* they ſeemed;" and of two others, ibid. 366.

"Two potent thrones, that to be *leſs than Gods*
"Diſdain'd:"

And, in B. ix. 937, a manifeſt diſtinction is made between Gods and *Angels* who are called *Demi-Gods*. The preſent reading, therefore, "To leſs than *Gods*," may be juſtified. NEWTON.

Ver. 112. *But all was falſe and hollow;*] After theſe words

Dropt manna, and could make the worſe appear
The better reaſon, to perplex and daſh
Matureſt counſels: for his thoughts were low;
To vice induſtrious, but to nobler deeds
Timorous and ſlothful: yet he pleas'd the ear,
And with perſuaſive accent thus began.

I ſhould be much for open war, O Peers,
As not behind in hate; if what was urg'd
Main reaſon to perſuade immediate war,
Did not diſſuade me moſt, and ſeem to caſt
Ominous conjecture on the whole ſucceſs;
When he, who moſt excels in fact of arms,

a parentheſis commences, which comes down to the words, "*for his thoughts were low*," which can only connect with the words, "*But all was falſe and hollow.*" LORD MONBODDO.

Ver. 113. *Dropt manna,*] The ſame expreſſion, but applied differently, in Shakſpeare's *Merch. of Venice*, A. v. S. ult.

"Fair ladies, you *drop manna* in the way
"Of ſtarved people." NEWTON.

Sidney, in his *Arcadia*, has a phraſe derived from the ſcriptural account of manna; "her *heavenly-dewed* tongue," 13th edit. p. 140. Liſle, in his tranſlation of part of *Du Bartas*, 1625, p. 34. has the following expreſſion: "The *manna-dropping* woods of happy Arabie." Milton's application of the phraſe to Belial, is ſuitable to his ancient character. See my note on Addiſon's Criticiſm, p. 55. TODD.

Ibid. ——————— *and could make the worſe appear* &c.] Word for word from the known profeſſion of the ancient Sophiſts, Τὸν λόγον τὸν ἥττω κρείττω ποιεῖν. BENTLEY.

Ver. 124. ——————— *excels* in fact of arms,] From the Italian, *fatto d' arme*, a battle. HEYLIN.

The phraſe is a ſimple Galliciſm; *en fait d' armes*; *as*, "maitre

In what he counſels, and in what excels,
Miſtruſtful, grounds his courage on deſpair
And utter diſſolution, as the ſcope
Of all his aim, after ſome dire revenge.
Firſt, what revenge? The towers of Heaven are fill'd
With armed watch, that render all acceſs
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with óbſcure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning ſurpriſe. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all Hell ſhould riſe
With blackeſt inſurrection, to confound
Heaven's pureſt light; yet our great Enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of ſtain, would ſoon expel
Her miſchief, and purge off the baſer fire,

en fait d' armes." See Curſory Remarks on ſome of our ancient poets, particularly Milton, 1789, p. 126. The "*fayt of armes* and chivalry," is the title of a work, printed in 1489. See alſo ver. 537. of the preſent book. TODD.

Ver, 132. ——————— *or, with* óbſcure *wing,*] There are ſeveral inſtances, in our elder writers, of this accentuation. Thus, in *the Cobler's Prophecie*, 1594;

" O what is fauour in an *óbſcure* place."

And in Shakſpeare more than once. TODD.

Ver. 138. ——————— *would on his throne*
Sit unpolluted;] This is a reply to that part of Moloch's ſpeech, where he had threatened to mix the throne itſelf of God with infernal ſulphur and ſtrange fire. NEWTON.

Victorious. Thus repuls'd, our final hope
Is flat deſpair: We muſt exaſperate
The Almighty Victor to ſpend all his rage,
And that muſt end us; that muſt be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would loſe,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Thoſe thoughts that wander through eternity,
To periſh rather, ſwallow'd up and loſt
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of ſenſe and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry Foe

Ver. 142. ——— *Thus repuls'd*, our *final* hope
Is flat deſpair:] Shakſpeare, *K. Hen. VI.*

" Our hap is loſs, *our hope* but ſad *deſpair*." MALONE.

Ver. 151. *Devoid of ſenſe and* motion?] Dr. Bentley reads, " Devoid of ſenſe and *action*:" but *motion* includes *action*. Dr. Warburton and Mr. Upton think, that it ſhould be " *notion*:" but the common reading ſeems better, as it is ſtronger and expreſſes more; that is, they ſhould be deprived not only of all *ſenſe* but of all *motion*, not only of all the *intellectual* but of all *vital* functions. NEWTON.

Mr. Upton would have us read *notion*. This is certainly a better reading than Bentley's. But I ſee no neceſſity for changing the text. *Senſe* and *notion* is a tautology; the one including the other. But *ſenſe* and *motion* are two different things.
CALLANDER.

Milton evidently alluded to Shakſpeare, in regard to the very expreſſion as well as the ſentiments before us, *Meaſ. for Meaſ.* A. iii. S. i.

" Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
" To lye in cold obſtruction, and to rot;
" This ſenſible warm *motion* to become
" A kneaded clod; and the delighted ſpirit
" To bathe in fiery floods, &c." TODD.

Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is ſure.
Will he, ſo wiſe, let looſe at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wiſh, and end
Them in his anger, whom his anger ſaves
To puniſh endleſs? Wherefore ceaſe we then?
Say they who counſel war; we are decreed,
Reſerv'd, and deſtin'd to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we ſuffer more,
What can we ſuffer worſe? Is this then worſt,
Thus ſitting, thus conſulting, thus in arms?
What! when we fled amain, purſued, and ſtruck
With Heaven's afflicting thunder, and beſought
The deep to ſhelter us? This Hell then ſeem'd
A refuge from thoſe wounds: or when we lay
Chain'd on the burning lake? That ſure was worſe.
What if the breath, that kindled thoſe grim fires,

Ver. 156. ——— *impotence,*] It is here meant for the oppoſite to wiſdom, and is uſed frequently by the Latin writers to ſignify a *weakneſs of mind*, an *unſteadineſs in the government of our paſſions, or the conduct of our deſigns.* "Victoria ferociores *impotentioréſque* reddidit," Cic. *Epiſt. ad Fam.* ix. 9. "*Impotentia* dictorum et factorum;" *Tuſc. Diſp.* iv. 23. Hence we often meet with *impotens* animi, doloris, iræ, etc. PEARCE.

Hence the exclamation in *Samſon Agoniſtes*, which Dryden has copied;

"O *impotence of mind*, in body ſtrong!" TODD.

Ver. 163. ——————— *Is this then worſt*, &c.] See the *Prometheus* of Æſchylus, 307—329, and Homer's *Iliad*, ix. 337, &c. full of interrogations. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 170. *What if the* breath, *that* kindled *thoſe grim* fires,]

Awak'd, ſhould blow them into ſevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her ſtores were open'd, and this firmament
Of Hell ſhould ſpout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrours, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Deſigning or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempeſt ſhall be hurl'd

Iſaiah xxx. 33. "For Tophet is ordained of old; the pile thereof is fire and much wood; the *breath of the Lord*, like a ſtream of brimſtone, *doth kindle it.*" NEWTON.

The ſentiment in this, and the two following verſes, is probably borrowed from Æſchylus, where Oceanus addreſſes Prometheus, *Prom. Vinct.* v. 311. edit. Schütz.

Εἰ δ' ὧδε τραχεῖς καὶ τεθηγμένης λόγῳ
Ῥίψεις, τάχ' ἄν σε, καὶ μακρὰν ἀνωτέρω
Θακῶν, κλύοι Ζεὺς, ὥστε σοι τὸν ἰὲν χόλον
Παρόντα μόχθων παιδιὰν εἶναι δοκεῖν. TODD.

Ver. 174. *His red right hand*] So Horace ſays of Jupiter, "rubente dextera." But here being ſpoken of *Vengeance*, it muſt be "*her* right hand;" as in the next line it is "*her* ſtores." BENTLEY.

There is ſomething plauſible and ingenious in this obſervation: But by "*his*" ſeems to have been meant *God*'s, who is mentioned ſo often in the courſe of the debate, that he might very well be underſtood without being named; and by "*her* ſtores" in the next line, I ſuppoſe, are meant *Hell*'s, as mention is made afterwards of "*her* cataracts of fire." NEWTON.

"*Her* ſtores" are undoubtedly *Hell*'s ſtores; the order of the relative and the antecedent being here inverted. TODD.

Ver. 180. *Caught in a fiery tempeſt* &c.] Again alluding to the fate of Ajax Oileus, as in B. i. 328. HUME.

Each on his rock transfix'd, the ſport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever ſunk
Under yon boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converſe with everlaſting groans,
Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,
Ages of hopeleſs end? This would be worſe.
War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile
With him, or who deceive his mind, whoſe eye

Ver. 181. ——————— *the ſport and prey*
Of wracking whirlwinds;] Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 75. "Rapidis ludibria ventis." NEWTON.

And in the ſame *Æn.* 740.

——— "Aliæ panduntur inanes
"Suſpenſæ ad ventos." CALLANDER.

Ver. 185. *Unreſpited, unpitied, unrepriev'd,*] This way of introducing ſeveral adjectives beginning with the ſame letter, without any conjunction, is very frequent among the Greek tragedians, whom Milton, I fancy, imitated. What ſtrength and beauty it adds, needs not to be mentioned. THYER.

It was a common practice among our own poets. Thus Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* vii. vii. 46.

"Unbodied, unſoul'd, unheard, unſeen."

And Fairfax, *Taſſo*, c. ii. ſt. 16.

"Unſeene, unmark'd, unpitied, unrewarded."

Many paſſages might be adduced. Milton was certainly fond of this practice. See B. iii. 231, and B. v. 899. Again, *Par. Reg.* B. iii. 429. And even in his proſe, vol. i. p. 255. ed. 1698. "But he, that will mould a modern biſhop into a primitive, muſt yield him to be elected by the popular voice, *undioceſt, unrevenued, unlorded.*" This practice appears to me to be ridiculed in Gayton's *Notes on Don Quixote*, 1654, p. 230.

"*Ungoverned, uncardinall'd, unlorded,*
"Outed of all his hopes, but not *unworded.*" TODD.

Views all things at one view? He from Heaven's highth
All theſe our motions vain ſees, and derides;
Not more almighty to reſiſt our might
Than wiſe to fruſtrate all our plots and wiles.
Shall we then live thus vile, the race of Heaven
Thus trampled, thus expell'd to ſuffer here
Chains and theſe torments? better theſe than worſe,
By my advice; ſince fate inevitable
Subdues us, and omnipotent decree,
The Victor's will. To ſuffer, as to do,
Our ſtrength is equal, nor the law unjuſt
That ſo ordains: This was at firſt reſolv'd,
If we were wiſe, againſt ſo great a Foe
Contending, and ſo doubtful what might fall.
I laugh, when thoſe who at the ſpear are bold
And venturous, if that fail them, ſhrink and fear
What yet they know muſt follow, to endure
Exile, or ignominy, or bonds, or pain,

Ver. 191. ——————— *ſees, and derides;*] Alluding to *Pſalm* ii. 4. NEWTON.

Ver. 199. ——————— *To ſuffer, as to do,*] So Scævola boaſted that he was a Roman, and knew as well how *to ſuffer, as to act.* "*Et facere et pati fortia* Romanum eſt," *Liv.* ii. 12. So Horace, *Od.* III. xxiv. 43. "Quidvis *et facere et pati.*" NEWTON.

Ver. 204. ——————— *who at the ſpear are bold*
And venturous,] So Homer, of Thoas, *Il.* xv. 282.
——————— ἐπισταμένως μὲν ἄκοντι,
Ἐσθλὸς δ' ἐν πάλῃ. STILLINGFLEET.

The ſentence of their Conquerour: This is now
Our doom; which if we can ſuſtain and bear,
Our Supreme Foe in time may much remit
His anger; and perhaps, thus far remov'd,
Not mind us not offending, ſatisfied
With what is puniſh'd; whence theſe raging fires
Will ſlacken, if his breath ſtir not their flames.
Our purer eſſence then will overcome
Their noxious vapour; or, inur'd, not feel;
Or chang'd at length, and to the place conform'd
In temper and in nature, will receive
Familiar the fierce heat, and void of pain;
This horrour will grow mild, this darkneſs light;
Beſides what hope the never-ending flight
Of future days may bring, what chance, what change
Worth waiting; ſince our preſent lot appears
For happy though but ill, for ill not worſt,
If we procure not to ourſelves more woe.
Thus Belial, with words cloth'd in reaſon's garb,

Ver. 220. *This horrour will grow mild, this darkneſs* light;] *Light*, I conceive, is an adjective here as well as mild; and the meaning is, "This darkneſs will in time become eaſy, as this horrour will grow mild:" Or, as Mr. Thyer thinks, it is an adjective uſed in the ſame ſenſe as when we ſay, "It is a *light* night." But it is not well expreſſed. NEWTON.

Ver. 226. ——— *words cloth'd in reaſon's garb,*] As in *Comus*, v. 759, of that ſpecious enchanter, "obtruding falſe rules *prank'd in reaſon's garb*." TODD.

Counſell'd ignoble eaſe, and peaceful ſloth,
Not peace: And after him thus Mammon ſpake.
Either to diſenthrone the King of Heaven
We war, if war be beſt, or to regain
Our own right loſt: Him to unthrone we then
May hope, when everlaſting Fate ſhall yield
To fickle Chance, and Chaos judge the ſtrife:
The former, vain to hope, argues as vain
The latter: For what place can be for us
Within Heaven's bound, unleſs Heaven's Lord ſupreme
We overpower? Suppoſe he ſhould relent,
And publiſh grace to all, on promiſe made
Of new ſubjection; with what eyes could we
Stand in his preſence humble, and receive
Strict laws impos'd, to celebrate his throne
With warbled hymns, and to his Godhead ſing
Forc'd Halleluiahs; while he lordly ſits
Our envied Sovran, and his altar breathes
Ambroſial odours and ambroſial flowers,

Ver. 227. *Counſell'd* ignoble eaſe,] Virgil's "*ignobile otium*," Georg. iv. 764. NEWTON.

Ver. 233. ——— *and Chaos judge the ſtrife:*] Between the King of Heaven and Us, not between Fate and Chance, as Dr. Bentley ſuppoſes. PEARCE.

Ver. 234. *The* former, *vain to hope,*] That is, to unthrone the King of Heaven, "argues as vain the *latter*," that is, to regain our own loſt right. NEWTON.

Ver. 245. *Ambroſial odours* and *ambroſial flowers,*] Dr. Bentley would read,

"Ambroſial odours *from* ambroſial flowers;"

Our ſervile offerings? This muſt be our taſk
In Heaven, this our delight; how wearifome
Eternity ſo ſpent, in worſhip paid
To whom we hate! Let us not then purſue
By force impoſſible, by leave obtain'd
Unacceptable, though in Heaven, our ſtate
Of ſplendid vaſſalage; but rather ſeek
Our own good from ourſelves, and from our own
Live to ourſelves, though in this vaſt receſs,
Free, and to none accountable, preferring

And he aſks, how an altar can *breathe* flowers, eſpecially when *flowers* are, as here, diſtinguiſhed from *odours*? But, when the altar is ſaid to *breathe*, the meaning is, that it *ſmells of*, it *throws out the ſmells of*, or, as Milton expreſſes it, B. iv. 265, it *breathes out the ſmell of*. In this ſenſe of the word *breathe*, an altar may be ſaid to *breathe flowers*, and *odours* too as a diſtinct thing; for, by *odours* here, Milton means the ſmells of gums and ſweet ſpicy ſhrubs: See B. viii. 517. Not unlike is what we read in Fairfax's *Taſſo*, c. xviii. ſt. 20.

" Flowers *and* odours ſweetly ſmilde and ſmeld."

PEARCE.

Milton illuſtrates himſelf in *Samſon Agon.* v. 986.

——————— " my tomb
" With *odours* viſited *and* annual *flowers*."

Ambroſial odours, as Mr. Callander alſo notices, is a phraſe from Spenſer. See the *Fuer. Qu.* ii. iii. 22, iv. xi. 46. TODD.

Ver. 254. *Live to ourſelves,*] Horace, *Epiſt.* I. xviii. 107.

——————— " ut *mihi vivam*
" Quod ſupereſt ævi." NEWTON.

Ver. 255. ——————— *preferring*
Hard liberty before the eaſy yoke
Of ſervile pomp.] Such is the diſdainful obſervation of Prometheus to Mercury, *Prom. Vinct.* v. 974. edit. Schütz.

Hard liberty before the eaſy yoke
Of ſervile pomp. Our greatneſs will appear
Then moſt conſpicuous, when great things of ſmall,
Uſeful of hurtful, proſperous of adverſe,
We can create; and in what place ſo e'er
Thrive under evil, and work eaſe out of pain,
Through labour and endurance. This deep world
Of darkneſs do we dread? How oft amidſt
Thick clouds and dark doth Heaven's all-ruling Sire
Chooſe to reſide, his glory unobſcur'd,
And with the majeſty of darkneſs round
Covers his throne; from whence deep thunders roar
Muſtering their rage, and Heaven reſembles Hell?
As he our darkneſs, cannot we his light
Imitate when we pleaſe? This deſart ſoil
Wants not her hidden luſtre, gems and gold;
Nor want we ſkill or art, from whence to raiſe
Magnificence; and what can Heaven ſhow more?
Our torments alſo may in length of time
Become our elements; theſe piercing fires
As ſoft as now ſevere, our temper chang'd
Into their temper; which muſt needs remove
The ſenſible of pain. All things invite

Τῆς σῆς λατρείας τὴν ἐμὴν δυσπραξίαν,
Σαφῶς ἐπίσασ', οὐκ ἂν ἀλλάξαιμ' ἐγώ. TODD.

Ver. 263. ——————— *How oft amidſt*
Thick clouds and dark &c.] Imitated from *Pſalm* xviii. 11, 13, and from *Pſalm* xcvii. 2. NEWTON.

Ver. 278. *The ſenſible of pain.*] The ſenſe of pain. *Tὸ ſenſible*, the adjective uſed for a ſubſtantive. HUME.

To peaceful counſels, and the ſettled ſtate
Of order, how in ſafety beſt we may
Compoſe our preſent evils, with regard
Of what we are, and where; diſmiſſing quite

Ver. 279. *To peaceful counſels,*] There are ſome things wonderfully fine in theſe ſpeeches of the infernal Spirits, and in the different arguments ſo ſuited to their different characters: but they have wandered from the point in debate, as is too common in other aſſemblies. Satan had declared in B. i. 660.

——— " Peace is deſpair'd,
" For who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, War,
" Open or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd."

Which was approved and confirmed by the whole hoſt of Angels. And accordingly, at the opening of the council, he propoſes for the ſubject of their conſideration, which way they would make choice of, B. ii. 41.

" Whether of open war, or covert guile,
" We now debate:"

Moloch ſpeaks to the purpoſe, and declares for open war, v. 51.

" My ſentence is for open war: Of wiles,
" More unexpert, I boaſt not," *&c.*

But Belial argues alike againſt war open or conceal'd, v. 187.

" War therefore, open or conceal'd, alike
" My voice diſſuades; for what can force or guile, *&c.*"

Mammon carries on the ſame arguments, and is for *diſmiſſing quite all thoughts of war.* So that the queſtion is changed in the courſe of the debate, whether through the inattention or intention of the author it is not eaſy to ſay. NEWTON.

Ver. 282. *Of what we are, and* where;] So it is in the firſt edition; but in the ſecond, " Of what we are and *were.*" Tickell reſtored the reading of the firſt edition, which is the beſt: as it implies both " our *condition,* and the *place* where we are;" while the other merely means " our condition *paſt* and *preſent.*" For this reaſon Dr. Newton follows the firſt edition, which Dr. Bentley alſo has followed. TODD.

All thoughts of war: Ye have what I advise.
He scarce had finish'd, when such murmur fill'd
The assembly, as when hollow rocks retain 285

Ver. 285. ——— *as when hollow rocks retain* &c.] Virgil compares the assent, given by the assembly of the Gods to Juno's speech, *Æn.* x. 96. to the rising wind, which our author assimilates to its decreasing murmurs:

——— " Cunctíque fremebant
" Cælicolæ assensu vario: ceu flamina prima,
" Cum deprensa fremunt sylvis, et cæca volutant
" Murmura, venturos nautis prudentia ventos." HUME.

The conduct of both poets is equally just and proper. The intent of Juno's speech was to rouse and inflame the assembly of the Gods, and the effect of it is therefore properly compared by Virgil to the *rising* wind: but the design of Mammon's speech is to quiet and compose the infernal assembly, and the effect of this therefore is as properly compared by Milton to the wind *falling* after a tempest. Claudian has a simile of the same kind in his description of the infernal council, *In Rufinum*, i. 70.

——— " ceu murmurat alti
" Impacata quies pelagi, cum flamine fracto
" Durat adhuc fævítque tumor, dubiúmque per æstum
" Lassa recedentes fluitant vestigia venti."

And in other particulars our author seems to have drawn his *council of Devils* with an eye to Claudian's council of Furies; and the reader may compare Alecto's speech with Moloch's, and Megæra's with Belial's or rather with Beëlzebub's. NEWTON.

Milton, in this simile, did not forget Homer, whom he has exceeded, however, in beauty of description, *Iliad* ii. 144.

Κινήθη δ' ἀγορὴ, ὡς κύματα μακρὰ θαλάσσης
Πόντου Ἰκαρίοιο, τὰ μὲν τ' Εὖρός τε Νότος τε
Ὄρσῃ', ἐπαΐξας πατρὸς Διὸς ἐκ νεφελάων.

And, with respect to his *council of Devils*, it should be remembered, that he had before exhibited, at the age of seventeen, an infernal council and conspiracy in that brilliant proof of his genius, *In Quintum Novembris*. Phineas Fletcher, in his *Locustæ* vel

The ſound of bluſtering winds, which all night long
Had rous'd the ſea, now with hoarſe cadence lull
Sea-faring men o'er-watch'd, whoſe bark by chance,
Or pinnace, anchors in a craggy bay
After the tempeſt: Such applauſe was heard
As Mammon ended, and his ſentence pleas'd,
Adviſing peace: for ſuch another field
They dreaded worſe than Hell: So much the fear
Of thunder and the ſword of Michaël
Wrought ſtill within them; and no leſs deſire
To found this nether empire, which might riſe
By policy, and long procéſs of time,
In emulation oppoſite to Heaven.
Which when Beëlzebub perceiv'd, than whom
Satan except, none higher ſat, with grave
Aſpéct he roſe, and in his riſing ſeem'd
A pillar of ſtate; deep on his front engraven

Pietas Jeſuitica, and his *Locuſts or Apollyoniſts*, publiſhed at Cambridge in 1627, diſplays ſimilar ſcenery. See note, B. i. 795. Of Fletcher's Latin poem ſee further mention in the Inquiry into the Origin of Paradiſe Loſt, in the notes on *Paradiſe Regained*, B. i. 42, and on the beautiful poem *In Quintum Novembris*. TODD.

Ver. 301. Aſpéct] So Milton always accents this word, agreeably to the practice of our elder poets. It began to be accented, however, on the firſt ſyllable, in Milton's time. See Baron's *Cyprian Academy*, 1648. B. ii. 72.

" I' the comely *áſpect* of the Paphian Queene." TODD.

Ver. 302. *A pillar of ſtate;*] The ſame expreſſion is in Shakſpeare, *Hen. VI.* P. ii. A. i. " Brave peers of England, *pillars of the ſtate!*" NEWTON.

Deliberation ſat, and publick care;
And princely counſel in his face yet ſhone,
Majeſtick, though in ruin: ſage he ſtood
With Atlantean ſhoulders fit to bear
The weight of mightieſt monarchies; his look
Drew audience and attention ſtill as night
Or ſummer's noon-tide air, while thus he ſpake.
Thrones and Imperial Powers, Offspring of Heaven,
Ethereal Virtues! or theſe titles now
Muſt we renounce, and, changing ſtyle, be call'd
Princes of Hell? for ſo the popular vote
Inclines, here to continue, and build up here
A growing empire; doubtleſs! while we dream,
And know not that the King of Heaven hath doom'd

And in Gaſcoigne's *Poems*, 1587. p. 116. Thus alſo Milton, in his *Tractate on Education*, recommends the ſtudy of Politicks to Youth, that they may become "ſtedfaſt *pillars of the ſtate*."
TODD.

Ver. 305. *Majeſtick, though in ruin:*] Theſe words are to be joined in conſtruction with *his face*, and not with *princely counſel*, as Dr. Bentley imagined. NEWTON.

Ver. 306. *With Atlantean ſhoulders*] A metaphor to expreſs his vaſt capacity. Atlas was ſo great an aſtronomer, that he is ſaid to have borne Heaven on his ſhoulders. The whole picture from ver. 299, to the end of the paragraph, is admirable!
RICHARDSON.

Ver. 309. *Or ſummer's noon-tide air,*] Noon-tide is the ſame as noon-time, when in hot countries there is hardly a breath of wind ſtirring, and men and beaſts, by reaſon of the intenſe heat, retire to ſhade and reſt. This is the cuſtom of Italy particularly, where our author lived ſome time. NEWTON.

This place our dungeon; not our ſafe retreat
Beyond his potent arm, to live exempt
From Heaven's high juriſdiction, in new league
Banded againſt his throne, but to remain
In ſtricteſt bondage, though thus far remov'd
Under the inevitable curb, reſerv'd
His captive multitude: For he, be ſure,
In highth or depth, ſtill firſt and laſt will reign
Sole king, and of his kingdom loſe no part
By our revolt; but over Hell extend
His empire, and with iron ſcepter rule
Us here, as with his golden thoſe in Heaven.
What ſit we then projecting peace and war?
War hath determin'd us, and foil'd with loſs
Irreparable; terms of peace yet none
Vouchſaf'd or ſought; for what peace will be given
To us enſlav'd, but cuſtody ſevere,
And ſtripes, and arbitrary puniſhment
Inflicted? and what peace can we return,
But to our power hoſtility and hate,

Ver. 327. ——— *and with* iron *ſcepter rule*
Us here, as with his golden *thoſe in Heaven.*] The *iron* ſcepter is an alluſion to *Pſalm* ii. 9, as the *golden* is to *Eſther* v. 2. HUME.

Ver. 332. ——— *for what peace will be given*
To us enſlav'd, but *cuſtody ſevere,*———
——— *and what peace can we return,*
But *to our power hoſtility and hate,*] In both theſe paſſages there is an unuſual conſtruction of the particle *but*; it

Untam'd reluctance, and revenge though ſlow,
Yet ever plotting how the conquerour leaſt
May reap his conqueſt, and may leaſt rejoice
In doing what we moſt in ſuffering feel?
Nor will occaſion want, nor ſhall we need
With dangerous expedition to invade
Heaven, whoſe high walls fear no aſſault or ſiege,
Or ambuſh from the deep. What if we find
Some eaſier enterpriſe? There is a place,
(If ancient and prophetick fame in Heaven
Err not,) another world, the happy ſeat
Of ſome new race call'd Man, about this time
To be created like to us, though leſs
In power and excellence, but favour'd more
Of Him who rules above; ſo was his will
Pronounc'd among the Gods, and by an oath,
That ſhook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.
Thither let us bend all our thoughts, to learn

ſeems to put "cuſtody ſevere &c." in the one, and "hoſtility and hate &c." in the other, on the foot of peace. There are ſome very few inſtances where the Latins have uſed *niſi* (*except*, or *but*) in a like conſtruction. One is in Plautus's *Menæchmi*, Prol. v. 59. "Ei liberorum, *niſi* divitiæ, nihil erat." Lambinus ſays, this expreſſion ſeems too unuſual; for the particle *niſi* can except none but things like, or of a like kind.

RICHARDSON.

Ver. 352. ——————— *and by an oath,*
That ſhook Heaven's whole circumference, confirm'd.]

"He *confirmed* it *by an oath*," are the very words of St. Paul,

What creatures there inhabit, of what mould,
Or ſubſtance, how endued, and what their power,
And where their weakneſs, how attempted beſt,
By force or ſubtlety. Though Heaven be ſhut,
And Heaven's high Arbitrator ſit ſecure
In his own ſtrength, this place may lie expos'd,
The utmoſt border of his kingdom, left

Heb. vi. 17. And this oath is ſaid to *ſhake Heaven's whole circumference*, in alluſion to Jupiter's oath in Virgil, *Æn.* ix. 104, &c.; as Virgil had imitated Homer, *Iliad* i. 528—530.

NEWTON.

Ver. 360. ——— *this place may lie expos'd,*
The utmoſt border of his kingdom, left
To their defence who hold it:] It has been objected, that there is a contradiction between this part of Beëlzebub's ſpeech, and what he ſays afterwards, ſpeaking of the ſame thing and of a meſſenger proper to be ſent in ſearch of this new world, ver. 410.

—— " What ſtrength, what art can then
" Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
" Through the ſtrict ſenteries and ſtations thick
" Of Angels watching round?"

How can this earth be ſaid to lie expoſed &c. and yet to be ſtrictly guarded by ſtationed Angels? The objection is very ingenious: but it is not ſaid that the earth *doth* lie expoſed, but only that it *may lie* expoſed: and it may be conſidered, that the deſign of Beëlzebub is different in theſe different ſpeeches; in the former, where he is encouraging the aſſembly to undertake an expedition againſt this world, he ſays things to *leſſen* the difficulty and danger; but in the latter, when they have determined upon the expedition, and are conſulting of a proper perſon to employ in it, then he ſays things to *magnify* the difficulty and danger, to make them more cautious in their choice.

NEWTON.

To their defence who hold it: Here perhaps
Some advantageous act may be achiev'd
By ſudden onſet; either with Hell fire
To waſte his whole creation, or poſſeſs
All as our own, and drive, as we were driven,
The puny habitants; or, if not drive,
Seduce them to our party, that their God
May prove their foe, and with repenting hand
Aboliſh his own works. This would ſurpaſs
Common revenge, and interrupt his joy
In our confuſion, and our joy upraiſe
In his diſturbance; when his darling ſons,
Hurl'd headlong to partake with us, ſhall curſe
Their frail original, and faded bliſs,
Faded ſo ſoon. Adviſe, if this be worth
Attempting, or to ſit in darkneſs here

Ver. 362. ———— Here *perhaps*] Dr. Bentley ſays that Milton muſt have given it "*there* perhaps:" but I think not: in ver. 360. it is *this place*, and therefore Milton gave it *here*, that is, in the place which I am ſpeaking of. Milton frequently uſes *now* and *here*, not meaning a time or place *then* preſent to him or his ſpeakers *when* they are ſpeaking; but that time and that place which he or they are ſpeaking of. PEARCE.

Ver. 367. *The* puny *habitants*,] It is poſſible that the author by *puny* might mean no more than weak or little; but yet if we reflect how frequently he uſes words in their proper and primary ſignification, it ſeems probable that he might include likewiſe the ſenſe of the French (from whence it is derived) *puis né*, born ſince, created long after us. NEWTON.

Ver. 369. ———— *and with* repenting *hand* &c.] *Gen.* vi. 7. "And it *repented* the Lord that he had made man on the earth." GILLIES.

Hatching vain empires. Thus Beëlzebub
Pleaded his devilish counsel, first devis'd
By Satan, and in part propos'd: For whence,
But from the author of all ill, could spring
So deep a malice, to confound the race
Of mankind in one root, and Earth with Hell
To mingle and involve, done all to spite
The great Creator? But their spite still serves
His glory to augment. The bold design
Pleas'd highly those infernal States, and joy
Sparkled in all their eyes; with full assent
They vote: whereat his speech he thus renews.
Well have ye judg'd, well ended long debate,
Synod of Gods! and, like to what ye are,
Great things resolv'd, which, from the lowest deep,
Will once more lift us up, in spite of fate,
Nearer our ancient seat; perhaps in view
Of those bright confines, whence, with neighbouring arms

Ver. 378. *Hatching vain empires.*] A sarcasm of fine effect on the proposition of the last speaker; and the effect of the sarcasm is still heightened by its thus finely terminating the speech. DUNSTER.

Ver. 379. ——————*first devis'd*
By Satan, and in part propos'd:] See Satan's speech, B. i. 650, and what follows. BOWLE.

Ver. 395. ——— *whence, with neighbouring arms*
And opportune excursion,] So Milton, in his *Hist. of England*, B. 5. p. 87, ed. 1698. "Judging that place more *opportune* from whence to make their *excursions*." TODD.

And opportune excurſion, we may chance
Re-enter Heaven; or elſe in ſome mild zone
Dwell, not unviſited of Heaven's fair light,
Secure; and at the brightening orient beam
Purge off this gloom: the ſoft delicious air,
To heal the ſcar of theſe corroſive fires,
Shall breathe her balm. But firſt whom ſhall we ſend
In ſearch of this new world? whom ſhall we find
Sufficient? who ſhall tempt with wandering feet
The dark unbottom'd infinite abyſs,
And through the palpable obſcure find out
His uncouth way, or ſpread his aery flight
Upborne with undefatigable wings

Ver. 396. ——————— *we may chance*
Re-enter Heaven;] Milton has ſometimes left out the ſign of the infinitive mode, viz. the particle *to*, where he thought it would occaſion no ambiguity; as in this paſſage: unleſs we ſhould chooſe to underſtand *chance* as an adverb, of the ſame ſignification with *perhaps*. LORD MONBODDO.

Ver. 402. *Shall* breathe *her* balm.] So, in Fairfax's Taſſo, B. iv. 75.

" When the fair morn firſt bluſheth from her cell,
" And *breatheth balm* from open'd Paradiſe." DUNSTER.

Ver. 406. ——— *the palpable obſcure*] It is remarkable in our author's ſtyle, that he often uſes adjectives as ſubſtantives, and ſubſtantives again as adjectives. Here are two adjectives, the latter of which is uſed for a ſubſtantive, as again in ver. 409, *the vaſt abrupt*. And ſometimes there are two ſubſtantives, the former of which is uſed for an adjective, as *the ocean ſtream*, B. i. 202, *the bullion droſs*, B. i. 704. Milton often enriches his language in this manner. NEWTON.

Ver. 408. *Upborne with* indefatigable *wings*] Taſſo calls Gabriel's wings, *Gier. Lib.* c. i. ſt. 14.

" *Infaticabilmente*, agili, e preſte." THYER.

Over the vaſt abrupt, ere he arrive
The happy iſle? What ſtrength, what art, can then
Suffice, or what evaſion bear him ſafe
Through the ſtrict ſenteries and ſtations thick
Of Angels watching round? Here he had need
All circumſpection; and we now no leſs
Choice in our ſuffrage; for, on whom we ſend,
The weight of all, and our laſt hope, relies.
This ſaid, he ſat; and expectation held
His look ſuſpenſe, awaiting who appear'd
To ſecond, or oppoſe, or undertake
The perilous attempt: but all ſat mute,

Ver. 409. ——————— *ere he* arrive
The happy iſle?] So he uſes the word *arrive* in the Preface to *the Judgement of Martin Bucer*, edit. 1738, p. 276. "If our things here below *arrive him* where he is." Again, in his *Treatiſe of civil power*, &c. p. 553. "Let him alſo forbear force—leſt a worſe woe *arrive him*." And thus Shakſpeare, *Hen. VI.* P. iii. A. v.

——— "thoſe powers, that the Queen
"Hath rais'd in Gallia, have *arriv'd our coaſt*."
NEWTON.

Ver. 410. *The happy* iſle?] The earth hanging in the ſea of air. So Cicero calls the earth, *De Nat. Deor.* ii. 66, "quaſi magnam quandam *inſulam*, quam nos orbem terræ vocamus."
NEWTON.

Ver. 420. ——————— *but all ſat mute,*] Homer often uſes words to the ſame effect, when an affair of difficulty is propoſed. Thus, in *Iliad* vii. 92.

Ὡς ἔφαθ'· οἱ δ' ἄρα πάντες ἀνὴν ἐγένοντο σιωπῇ,
Αἰδέεσθαι μὲν ἀνήνασθαι, δείσαν δ' ὑποδέχθαι. NEWTON.

Pondering the danger with deep thoughts; and each
In other's countenance read his own diſmay,
Aſtoniſh'd: None among the choice and prime
Of thoſe Heaven-warring champions could be found
So hardy, as to proffer or accept,
Alone, the dreadful voyage; till at laſt
Satan, whom now tranſcendent glory rais'd
Above his fellows, with monarchal pride,
Conſcious of higheſt worth, unmov'd thus ſpake.
O Progeny of Heaven, empyreal Thrones!
With reaſon hath deep ſilence and demur
Seis'd us, though undiſmay'd: Long is the way

Ver. 421. ——————— *and each*
In other's countenance read his own diſmay,] Compare Livy, when after the defeat and death of the Scipios no one dared to proffer or accept the command in Spain; "circumſpectant ora principum, aliorum alios intuentium, fremúntque adeo perditas res, ut nemo audeat in Hiſpaniam imperium accipere." L. xxvi. C. 18. See alſo the gallant manner in which young Scipio offers himſelf, and addreſſes the aſſembly, "magno elatóque animo, &c." DUNSTER.

Ver. 429. ——————— *unmov'd*] With any of thoſe dangers which deterred others. NEWTON.

Ver. 430. *O Progeny of Heaven.*] Virgil, *Ecl.* iv. 7.
"*Jam nova progenies cælo* dimittitur alto." HUME.

Ver. 431. *With reaſon hath deep ſilence* &c.] See Homer, *Il.* ii. 342, &c. *Il.* viii. 229, *Odyſſ.* ii. 167, and the ſcholiaſt on the laſt of theſe paſſages. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 432. ——————— *Long is the way*
And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;] He had Virgil in mind, *Æn.* vi. 128.

And hard, that out of Hell leads up to light;
Our prifon ftrong; this huge convex of fire,
Outrageous to devour, immures us round
Ninefold; and gates of burning adamant,
Barr'd over us, prohibit all egreſs.
Theſe paſs'd, if any paſs, the void profound
Of uneſſential Night receives him next
Wide gaping, and with utter loſs of being
Threatens him, plung'd in that abortive gulf.
If thence he 'ſcape into whatever world,
Or unknown region, what remains him leſs
Than unknown dangers, and as hard eſcape?
But I ſhould ill become this throne, O Peers,

" Sed revocare gradum, ſuperáſque evadere ad auras,
" Hoc opus, hic labor eſt." NEWTON.

Dante was here in Milton's mind; for the aſcent from Hell is thus deſcribed, *Inferno*, C. xxxiv. 95.

" *La via è lunga*, e'l cammino è malvagio." TODD.

Ver. 436. *Ninefold;*] As Styx flows nine times round the damned, in Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 439.

—— " *novies* Styx interfuſa coercet." NEWTON.

Ibid. —— *and* gates *of burning* adamant,] Alluding to the gates of hell, in Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 552.

" *Porta* adverſa ingens, ſolidóque *adamante* columnæ."
NEWTON.

Ver. 438. —————— *the* void profound] *Inane profundum*, as Lucretius has it in ſeveral places. NEWTON.

Ver. 439. *Of* uneſſential *Night*] *Uneſſential*, void of being; darkneſs approaching neareſt to, and being the beſt reſemblance of, non-entity. HUME.

Ver. 445. *But I ſhould ill become this throne, O Peers,* &c.] The whole ſpeech, from this line, is wonderfully beautiful in

And this imperial ſovranty, adorn'd
With ſplendour, arm'd with power, if aught propos'd
And judg'd of publick moment, in the ſhape
Of difficulty, or danger, could deter
Me from attempting. Wherefore do I aſſume
Theſe royalties, and not refuſe to reign,
Refuſing to accept as great a ſhare
Of hazard as of honour, due alike
To him who reigns, and ſo much to him due
Of hazard more, as he above the reſt
High honour'd ſits? Go, therefore, mighty Powers,
Terrour of Heaven, though fallen! intend at home,

every reſpect. But the reaſon why I have quoted it, is, to ſhow how the poet ſupports Satan's

" Monarchal pride, conſcious of higheſt worth,"

as he expreſſes it. In the line,

But I ſhould ill become this throne, O Peers,

I have no doubt but he had in view the ſpeech of Sarpedon in Homer; in which indeed the thought is Homer's, *That a king, being moſt honoured, ſhould likewiſe expoſe himſelf moſt to danger.* But Milton has given it ſo much of the rhetorical caſt, and dreſſed it ſo up with ſentences and enthymemas, after the manner of Demoſthenes, who, as I have ſaid elſewhere, was his model for ſpeeches, that Homer is hardly to be found in it.

LORD MONBODDO.

Ver. 457. ——————— intend] Lord Monboddo is of opinion, that the word *intend* is here uſed in it's proper ſignification of *bent*, or *application, to any thing*; in which ſenſe the Latins ſay, *intendere animum*. And Mr. Steevens, in a note on *Timon of Athens*, A. ii. S. ii. proves, that to *intend* and to *attend* had anciently the ſame meaning: " And ſo *intending* other

While here ſhall be our home, what beſt may eaſe
The preſent miſery, and render Hell
More tolerable; if there be cure or charm
To reſpite, or deceive, or ſlack the pain
Of this ill manſion: intermit no watch
Againſt a wakeful Foe, while I abroad
Through all the coaſts of dark deſtruction ſeek
Deliverance for us all: This enterpriſe
None ſhall partake with me. Thus ſaying roſe
The Monarch, and prevented all reply;
Prudent, leſt, from his reſolution rais'd,
Others among the chief might offer now
(Certain to be refus'd) what erſt they fear'd;
And, ſo refus'd, might in opinion ſtand
His rivals; winning cheap the high repute,
Which he through hazard huge muſt earn. But they
Dreaded not more the adventure, than his voice
Forbidding; and at once with him they roſe:
Their riſing all at once, was as the ſound
Of thunder heard remote. Towards him they bend

ſerious matters," that is, *regarding, turning their notice to,* other things. TODD.

Ver. 465. ——————— *This enterpriſe*
None ſhall partake with me.] The abruptneſs of Satan's concluſion is very well expreſſed by the ſpeech breaking off in the middle of the verſe. NEWTON.

Ver. 476. *Their riſing all at once, was as the ſound*
Of thunder heard remote.] A leſs correct and judicious author would have compared their riſing to *loud* thunder; but Milton compares it to thunder *heard at a diſtance,* which is a

With awful reverence prone; and as a God
Extol him equal to the Higheſt in Heaven:
Nor fail'd they to expreſs how much they prais'd,
That for the general ſafety he deſpis'd
His own: For neither do the Spirits damn'd
Loſe all their virtue; leſt bad men ſhould boaſt
Their ſpecious deeds on earth, which glory excites,
Or cloſe ambition, varniſh'd o'er with zeal.
Thus they their doubtful conſultations dark
Ended, rejoicing in their matchleſs Chief:

found not loud or ſtrong, but awful, and very like that produced by the movement of a great multitude. LORD MONBODDO.

Ver. 478. ——— ——— *and as a God*
Extol him] Heſiod, *Theog.* 91.,

Ερχόμενον δ' ἀνὰ ἄστυ, θεὸν ὡς, ἱλάσκονται
Αἰδοῖ μειλιχίῃ. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 482. ——— *For neither do the Spirits damn'd*
Loſe all their virtue;] Dr. Newton here obſerves, that as Milton has drawn Satan with ſome remains of the beauty, ſo he repreſents him likewiſe with ſome of the other perfections, of an Archangel; following the rule of Ariſtotle in his *Poeticks*, ch. xv. *That the manners ſhould be as good as the nature of the ſubject would poſſibly admit.* For the ſame reaſon he deſcribes the fallen Angels as not deſtitute of every virtue; but diſplaying firm concord, and publick ſpirit. Dr. Pearce ſuppoſes the poet to have introduced this remark of the Devils *not loſing all their virtue*, as a check to the *boaſting* of bad men; and to have had in view *Epheſ.* ii. 8, 9. "By grace ye are ſaved through faith; Not of works, *leſt any man ſhould boaſt:*" Not, that they were *ſaved not of works*, on purpoſe *leſt any man ſhould boaſt;* but St. Paul puts them in mind of that, and made that remark to prevent their *boaſting*. See *Par. Reg.* B. i. 379, &c. TODD.

Ver. 487. ——— *rejoicing in their matchleſs Chief:*] So in Homer, *Il.* vii. 214.

Τὸν δὲ καὶ Ἀργεῖοι μέγ' ἐγήθεον εἰσορόωντες. STILLINGFLEET.

As when from mountain-tops the dusky clouds
Ascending, while the north-wind sleeps, o'er-
spread
Heaven's cheerful face, the louring element
Scowls o'er the darken'd landskip snow, or shower;
If chance the radiant sun with farewell sweet
Extend his evening-beam, the fields revive,

Ver. 489. ——— *while the north-wind* sleeps,] So Homer expresses it, *Iliad* v. 524, ὄφρ' ΕΥΔΗΣΙ μέσος Βορέαο, that wind generally clearing the sky, and dispersing the clouds. Every body must be wonderfully delighted with this similitude. The images are not more pleasing in nature, than they are refreshing to the reader after his attention to the foregoing debate. There is a simile of the same kind in Homer, but applied upon a very different occasion, *Iliad* xvi. 297. There are also similies of the same nature in the fortieth Sonnet of Spenser, as Mr. Thyer has observed; in Boethius De Consol. L. i.: and in Dante's Inferno, C. xxiv. NEWTON.

I am sorry to find Dr. Newton speaking of the reader as requiring *refreshment* after his attention to the debate, as it seems to imply that he might be *fatigued* with it. That I conceive to be impossible; as every person, capable of tasting the more eminent beauties of this poem, must receive supreme delight from the masterly manner in which the poet has accomplished the debate, and the wonderful variety of matter and sentiment that he has thrown into it, so as to preclude the possibility of the reader's attention being fated or fatigued. DUNSTER.

Ver. 490. Heaven's cheerful face,] Spenser, *Faer. Qu.* ii. xii. 34. "And *heavens chearefull face* enveloped." THYER.

Crashaw, in his Verses on the death of Mr. Herrys, presents us with similar scenery:

——— "a ruddy storm, whose *scoul*
"Made *Heavens* radiant *face* look foul." TODD.

Ver. 492. *If chance the radiant sun* with farewell sweet
Extend his evening-beam,] Perhaps this delightful passage is one of the finest instances of picturesque poetry, which

The birds their notes renew, and bleating herds
Atteſt their joy, that hill and valley rings.
O ſhame to men! Devil with Devil damn'd
Firm concord holds; men only diſagree
Of creatures rational, though under hope
Of heavenly grace: and, God proclaiming peace,
Yet live in hatred, enmity, and ſtrife,
Among themſelves, and levy cruel wars,
Waſting the earth, each other to deſtroy:
As if (which might induce us to accord)
Man had not helliſh foes enow beſides,
That, day and night, for his deſtruction wait.

The Stygian council thus diſſolv'd: and forth
In order came the grand infernal Peers:
Midſt came their mighty Paramount, and ſeem'd
Alone the Antagoniſt of Heaven, nor leſs
Than Hell's dread Emperour, with pomp ſupreme,
And God-like imitated ſtate: him round
A globe of fiery Seraphim enclos'd

can be produced. There is a pretty thought in Shakſpeare's *Venus and Adonis*, where the riſing ſun "*takes his laſt leave* of the weeping morn;" but how much more natural is the farewell of the ſun going down, accompanied alſo with the variegated ſcenery of Milton. TODD.

Ver. 496. *O ſhame to men!* &c.] This reflection will appear the more pertinent and natural, when one conſiders the contentious age in which Milton lived and wrote. THYER.

See a reflection of the ſame kind, which Mr. Boyd alſo notices, in Dante, *Purgat.* C. vi. 76, &c. TODD.

Ver. 512. *A globe of fiery Seraphim*] A *globe* ſignifies here a battalion in circle ſurrounding him, as Virgil ſays, *Æn.* x. 373. "quà *globus* ille virûm denſiſſimus urget." NEWTON.

With bright imblazonry, and horrent arms.
Then of their seſſion ended they bid cry
With trumpets regal sound the great result:
Towards the four winds four speedy Cherubim
Put to their mouths the sounding alchemy,
By herald's voice explain'd; the hollow abyss
Heard far and wide, and all the host of Hell
With deafening shout return'd them loud acclaim.
Thence more at ease their minds, and somewhat rais'd
By false presumptuous hope, the ranged Powers
Disband; and, wandering, each his several way
Pursues, as inclination or sad choice
Leads him perplex'd, where he may likeliest find
Truce to his restless thoughts, and entertain
The irksome hours, till his great Chief return.
Part on the plain, or in the air sublime,
Upon the wing, or in swift race contend,
As at the Olympian games or Pythian fields;

So, in *Par. Reg.* B. iv. 581, "a fiery *globe* of angels," where see the note. TODD.

Ver. 513. ——— horrent] *Horrent* includes the idea both of *terrible* and *prickly; set up*, like the bristles of a wild boar. Virgil, *Æn.* i. "*Horrentia* Martis *arma*." And *Æn.* x. 178. "*Horrentibus* hastis." NEWTON.

Ver. 517. ——— *the sounding* alchemy,] *Alchemy* here means any *mixed metal*, as in P. Fletcher's *Purple Island*, C. vii. st. 39. "Such were his arms, false gold, true *alchymic*." TODD.

Ver. 527. ——— *till* his &c.] So it is in the first edition: In the second, and some others, it is "till *this* great chief &c." which is manifestly an errour of the press. NEWTON.

Part curb their fiery ſteeds, or ſhun the goal
With rapid wheels, or fronted brigads form.
As when, to warn proud cities, war appears
Waged in the troubled ſky, and armies ruſh
To battle in the clouds, before each van
Prick forth the aery knights, and couch their ſpears
Till thickeſt legions cloſe; with feats of arms
From either end of Heaven the welkin burns.
Others, with vaſt Typhœan rage more fell,

Ver. 531. *Part curb their fiery ſteeds*, &c.] Theſe *warlike* diverſions of the fallen Angels, during the abſence of Satan, ſeem to be copied from the *military exerciſes* of the Myrmidons, during the abſence of their chief from the war, Homer, *Il.* II. 774: only the images are raiſed in proportion to the nature of the Beings who are here deſcribed. We may ſuppoſe too, that Milton had an eye to the diverſions and entertainments of the departed heroes in Virgil's Elyſium. NEWTON.

Ibid. ——————— *or ſhun the goal* &c.] Plainly taken from Horace, *Od.* I. i. 4. "Metáque fervidis evitata rotis." But with good judgement he ſays *rapid*, not *fervid*: becauſe in theſe Hell-games both the wheels, and the burning marle they drove on, were *fervid* even before the race. BENTLEY.

Ver. 534. *Waged in the* troubled *ſky*,] So Shakſpeare in 1 *Hen.* IV. A. i. calls theſe appearances

—— "the meteors of a *troubled* Heaven." NEWTON.

Ver. 536. Prick forth] *Prick forward*, on the ſpur, in full career; as in Fairfax's *Taſſo*, B. IX. ſt. 22.

"Before the reſt *forth prickt* the Soldan faſt." TODD.

Ibid. ——————— *and* couch *their ſpears*] Fix them in their reſts. *Couch* from *coucher* (French) to place. A reſt was made in the breaſt of the armour, and was called a *reſt* from *arreſter* (French) to ſtay. RICHARDSON.

Rend up both rocks and hills, and ride the air
In whirlwind; Hell ſcarce holds the wild uproar.
As when Alcides, from Oechalia crown'd
With conqueſt, felt the envenom'd robe, and tore
Through pain up by the roots Theſſalian pines,
And Lichas from the top of Oeta threw
Into the Euboick ſea. Others more mild,
Retreated in a ſilent valley, ſing
With notes angelical to many a harp
Their own heroick deeds and hapleſs fall
By doom of battle; and complain that fate
Free virtue ſhould enthrall to force or chance.

Ver. 540. ——————— *and* ride *the* air] Thus, of the witches of Shakſpeare, *Macbeth*, A. iv. S. i.

"Infected be the *air* whereon they *ride*." TODD.

Ver. 542. *As when Alcides*, &c.] This madneſs of *Hercules* was a ſubject for tragedy among the ancients; but Milton has compriſed the principal circumſtances in this ſimilitude, and ſeems to have copied Ovid, *Met.* ix. 136, &c. But, as Mr. Thyer rightly obſerves, Milton in this ſimile falls vaſtly ſhort of his uſual ſublimity and propriety. How much does the image of *Alcides tearing up Theſſalian pines* ſink below that of *the Angels rending up both rocks and winds, and riding the air in whirlwind!* And how faintly and inſignificantly does the alluſion end with the low circumſtance of Lichas being thrown into the Euboick ſea! NEWTON.

Ver. 548. *With notes angelical* &c.] Hom. *Il.* ix. 186.

Τὸν δ' εὗρον φρένα τερπόμενον φόρμιγγι λιγείῃ.

STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 550. ——————— *and complain that fate*
Free virtue ſhould enthrall to force or chance.] This is taken from the famous diſtich of Euripides, which Brutus uſed, when he ſlew himſelf:

Their ſong was partial; but the harmony
(What could it leſs when Spirits immortal ſing?)
Suſpended Hell, and took with raviſhment
The thronging audience. In diſcourſe more ſweet,
(For eloquence the ſoul, ſong charms the ſenſe,)
Others apart ſat on a hill retir'd,
In thoughts more elevate, and reaſon'd high

Ὦ τλῆμον Ἀρετὴ, λόγος ἄρ' ἦσθ', ἐγὼ δὲ σε
Ὣς ἔργον ἤσκεν· σὺ δ' ἄρ εδέλευσας βιᾳ.

In ſome places, for βιᾳ *force*, it is quoted τύχῃ *fortune*. Milton has well comprehended both, "enthrall to *force* or *chance*."

BENTLEY.

Ver. 554. *Suſpended Hell*,] The effect of their ſinging is ſomewhat like that of Orpheus in Hell, Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 481. "The harmony ſuſpended Hell;" but is it not much better with the parentheſis coming between? which ſuſpends, as it were, the event, raiſes the reader's attention, and gives a greater force to the ſentence. NEWTON.

Ibid. ———— *and* took *with* raviſhment &c.] He ſeems to have remembered that charming paſſage, in his own *Comus*, of the Lady's ſinging:

"Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
"Breathe ſuch divine *enchanting raviſhment*?"

And of the Sirens, in the ſame poem:

"Who, *as they ſung*, would *take* the priſon'd *ſoul*,
"And *lap it in Elyſium*."

And in his *Hymn on the Nativity*, of the muſick of the angels,

"As all their *ſouls* in bliſsful *rapture took*." TODD.

Ver. 556. (*For* eloquence *the* ſoul, *ſong* charms *the ſenſe*,)] So, in Sylveſter's *Du Bart.* 1621, p. 263.

"The *ſoule-charm* image of ſweet *eloquence*."

Thus Mercury is called, in the *Coblers Prophecie*, 4to. 1594. Sign. A. 3.

"Herrald of heauen, *ſoule-charming* Mercurie." TODD.

Of providence, foreknowledge, will, and fate;
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute;
And found no end, in wandering mazes loſt.
Of good and evil much they argued then,
Of happineſs and final miſery,
Paſſion and apathy, and glory and ſhame;
Vain wiſdom all, and falſe philoſophy!
Yet, with a pleaſing ſorcery, could charm
Pain for a while or anguiſh, and excite
Fallacious hope, or arm the obdured breaſt

Ver. 559. ——— *foreknowledge, will, and fate;*
Fix'd fate, free will, foreknowledge abſolute;] The turn of the words here is admirable, and very well expreſſes the wanderings and mazes of their diſcourſe. And the turn of the words is greatly improved, and rendered ſtill more beautiful, by the addition of an epithet to each of them. NEWTON.

The ſtudies of the ſchoolmen and metaphyſicians are here intended, and, in v. 564, the ſubjects of diſputation among the heathen philoſophers. GILLIES.

Ver. 568. ———— *the* obdured *breaſt*] So it is in Milton's own editions, and not *obdurate*, as in Bentley's, Fenton's, and others. NEWTON.

This unuſual word, occurring once more in Milton's poetry, is formed from an adjective not uncommon perhaps in his time. See *The Young Gallant's Whirligigg*, by Fr. Lenton, 4to. 1629. p. 16.

" Nor are his creditors alone *obdure*,
" But even his copeſmates whom he thought ſo ſure."

Perhaps the participle is a common word in the Scottiſh law-phraſes. In *Satans Inviſible World diſcovered*, Edinburg. 1685, it is related of William Barton, who was tried for witchcraft, that " he turned *obdured*, and would never to his dying hour acknowledge any thing," p. 162. TODD.

With ſtubborn patience, as with triple ſteel.
Another part, in ſquadrons and groſs bands,
On bold adventure to diſcover wide
That diſmal world, if any clime perhaps
Might yield them eaſier habitation, bend
Four ways their flying march, along the banks
Of four infernal rivers, that diſgorge
Into the burning lake their baleful ſtreams;
Abhorred Styx, the flood of deadly hate;
Sad Acheron, of ſorrow, black and deep;
Cocytus, nam'd of lamentation loud
Heard on the rueful ſtream; fierce Phlegethon,
Whoſe waves of torrent fire inflame with rage.
Far off from theſe, a ſlow and ſilent ſtream,

Ver. 569. ——————— *with triple ſteel.*] An imitation of Horace, *Od.* I. iii. 9.

"Illi robur, et *aes triplex*
"*Circa pectus* erat." HUME.

Ver. 575. *Of four infernal rivers,*] Milton imitates the Greek writers, who enumerate the following rivers in hell; Styx, Acheron, Cocytus, Phlegethon, and Lethe. But the four firſt here join their ſtreams in one vaſt lake, or *the lake of fire* as it is called in Scripture; (whence alſo the poet's "*fiery waves*," B. i. 184;) while the lake rolls far off from the reſt, as in Dante, *Inferno* C. xiv. 136, where the rivers of hell are deſcribed, with Lethe rolling at a diſtance. Milton has added, to his claſſical explanations of the names and properties of the infernal rivers, new circumſtances of horrour. Beſides their junction in one flaming flood, he deſcribes a *frozen continent* diſtinct from the region of fire; and with great propriety: Becauſe hither the damned are brought, at certain revolutions, "from beds of raging fire *to ſtarve in ice*," v. 600.—Dante has called Phlegethon, from its fiery waves, "la riviera *del ſangue*," and Acheron, as Milton calls it, "la *triſta* riviera." TODD.

Lethe, the river of oblivion, rolls
Her watery labyrinth, whereof who drinks,
Forthwith his former ſtate and being forgets,
Forgets both joy and grief, pleaſure and pain.
Beyond this flood a frozen continent
Lies dark and wild, beat with perpetual ſtorms
Of whirlwind and dire hail, which on firm land
Thaws not, but gathers heap, and ruin ſeems
Of ancient pile; or elſe deep ſnow and ice,
A gulf profound, as that Serbonian bog
Betwixt Damiata and mount Caſius old,
Where armies whole have ſunk: The parching air
Burns frore, and cold performs the effect of fire.

Ver. 589. ——— *dire hail,*] Horace, *Od.* I. ii. 1.

" Jam fatìs terris nivis atque *diræ*
" *Grandinis* &c." NEWTON.

Ver. 592. ——— *that Serbonian bog*
Betwixt Damiata &c.] Serbonis was a lake of 200 furlongs in length, and 1000 in compaſs, between the ancient mountain Caſius and Damiata a city of Egypt on one of the more eaſtern mouths of the Nile. It was ſurrounded on all ſides by hills of looſe ſand, which, carried into the water by high winds, ſo thickened the lake, as not to be diſtinguiſhed from part of the continent; where whole armies have been ſwallowed up. Read Herodotus, lib. iii, and Lucan, *Pharſal.* viii. 539, &c. HUME.

Ver. 595. *Burns* frore,] *Frore* an old word for *froſty*. The parching air *burns* with froſt. So, in Virgil, *Georg.* i. 93,

——— " Boreæ penetrabile *frigus adurat:*"

and in *Ecclus* xlii. 20, 21. " When the *cold north-wind* bloweth it devoureth the mountains, and *burneth* the wilderneſs, and conſumeth the graſs *as fire.*" NEWTON.

Thither by harpy-footed furies hal'd,
At certain revolutions, all the damn'd
Are brought; and feel by turns the bitter change
Of fierce extremes, extremes by change more fierce,
From beds of raging fire, to ſtarve in ice
Their ſoft ethereal warmth, and there to pine
Immoveable, infix'd, and frozen round,
Periods of time, thence hurried back to fire.

Ver. 596. ——— *harpy-footed furies*] Compare Æſchylus, *Sept. ad Theb.* 776. καμψιπους Ἐριννυς. DUNSTER.

Ver. 603. ——— *thence hurried back to fire.*] This circumſtance of the damned's ſuffering the extremes of heat and cold by turns, ſeems to be founded upon *Job* xxiv. 19, not as it is in the Engliſh tranſlation, but in the vulgar Latin verſion, which Milton often uſed: "Ad *nimium calorem* tranſeat ab *aquis nivium*; Let him paſs to *exceſſive heat* from *waters of ſnow*." And ſo Jerome and other commentators underſtand it. The ſame puniſhments after death, are mentioned by Shakſpeare, *Meaſ. for Meaſ.* A. iii. S. i.

——— "and the delighted ſpirit
"To bathe in *fiery floods*, or to reſide
"In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed *ice*." NEWTON.

This circumſtance of the damned's feeling the fierce extremes, is alſo in Dante, *Inf.* C. iii. 86.

"I' vegno, per menarvi all' altra riva
"Nelle tenebre eterne, in *caldo* e 'n *gielo*."

See alſo the *Purgatorio*, C. iii. 31. So, in *Songes and Sonnets*, by Lord Surrey, and others, 1587, fol. 83.

"The ſoules that lacked grace,
"Which lie in bitter paine,
"Are not in ſuch a place
"As fooliſh folke do fayne:
"*Tormented all with fire*,
"And boyle in lead again ——

They ferry over this Lethean ſound
Both to and fro, their ſorrow to augment,
And wiſh and ſtruggle, as they paſs, to reach
The tempting ſtream, with one ſmall drop to loſe
In ſweet forgetfulneſs all pain and woe,
All in one moment, and ſo near the brink;
But Fate withſtands, and to oppoſe the attempt
Meduſa with Gorgonian terrour guards
The ford, and of itſelf the water flies
All taſte of living wight, as once it fled
The lip of Tantalus. Thus roving on
In confus'd march forlorn, the adventurous bands
With ſhuddering horrour pale, and eyes aghaſt,
View'd firſt their lamentable lot, and found
No reſt: Through many a dark and dreary vale
They paſs'd, and many a region dolorous,

" Then caſt *in froſen pits*
" *To freſe* there certain hours."

And, in Heywood's *Hierarchie of Angels*, 1635, p. 345.

" And ſuffer, as they ſinn'd, in wrath, *in paines*
" *Of froſts, of fires*, of furies, whips, and chains."

In the preceding quotation from Surrey's " Songes and Sonnets," there is evidently a ſneer at the monks; from whoſe legendary hell, according to Mr. Warton, the puniſhment by cold derives its origin. TODD.

Ver. 615. *In* confus'd *march forlorn*,] Perhaps with the accent on the firſt ſyllable of *cónfus'd;* as in Waller, *At Penſhurſt:*

" Into fair figures, from a *cónfus'd* heap." TODD.

Ver. 617. ——————— *and found*
No reſt:] See Matt. xii. 43, and Luke xi. 24. " He walketh through dry places, (i. e. deſert places, δι' ανυδρων τοπων,) ſeeking reſt, and findeth none." DUNSTER.

O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp,
Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and ſhades of death,
A univerſe of death; which God by curſe
Created evil, for evil only good,
Where all life dies, death lives, and nature breeds,
Perverſe, all monſtrous, all prodigious things,
Abominable, inutterable, and worſe
Than fables yet have feign'd, or fear conceiv'd,
Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.

Ver. 621. *Rocks, caves,* &c.] How exactly is the tediouſneſs and difficulty of their journey painted in this paſſage; and particularly in this rough verſe, which neceſſarily takes up ſo much time and labour in pronouncing! GREENWOOD.

There is a ſimilar line in Sidney's *Arcadia*, 13th edit. p. 527.

" *Rocks, woods, hills, caves, dales, meads, brooks,* anſwer me:"

But Milton's, as a great critick obſerves, are the

Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens, and *ſhades*—of DEATH:

" And the idea, cauſed by a word, which nothing but a word could annex to the others, raiſes a very great degree of the ſublime; which is raiſed yet higher by what follows, A UNIVERSE OF DEATH." Burke, *On the Sublime and Beautiful.* TODD.

Ver. 625. ———— *all* prodigious things,] In the true ſenſe of *prodigious*, as in Heywood's *Thyeſtes*, 1560, in a paſſage on the ſame ſubject:

" Where *Gorgons* gremme, where *Harpies* are, and lothſome limbo lakes,
" Where moſt *prodigious* vgly things the hollow hell doth hyde, &c." T. WARTON.

Ver. 628. *Gorgons, and Hydras, and Chimeras dire.*] Milton fixes all theſe monſters in hell, in imitation of Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 287, &c. And Taſſo copies Virgil's deſcription, *Gier. Lib.* C. iv. ſt. 5.

Mean while, the Adverſary of God and Man,
Satan, with thoughts inflam'd of higheſt deſign,
Puts on ſwift wings, and towards the gates of Hell
Explores his ſolitary flight: ſometimes
He ſcours the right hand coaſt, ſometimes the left;
Now ſhaves with level wing the deep, then ſoars
Up to the fiery concave towering high.
As when far off at ſea a fleet deſcried

" Quì mille immonde *Arpie* vedreſti, e mille
" *Centauri*, e *Sfingi*, e pallide *Gorgoni*, &c." NEWTON.

Milton had another paſſage of Taſſo in view, *Gier. Lib.* C. xiii. ſt. 18.

" Se non, che 'l *timor* forſe à i ſenſe *finge*
" *Maggior prodigi* di Chimera o Sfinge." TODD.

Ver. 630. *Puts on ſwift wings,*] So Mercury puts on his wings in Homer, *Iliad* xxiv. 340.

Αὐτίκ' ἔπειθ' ὑπὸ ποσσὶν ἐδήσατο καλὰ πέδιλα. TODD.

Ver. 634. *Now* ſhaves *with level wing the deep,*] Virgil, *Æn.* v. 217. " *Radit* iter liquidum, celeres neque commovet alas." Alluding (as Dr. Greenwood obſerves) to the ſwallow, who ſkims juſt over the ſurface of the water without ſeeming to move her wings. NEWTON.

As Spenſer obſerves, *Faer. Qu.* ii. vi. 5. " More ſwift than ſwallow *ſheers* the liquid ſky." TODD.

Ver. 636. *As when far off at ſea* &c.] Satan, *towering high*, is here compared to a fleet of Indiamen diſcovered at a diſtance, as it were *hanging in the clouds*, as a fleet at a diſtance ſeems to do. This is the whole of the compariſon; but (as Dr. Pearce obſerves) Milton in his ſimilitudes (as is the practice of Homer and Virgil too) after he has ſhowed the common reſemblance, often takes the liberty of wandering into ſome unreſembling circumſtances; which have no other relation to the compariſon, than that it gave him the hint, and as it were ſet fire to the

Hangs in the clouds, by equinoctial winds
Close failing from Bengala, or the isles
Of Ternate and Tidore, whence merchants bring
Their spicy drugs; they, on the trading flood,
Through the wide Ethiopian to the Cape,

train of his imagination. But Dr. Bentley asks, why a *fleet* when a first rate man of war would do? And Dr. Pearce answers, Because a fleet gives a nobler image than a single ship. Besides, Milton would have been inconsistent with himself (says Dr. Greenwood) and have sunk greatly in his comparison, if he had likened the appearance of Satan to a single ship, though of the first rate; because he had said before, B. i. 195. that, *extended long and large*, he *lay floating many a rood*; and again ver. 292. that the tallest pine, for *the mast of some great ammiral*, was no bigger than a wand in proportion to his spear. This fleet is a fleet of Indiamen, because, coming from so long a voyage, it is the fitter to be compared to Satan in this expedition; and these exotick names (as Dr. Bentley calls them) give a less vulgar cast to the similitude than places in our own channel, and in our own seas, would have done. This fleet is described, *by equinoctial winds*, the trade winds blowing about the equinoctial, *close sailing*, and therefore more proper to be compared to a single person, from *Bengala*, a kingdom and city in the East-Indies subject to the great Mogul, *or the isles of Ternate and Tidore*, two of the Molucca islands in the East Indian sea *whence merchants bring their spicy drugs*, the most famous spices being brought from thence by the Dutch into Europe: *they on the trading flood*; as the winds are called *trade winds*, so he calls the flood *trading*, *through the wide Ethiopian* sea *to the Cape of* Good Hope, *ply stemming nightly toward the pole*, that is, by night they sail northward, and yet (as Dr. Pearce says) by day their fleet may be *descried hanging in the clouds*. *So seem'd far off the flying Fiend*: Dr. Bentley asks, whom Satan appear'd to *far off*, in this his *solitary flight*? But what a cold phlegmatick piece of criticism is this? It may be answered, that he was seen by the Muse, and would have seemed so to any one who had seen him. Poets often speak in this manner, and make themselves and their readers present to the most remote and retired scenes of action. NEWTON.

Ply ſtemming nighly toward the pole: So ſeem'd
Far off the flying Fiend. At laſt appear
Hell bounds, high reaching to the horrid roof,
And thrice three-fold the gates; three folds were brafs,
Three iron, three of adamantine rock
Impenetrable, impal'd with circling fire,
Yet unconſum'd. Before the gates there ſat

Ver. 644. *Hell bounds,*] Suggeſted perhaps by Heſiod, *Theog.* 726.

——————————— Τάρταρον—
Τὸν περὶ χάλκεον ἕρκος ἐλήλαται. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 646. ——————— *adamantine rock*] See Sylveſter's *Du Bart.* 1621, p. 83.

" In Deſtinie's hard *diamantine rock.*"

Or rather Barnfield's *Affectionate Shepheard*, 4to, 1594. ſign. C. ii.

" Pyrrhus, more hard than *adamantine rockes.*" TODD.

Ver. 647. ——————— *impal'd with circling fire,*] Perhaps Milton might take the hint of this circumſtance from his favourite romances, where we frequently meet with the gates of enchanted caſtles thus *impal'd with circling fire.* THYER.

Ver. 648. ——————— *Before the gates there ſat* &c.] Here begins the famous allegory of Milton, which is a ſort of paraphraſe on St. *James* i. 15. " *Then, when Luſt hath conceived, it bringeth forth Sin, and Sin, when it is finiſhed, bringeth forth Death.*" The firſt part of the allegory ſays only, that Satan's intended voyage was dangerous to his being, and that he reſolved however to venture. RICHARDSON.

Sir William Blackſtone was of opinion, that Milton might poſſibly have taken the hint of this allegory from a paſſage in Shakſpeare's *Richard the third:*

" *Sin, death,* and *hell,* have ſet their marks on him;
" And all their miniſters attend on him."

On either ſide a formidable ſhape;
The one ſeem'd woman to the waiſt, and fair; 650

Mr. Holt White obſerves, that Milton might as probably catch the hint from the following paſſage in Latimer's *Sermons*, 1584, fol. 79. "Here came in *death* and hell, *ſinne was their mother*. Therefore they muſt have ſuch an image as their mother ſinne would geue them." Steevens's Shakſpeare, 1793, vol. x. p. 504. Spenſer, I may add, preſents the combination of Sin, Hell, and Death, *Fuer. Qu.* i. x. 41.

—— "them moſt needeth comforts in the end,
"When *Sin*, and *Hell*, and *Death*, doe moſt diſmay
"The feeble ſoule departing hence away."

It is probable that Milton commenced this famous allegory, with an alluſion to Virgil, *Æn.* vi. 574.

———— "Cernis, cuſtodia qualis
"Veſtibulo ſedeat? facies quæ limina ſervet?
"Quinquaginta atris immanis hiatibus Hydra
"Sævior intus habet ſedem." TODD.

Ver. 650. *The one ſeem'd woman to the waiſt*, &c.] Dr. Newton thinks that Milton might here have in mind Spenſer's deſcription of *Errour* in the mixed ſhape of a woman and a ſerpent, *Faery Queen*, i. i. 14; and alſo of *Echidna*, vi. vi. 10, who, like Heſiod's Echidna, is deſcribed half-woman and half-ſerpent. And Mr. Warton ſuppoſes, that this *formidable ſhape of Sin* derived its conformation from Dante's deſcription of the monſter Geryon; a monſter, having the face of a man with a mild and benign aſpect, but his human form ending in a ſerpent with a voluminous tail of immenſe length, terminated by a ſting, which he brandiſhes like a ſcorpion, *Inferno* C. xvii. The ſubject of Dante is alſo a fabulous hell. See Hiſt. of Eng. Poetry, vol. iii. p. 244. But, perhaps, Milton rather had in view P. Fletcher's deſcription of *Hamartia*, or *Sin* perſonified, creeping from the Dragon's maw, *Purp. Iſland*, 1633, c. xii. ſt. 27.

"The firſt, that crept from his deteſted maw,
"Was *Hamartia*, *foul*, deformed wight;
"More *foul*, deform'd, the ſunne yet never ſaw;
"Therefore ſhe hates the all-betraying light;

But ended foul in many a ſcaly fold
Voluminous and vaſt; a ſerpent arm'd
With mortal ſting: About her middle round
A cry of Hell-hounds never ceaſing bark'd
With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
A hideous peal; yet, when they liſt, would creep,

" *A woman ſeem'd ſhe in her upper part*;
" To which ſhe could ſuch lying gloſſe impart,
" That thouſands ſhe had ſlaine with her deceiving art.

28.

" *The reſt*, though hid, *in ſerpent's form arayd*,
" With iron *ſcales*, *like to a plaited mail:*
" Over her back her knotty *tail* diſplaid,
" Along the empty aire did lofty faile:
" The *end* was *pointed with* a double *ſting*,
" Which with ſuch dreaded might ſhe wont to fling,
" That nought could help the wound, but bloud of heavenly King."

Milton, however, has here drawn, as uſual, his emphatical expreſſions from Scripture; for, *Sin's mortal ſting* is from 1 *Cor.* xv. 56, as, afterwards, *Death's kingly crown* is from *Rev.* vi. 2. See the note on ver. 656. TODD.

Ver. 654. *A* cry *of Hell*-hounds] I may be ignorant of the hunter's language; but I ſhould believe he gave it, " A *crue* of Hell-hounds." BENTLEY.

A *cry* of hounds is certainly the language of Engliſh poetry. Thus, in the *Midſ. Night's Dream*, of the dogs of Theſeus,

——————— " A *cry* more tuneable
" Was never halloo'd to, nor cheer'd with horn."

See alſo Sylveſter's *Du Bart.* 1621, p. 461.

" *A cry of hounds* have here a deer in chace." TODD.

Ver. 656. ——————— *yet, when they liſt, would creep,*
If aught diſturb'd their noiſe, &c.] I have obſerved that this painting is ſomewhat ſimilar to the brood of Error deſcribed by Spenſer, F. Q. i. i. 15.

If aught diſturb'd their noiſe, into her womb,
And kennel there; yet there ſtill bark'd and howl'd,
Within unſeen. Far leſs abhorr'd than theſe
Vex'd Scylla, bathing in the ſea that parts
Calabria from the hoarſe Trinacrian ſhore:
Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, call'd
In ſecret, riding through the air ſhe comes,
Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood, to dance

" Soon as that uncouth light upon them ſhone,
" Into her mouth they crept, and all were gone."

The brood of SIN are alſo repreſented, in an old publication conſiſting of nine quarto plates (without date) to each of which ſix verſes are ſubjoined, as numerous little ſerpents creeping from the parent's belly; and the work is entitled, *The Ages of Sin, or Sinnes Birth and Growth.* Perhaps part of Milton's deſcription might be ſuggeſted by Shakſpeare, *K. Rich.* III. A. iv. S. iv.

" From forth the *kennel of thy womb hath crept*
" *A hell-hound*, that doth hunt us all to death." TODD.

Ver. 660. *Vex'd Scylla*, &c.] This ſtory of Scylla is at the beginning of the fourteenth book of Ovid's Metamorphoſis. The *Cerberean mouths* in Milton, is plainly after the *Cerbereos rictus* in Ovid. NEWTON.

Ver. 663. ———— riding *through the* air] As the witches in Macbeth are repreſented. See the note on ver. 540 of the preſent book. TODD.

Ver. 664. *Lur'd with the ſmell of infant blood,*] Here is a mixture of claſſical and demonological learning. Compare Æſchylus, *Eumenid.* 246, ed. Schütz.

Ὀσμὴ βροτείων αἱμάτων με προσγελᾷ.

And ſee Wierus *De Lamiis*, 4to. 1582, coll. 240, 241, where the operations of hags in deſtroying infants, and applying the mangled limbs to purpoſes of incantation: as well as their cuſtom of drinking the blood of ſlaughtered babes; are minutely detailed. TODD.

With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
Eclipſes at their charms. The other ſhape,
If ſhape it might be call'd that ſhape had none
Diſtinguiſhable in member, joint, or limb;
Or ſubſtance might be call'd that ſhadow ſeem'd,

Ver. 665. ——————— *the labouring moon*] The Ancients believed the moon greatly affected by magical practices, and the Latin poets call the eclipſes of the moon *labores lunæ*. The three foregoing lines, and the former part of this, contain a ſhort account of what was once believed, and in Milton's time not ſo ridiculous as now. RICHARDSON.

Ver. 666. *The other ſhape*, &c.] This poetical deſcription of Death Milton has pretty evidently borrowed from Spenſer, *Faery Queen*, vii. vii. 46.

" But after all came Life, and laſtly *Death;*
" *Death* with moſt grim and griſly viſage ſeen.
" Yet is he nought but parting of the breath,
" Ne aught to ſee, but like a ſhade to ween,
" Unbodied, unfoul'd, unheard, unſeen." THYER.

In Milton's painting, however, the imitation is adorned with new graces; with thoſe maſterly touches of horrible magnificence which perhaps only the hand of Milton could delineate. Dr. J. Warton is of opinion, that the *perſon of Death* is clearly and obviouſly taken from the ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ of Euripides, in his tragedy of *Alceſtis*. But perhaps, the circumſtance of *Death*'s being a *perſon* in the *Adamo* of Andreini, might now forcibly occur to Milton's memory. *Death* is alſo a *perſon* in the old morality of *Every Man*, publiſhed early in the reign of Henry the eighth; and in the tragedy of *Soliman and Perſeda*, publiſhed in 1599. See alſo the note, *Eleg.* i. 92. TODD.

Ver. 669. *Or* ſubſtance *might be call'd that* ſhadow *ſeem'd*,] So Sackville deſcribes Famine, Induct. *Mir. for Mag.* 1610. p. 265.

" Her ſtaruen corps, that rather ſeem'd a *ſhade*
" Then any *ſubſtance* of a creature made." TODD.

For each ſeem'd either; black it ſtood as Night,
Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as Hell,
And ſhook a dreadful dart; what ſeem'd his head
The likeneſs of a kingly crown had on.
Satan was now at hand, and from his ſeat
The monſter moving onward came as faſt
With horrid ſtrides; Hell trembled as he ſtrode.

Ver. 670. ——— black *it ſtood as* Night, &c.] Like the ghoſt deſcribed in Homer, *Odyſſ.* xi. 605.

——— Ὁ δ' ἐρεμνῇ νυκτὶ ἐοικὼς
Γυμνὸν τόξον ἔχων, καὶ ἐπὶ νευρῇφιν ὀιστὸν,
Δεινὸν παπταίνων, ἀιεὶ βαλεόντι ἐοικώς. NEWTON.

And, as Fairfax tranſlates Taſſo's deſcription of the infernal ſpirit, B. xvi. ſt. 68.

" A *ſhadow, blacker* than the mirkeſt *night*
" Environ'd all the place, &c." TODD.

Ver. 675. *The monſter moving onward* &c.] Milton's deſcription of Death is much ſuperiour to Spenſer's Orgoglio, to which it bears ſome reſemblance, *Faer. Qu.* i. vii. 8.

——— " His *monſtrous enemy*
" *With ſturdy ſteps came ſtalking* in his ſight,
" An hideous Giant, horrible and hie,
" That with his talneſs ſeem'd to threat the ſkie;
" *The ground eke groned under him for dreed.*" BOWLE.

We may here notice the furious advance of the monſtrous gianteſs Erifila to the combat with Ruggiero, and the preceding mutual defiance of the two adverſaries, Arioſt. *Orl. Fur. C.* vii. 5, 6.

" Ella a Ruggier, che torni a dietro grida;
" Quel piglia un' aſta, e la minaccia e ſfida.
" Non men la Gigantеſſa ardita e preſta
" Sprona il gran Lupo, e ne l'arcion ſi ferra:
" E pon la lancia a mezzo il corſo in reſta,
" *E fa tremar nel ſuo venir la terra.*" DUNSTER.

Homer's deſcription of Ajax, to which Mr. Stillingfleet refers, might alſo be in Milton's mind. See *Il.* vii. 211, &c. And the note on ver. 846. of this Book. TODD.

The undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd,
Admir'd, not fear'd; God and his Son except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor ſhunn'd;
And with diſdainful look thus firſt began.
Whence and what art thou, execrable ſhape!
That dar'ſt, though grim and terrible, advance
Thy miſcreated front athwart my way

Ver. 678. ——————— *God and his Son* except,
Created thing nought valued he, nor ſhunn'd;] This appears at firſt ſight to reckon God and his Son among created things; but *except* is here uſed with the ſame liberty as *but* v. 333, and v. 336: And Milton has a like paſſage in his *Proſe-Works*, 1698, vol. i. p. 277. "No place in Heaven or Earth, *except* Hell, where Charity may not enter." RICHARDSON.

Except is rather a verb of the imperative mode; as if the poet had ſaid, "*Include not* God and his Son among the objects whom he did *not* fear: *Them* he *did* fear; but *created* thing he valued not." So *except* is uſed in Shakſpeare, as Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, *Rich.* III. A. v. S. iii.

"Richard *except*, thoſe, whom we fight againſt,
"Had rather have us win, than him they follow."

Still, however, as Mr. Dunſter notices, the reading and pointing of this paſſage recommended by Peck, as ſuggeſted to him by a very learned perſon, certainly deſerve to be exhibited:

"The undaunted Fiend what this might be admir'd;
"Admir'd; nought fear'd, God and his Son except;
"Created thing not valued he, nor ſhunn'd." TODD.

Ver. 681. *Whence and what art thou*, &c.] Homer, *Il.* xxi. 150.

Τίς, πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν, ὅ μευ ἔτλης ἀντίος ἐλθεῖν;

STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 683. *Thy* miſcreated *front*] We have been told, that Milton firſt coined the word *miſcreated*; but Spenſer uſed it before him, *Faer. Qu.* i. ii. 3.

"Eftſoons he took that *miſcreated* fair."

And again, ii. vii. 42. BENTLEY.

To yonder gates? through them I mean to paſs,
That be aſſur'd, without leave aſk'd of thee:
Retire, or taſte thy folly; and learn by proof,
Hell-born! not to contend with Spirits of Heaven.
To whom the Goblin full of wrath replied.
Art thou that Traitor-Angel, art thou He,
Who firſt broke peace in Heaven, and faith, till then
Unbroken; and in proud rebellious arms
Drew after him the third part of Heaven's ſons
Conjúr'd againſt the Higheſt; for which both thou
And they, outcaſt from God, are here condemn'd
To waſte eternal days in woe and pain?
And reckon'ſt thou thyſelf with Spirits of Heaven,
Hell-doom'd! and breath'ſt defiance here and ſcorn,

Ver. 684. ——— *through them I mean to paſs*, &c.] Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* iii. iv. 15.

——— "I mean not thee intreat
"To paſs, but, maugre thee, will paſs, or die." JORTIN.

Ver. 687. *Hell-born!*] Adopted perhaps from Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* vi. xii. 32. "The *hell-borne* Hydra." But the phraſe occurs alſo in Marſton's *Satires*, ſubjoined to his Pigmalions Image, 12mo, 1598, p. 79.

"Damn'd *hel-borne* pride." TODD.

Ver. 689. *Art thou that Traitor-Angel*, &c.] Much in the manner of the ſpirited ſpeech in Spenſer, F. Q. vi. vi. 25.

"Art thou He, Traytor, &c." TODD.

Ver. 693. Conjúr'd] *Banded*, and *leagued together*: of the Latin *conjurare*, to bind one another by oath to be true and faithful in a deſign undertaken: Virg. *Georg.* i. 280.

"Et *conjuratos* cœlum reſcindere fratres. HUME.

Ver. 697. *Hell-doom'd!*] Satan had called Death *hell-born*; Death returns it by calling Satan *hell-doom'd*. NEWTON.

Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
False fugitive! and to thy speed add wings,
Left with a whip of scorpions I pursue
Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
Strange horrour seise thee, and pangs unfelt before.
So spake the grisly Terrour, and in shape,
So speaking and so threatening, grew ten-fold
More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
Incens'd with indignation, Satan stood
Unterrified, and like a comet burn'd,

Ver. 700. False *fugitive!*] He is here called *false*, because he had called himself a *Spirit of Heaven*. Compare v. 687 with v. 696. PEARCE.

Ver. 708. ——— *and like a comet burn'd*, &c.] The ancient poets frequently compare a hero in his shining armour to a comet; as Virg. *Æn.* x. 272.

" Non secus ac liquidâ si quando nocte cometæ
" Sanguinei lugubre rubent"———

But this comet is so large as to *fire the length of* the constellation *Ophiuchus* or Anguitenens, or Serpentarius as it is commonly called, a length of about 40 degrees, *in the arctick sky*, or the northern hemisphere, *and from his horrid hair shakes pestilence and war*. Poetry delights in omens, prodigies, and such wonderful events, as were supposed to follow upon the appearance of comets, eclipses, and the like. We have another instance of this nature in B. i. 598; and Tasso in the same manner compares Argantes to a comet, and mentions the like fatal effects, c. vii. st. 52.

" Qual con le chiome sanguinose horrende
" Splender cometa suol per l'aria adusta,
" Che i regni muta, e i feri morbi adduce,
" A i purpurei tiranni infausta luce." NEWTON.

See also Spenser, *Faer. Qu.* iii. i. 16. And Sylvester's *Du Bart.* Week 1. Day 2.

" That *hairy comet*, that long-streaming star,
" Which threatens earth with famine, plague, and war."

That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
In the arctick ſky, and from his horrid hair 710
Shakes peſtilence and war. Each at the head
Levell'd his deadly aim; their fatal hands
No ſecond ſtroke intend; and ſuch a frown
Each caſt at the other, as when two black clouds,
With Heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on

And the drama of *Fuimus Troes*, 1633. A. ii. S. iii.

" Whilſt ſtaring comets ſhook their flaming hair." TODD.

Ver. 714. ——— *as when two black clouds*, &c.] It is highly probable, that Milton took the hint of this noble ſimile from one of the ſame ſort in Boiardo's *Orlando Innamorato*, though it muſt be owned that he has excelled the Italian much, both in the variety of its circumſtances, and the propriety of its application. Boiardo is deſcribing an encounter betwixt Orlando his hero, and the Tartar king Agricane, and begins it thus, B. 1. C. 16.

" Se vediſte inſieme mai *ſcontrar due tuoni*
" *Da Levante a Ponente* al ciel diverſo,
" Coſi proprio s'urtar quei due baroni." THYER.

There is another fine deſcription, in the ſame book, of two combatants, thus illuſtrated, C. ii. ſt. 4.

" Chi vide mai nel boſco due leoni
" Turbati inſieme, ed a battaglia preſi;
" O ver ſentir *nell' aria due gran tuoni*,
" *Che vengan con tempeſte in foco acceſi*;
" Nulla ſarebbe al par di quei baroni,
" Tanto crudel ſi ſono quivi offeſi,
" E par che il ciel paventi, &c." TODD.

Ver. 715. — Heaven's artillery] As in Shakſpeare, *Tam. of the Shrew*, A. i. S. ii.

" Have I not heard great ordnance in the field,
" And *heaven's artillery* thunder in the ſkies?"

So Craſhaw, *Sacred Poems*, 1652, p. 105. " *Heaven's* great *artillery*." And Habington, *Caſtara*, 1635, p. 53. " The loude *artillery of heaven*." TODD.

Over the Caſpian, then ſtand front to front,
Hovering a ſpace, till winds the ſignal blow
To join their dark encounter in mid air:
So frown'd the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown; ſo match'd they ſtood;
For never but once more was either like
To meet ſo great a Foe: And now great deeds
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky Sorcereſs that ſat
Faſt by Hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
Riſen, and with hideous outcry ruſh'd between.
O Father! what intends thy hand, ſhe cried,
Againſt thy only Son? What fury, O Son!

Ver. 716. *Over the Caſpian,*] With great judgement did the poet take this ſimile from the *Caſpian*; for that ſea is remarkably tempeſtuous. See "Purchas his Pilgrimes," Part iii. p. 241. And Horace, *Od.* II. ix. 2. BOWLE.

Ver. 722. ——— *ſo great a Foe:*] Jeſus Chriſt, who, as it follows v. 734, will one day deſtroy both *Death*, and "*him* that has the power of death, that is, *the Devil*," Heb. ii. 14. NEWTON.

Ibid. ——————— *And now great deeds*
Had been achiev'd, whereof all Hell had rung,
Had not the ſnaky Sorcereſs &c.] It is the ſame turn in Homer, *Iliad* vii. 273.

Καὶ νύ κε δὴ ξιφέεσσ' αὐτοσχεδὸν ἐτάζοντο,
Εἰ μὴ κήρυκες, Διὸς ἄγγελοι ἠδὲ καὶ ἀνδρῶν,
Ἦλθον ———
Μηκέτι, παῖδε φίλω, πολεμίζετε, κ. τ. λ. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 724. —— *the* ſnaky *Sorcereſs*] Euripides calls the Furies ΔΡΑΚΟΝΤΩΔΕΙΣ κοραι, *Oreſt.* 256. DUNSTER.

Poſſeſſes thee to bend that mortal dart
Againſt thy Father's head? and know'ſt for whom;
For him who ſits above and laughs the while
At thee ordain'd his drudge, to execute
Whate'er his wrath, which he calls juſtice, bids;
His wrath, which one day will deſtroy ye both.
She ſpake, and at her words the helliſh Peſt
Forbore; then theſe to her Satan return'd.
So ſtrange thy outcry, and thy words ſo ſtrange
Thou interpoſeſt, that my ſudden hand,
Prevented, ſpares to tell thee yet by deeds
What it intends; till firſt I know of thee,
What thing thou art, thus double-form'd; and why,
In this infernal vale firſt met, thou call'ſt
Me Father, and that phantaſm call'ſt my Son:

Ver. 729. ——————— *to* bend *that mortal* dart
Againſt *thy father's* head?] Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* iii. i. 5. "And *bent his dreadful ſpeare againſt the* other's *head.*" TODD.

Ver. 730. ——————— *and know'ſt for whom*;] Tickell reads theſe words with a note of interrogation; but Milton's own editions read them with a ſemi-colon; the paſſage being perhaps elliptical, and meaning, as Dr. Newton obſerves, "*at the ſame time that* thou knoweſt for whom." TODD.

Ver. 735. ——————— *the helliſh* Peſt] Arioſto uſes *peſte* as equivalent to Megæra, or a helliſh fury, *Orl. Fur.* C. v. 2.

"Che *abbominevol peſte*, che Megera
"E venuta a turbar gli umani petti?"

And he terms the monſtrous giantеſs Erifila the *curſed peſt*, "la maledetta peſte," C. vii. 4. DUNSTER.

I know thee not, nor ever ſaw till now
Sight more deteſtable than him and thee.
To whom thus the Portreſs of Hell-gate replied.
Haſt thou forgot me then, and do I ſeem
Now in thine eye ſo foul? once deem'd ſo fair
In Heaven, when at the aſſembly, and in ſight
Of all the Seraphim with thee combin'd
In bold conſpiracy againſt Heaven's King,
All on a ſudden miſerable pain
Surpris'd thee, dim thine eyes, and dizzy ſwum
In darkneſs, while thy head flames thick and faſt
Threw forth; till, on the left ſide opening wide,
Likeſt to thee in ſhape and countenance bright,
Then ſhining heavenly fair, a goddeſs arm'd,
Out of thy head I ſprung: Amazement ſeiz'd

Ver. 746. *To whom thus the* Portreſs *of Hell-gate*] So, in P. Fletcher's *Locuſts*, ed. 1627. p. 34.

" The *Porter* to th' infernall gate is *Sin*,
" A ſhapeleſſe ſhape, a foul deformed thing,
" Nor nothing, nor a ſubſtance, &c.'

Browne finely paints *Remembrance* as the ſame officer at the door of the Houſe of Repentance, *Brit. Paſt.* B. i. p. 67. ed. 1613.

" Remembrance ſate as *portreſſe* of this *gate*." TODD.

Ver. 758. *Out of thy head I ſprung:*] Sin is rightly made to ſpring out of the head of Satan, as Wiſdom or Minerva did out of Jupiter's: And Milton deſcribes the birth of the one very much in the ſame manner, as the ancient poets have deſcribed that of the other, particularly the author of the Hymn to Minerva vulgarly aſcribed to Homer. And what follows, ſeems to be an hint improved upon Minerva's being raviſhed ſoon after her birth by Vulcan, as we may learn from Lucian, *Dial.* Vulcani et Jovis, & De Domo. NEWTON.

All the hoſt of Heaven; back they recoil'd afraid
At firſt, and call'd me *Sin*, and for a ſign
Portentous held me; but, familiar grown,
I pleas'd, and with attractive graces won
The moſt averſe, thee chiefly, who full oft
Thyſelf in me thy perfect image viewing
Becam'ſt enamour'd, and ſuch joy thou took'ſt
With me in ſecret, that my womb conceiv'd
A growing burden. Mean while war aroſe,
And fields were fought in Heaven; wherein remain'd
(For what could elſe?) to our Almighty Foe
Clear victory; to our part loſs and rout,
Through all the empyréan: down they fell
Driven headlong from the pitch of Heaven, down
Into this deep; and in the general fall
I alſo; at which time, this powerful key
Into my hand was given, with charge to keep
Theſe gates for ever ſhut, which none can paſs
Without my opening. Penſive here I ſat
Alone; but long I ſat not, till my womb,
Pregnant by thee, and now exceſſive grown,

Ver. 771. *Through all the* empyréan:] So Milton pronounces the word, with the accent always on the third ſyllable; but *empyreal*, always with the accent on the ſecond. Dr. Heylin ſuppoſes, that the word *empyreal* is falſely ſpelt, and that it ought to be written *empyrial*, ἔμπυριος in Greek, and *empyréan* ἐμπυραῖος. NEWTON.

Ver. 772. ——————— down!
Into this deep;] The word *down* is here repeated with great emphaſis and elegance. STILLINGFLEET.

Prodigious motion felt, and rueful throes.
At laſt this odious offspring whom thou ſeeſt,
Thine own begotten, breaking violent way
Tore through my entrails, that, with fear and pain
Diſtorted, all my nether ſhape thus grew
Transform'd: But he my inbred enemy
Forth iſſued, brandiſhing his fatal dart
Made to deſtroy! I fled, and cried out *Death!*
Hell trembled at the hideous name, and ſigh'd
From all her caves, and back reſounded *Death!*
I fled; but he purſued, (though more, it ſeems,
Inflam'd with luſt than rage,) and, ſwifter far,
Me overtook his mother all diſmay'd;
And, in embraces forcible and foul
Ingendering with me, of that rape begot
Theſe yelling monſters, that with ceaſeleſs cry
Surround me, as thou ſaw'ſt; hourly conceiv'd
And hourly born, with ſorrow infinite
To me; for, when they liſt, into the womb
That bred them they return, and howl and gnaw
My bowels, their repaſt; then burſting forth
Afreſh with conſcious terrours vex me round,
That reſt or intermiſſion none I find.

Ver. 786. ——— *brandiſhing his fatal dart*] Virgil, *Æn.* xii. 919. "Telum fatale coruſcat." HUME.

Ver. 789. *From all her caves*, &c.] Virgil, *Æn.* ii. 53. "Inſonuere cavæ, gemitúmque dedere, cavernæ." HUME.

Ibid. The repetition of *Death* here, is a beauty of the ſame kind as that of the name of *Eurydice* in Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 525; and of *Hylas*, Ecl. vi. 43. NEWTON.

Before mine eyes in oppoſition ſits
Grim Death, my ſon and foe; who ſets them on,
And me his parent would full ſoon devour
For want of other prey, but that he knows
His end with mine involv'd; and knows that I
Should prove a bitter morſel, and his bane,
Whenever that ſhall be; ſo Fate pronounc'd.
But thou, O Father! I forewarn thee, ſhun
His deadly arrow; neither vainly hope
To be invulnerable in thoſe bright arms,
Though temper'd heavenly; for that mortal dint,
Save he who reigns above, none can reſiſt.
She finiſh'd; and the ſubtle Fiend his lore
Soon learn'd, now milder, and thus anſwer'd ſmooth.
Dear Daughter! ſince thou claim'ſt me for thy ſire,

Ver. 809. ——————— *ſo Fate pronounc'd.*] The heathen poets make Jupiter ſuperiour to Fate. The will of Jupiter was performed, ſays Homer, *Iliad* i. 5. See alſo Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 375, and iv. 614. But Milton, with great propriety, makes the fallen Angels and Sin here attribute events to Fate, without any mention of the Supreme Being. NEWTON.

Ver. 810. *But thou, O Father! I forewarn thee*, &c.] Homer, *Odyſſ.* xii. 118.

Σχέτλιε, καὶ δ' αὖτοι πολεμήϊα ἔργα μέμηλε
Καὶ πόνος, οὐδὲ θεοῖσιν ὑπείξεαι ἀθανάτοισιν;
Η δὲ τοι οὐ θνητὴ, κ. τ. λ. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 813. ——————— dint,] *Dint*, written alſo *dent*, a *ſtroke* or *blow*: "*Dent* of ſword," *Barret's Alvearie*, 1580. "*Dent* of dart," *Chaucer*. But *dint* frequently occurs in Spenſer. TODD.

Ver. 817. *Dear Daughter!*] Satan had now learned his *lore* or *leſſon*; and the reader will obſerve how artfully he changes

And my fair ſon here ſhow'ſt me, the dear pledge
Of dalliance had with thee in Heaven, and joys
Then ſweet, now ſad to mention, through dire change
Befallen us, unforeſeen, unthought of; know,
I come no enemy, but to ſet free
From out this dark and diſmal houſe of pain
Both him and thee, and all the heavenly hoſt
Of Spirits, that, in our juſt pretences arm'd,
Fell with us from on high: From them I go
This uncouth errand ſole; and one for all
Myſelf expoſe, with lonely ſteps to tread
The unfounded deep, and through the void immenſe
To ſearch with wandering queſt a place foretold
Should be, and, by concurring ſigns, ere now
Created vaſt and round, a place of bliſs
In the pourlieus of Heaven, and therein plac'd
A race of upſtart creatures, to ſupply
Perhaps our vacant room; though more remov'd,
Leſt Heaven, ſurcharg'd with potent multitude,
Might hap to move new broils. Be this or aught
Than this more ſecret now deſign'd, I haſte
To know; and, this once known, ſhall ſoon return,

his language: He had ſaid before, that he had never ſeen *ſight more deteſtable;* but now it is, *dear daughter,* and *fair ſon.* NEWTON.

Ver. 823. ——————— *houſe of pain*] With an alluſion perhaps, as Mr. Dunſter alſo notices, to Spenſer's "houſe of endleſs pain." See *Fuer. Qu.* i. v. 34. TODD.

And bring ye to the place where Thou and Death
Shall dwell at eaſe, and up and down unſeen
Wing ſilently the buxom air, imbalm'd
With odours; there ye ſhall be fed and fill'd
Immeaſurably, all things ſhall be your prey.
He ceas'd, for both ſeem'd highly pleas'd, and Death
Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile, to hear

Ver. 841. ——— *and* up and down *unſeen*
Wing ſilently &c.] Heſiod, *Opp. & Dies*, 102.

Νῆσοι δ' ἀνθρώποισιν ἐφ' ἡμέρῃ ἠδ' ἐπὶ νυκτὶ
Αὐτομάτοι ΦΟΙΤΩΣΙ, κακὰ δνηοῖσι φέρουσαι
ΣΙΓΗ ——. STILLINGFLEET.

Ver. 842. ——— *the* buxom air,] *Buxom* is vulgarly underſtood for *merry, wanton*; but it properly ſignifies *flexible, yielding*, from a Saxon word ſignifying to *bend*. Thus Spenſer, *Fair. Qu.* i. xi. 37. "And therewith ſcourge the *buxom air* ſo ſore."
NEWTON.

Ver. 843. ——— *there ye ſhall be* fed *and fill'd*] Pſalm xlix. 14. "Death ſhall *feed* on them." GILLIES.

Ver. 846. *Grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile*,] Several poets have endeavoured to expreſs much the ſame image. Thus Homer ſays of Ajax, *Il.* vii. 212.

Μειδιόων βλοσυροῖσι προσώπασι.

And Statius, of Tydeus, *Theb.* viii. 582. "*formidabile ridens*." And Cowley of Goliath, *Davideis*, B. iii.

"The uncircumcis'd *ſmil'd grimly* with diſdain."

And, as Mr. Thyer obſerves, Arioſto and Taſſo expreſs it very prettily thus, *Aſpramente ſorriſe* and *Sorriſe amaramente*. But I believe it will be readily allowed, that Milton has greatly exceeded them all. NEWTON.

Spenſer mentions Grantorto's "*grinning griefly*," F. Q. v. xii. 16, much inferiour to Milton's expreſſion. BOWLE.

His famine ſhould be fill'd; and bleſt his maw
Deſtin'd to that good hour: No leſs rejoic'd
His mother bad, and thus beſpake her ſire.
The key of this infernal pit by due,
And by command of Heaven's all-powerful King,
I keep; by him forbidden to unlock
Theſe adamantine gates; againſt all force
Death ready ſtands to interpoſe his dart,

If Milton had any preceding writer in view, I ſuſpect it might be Fletcher, who, in his *Wife for a Month*, has theſe remarkable lines;

" The game of *Death* was never play'd more nobly;
" The meager thief grew *wanton* in his miſchiefs,
" And his *ſhrunk hollow eyes ſmil'd* on his ruin."

The word *ghaſtly*, I would obſerve, gives the preciſe idea of *ſhrunk hollow eyes*, and looks as if Milton, in admiration of his original, had only looked out for an *epithet* to *Death's* ſmile, as he found it pictured in Fletcher. HURD.

The reader may alſo compare Sylveſter's *Du Bartas*, ed. fol. 1621. p. 1015.

" One, *grinning gaſtly*, in his viſage grim,
" Showes, *dead*, the rage that living ſweld in him:"

Here is a ſmall reſemblance to Milton's phraſeology. And in G. Wither's *Emblems*, fol. 1635, there is a faint ſhadow of his picture; *Death;* the emblem, a *Skeleton*, B. i. Illuſtr. viii.

" Note thoſe leane craggs, and, with what *gaſtlineſſe*
" That *horrid countenance* doth ſeem to *grin*."

It may be added alſo of Cowley, that, in his *Davideis*, B. ii. the devils " *with a dreadful ſmile* deform'dly *grin*." But all theſe illuſtrations only ſerve to ſhow the inimitable ſtrength of Milton's fine expreſſion, *Death grinn'd horrible a ghaſtly ſmile!* Mr. Carey, in his late elegant and faithful tranſlation of Dante's *Inferno*, conſiders this paſſage of Milton, as derived from that poem, C. v. 4.

" Stavvi Minos orribilmente, e ringhia." TODD

Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living might.
But what owe I to his commands above
Who hates me, and hath hither thruſt me down
Into this gloom of Tartarus profound,
To ſit in hateful office here confin'd,
Inhabitant of Heaven, and heavenly-born,
Here in perpetual agony and pain,
With terrours and with clamours compaſs'd round
Of mine own brood, that on my bowels feed?
Thou art my father, thou my author, thou
My being gav'ſt me; whom ſhould I obey
But thee? whom follow? thou wilt bring me ſoon
To that new world of light and bliſs, among
The Gods who live at eaſe, where I ſhall reign
At thy right hand voluptuous, as beſeems
Thy daughter and thy darling, without end.
Thus ſaying, from her ſide the fatal key,

Ver. 855. *Fearleſs to be o'ermatch'd by living* might.] In ſome editions it is living *wight*, that is, *creature*; and we have *living wight* before, ver. 613: and this is likewiſe Dr. Bentley's reading, for *living might*, ſays he, would not except even God himſelf, the Ever-living and the Almighty. But God himſelf muſt neceſſarily be excepted here; for it was by his command that Sin and Death ſat to guard the gates, and therefore *living might* cannot poſſibly be underſtood of God, but of any one elſe who ſhould endeavour to force a paſſage. NEWTON.

Ver. 868. *The Gods who live at eaſe*,] Word for word from Homer, Θεοὶ ῥεῖα ζώοντες. BENTLEY.

It is Sin who ſpeaks here, and ſhe ſpeaks as an Epicurean. RICHARDSON.

Ver. 871. *Thus ſaying*, &c.] It is one great part of a poet's art to know when to deſcribe things in general, and when to be

Sad inſtrument of all our woe, ſhe took;
And, towards the gate rolling her beſtial train,
Forthwith the huge porcullis high up drew,
Which but herſelf, not all the Stygian Powers
Could once have mov'd; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of maſſy iron or ſolid rock with eaſe
Unfaſtens: On a ſudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring ſound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harſh thunder, that the loweſt bottom ſhook
Of Erebus. She open'd, but to ſhut

very circumſtantial and particular. Milton has in theſe lines ſhowed his judgement in this reſpect. The firſt opening of the gates of Hell by Sin, is an incident of that importance, that, if I can gueſs by my own, every reader's attention muſt be greatly excited, and conſequently as highly gratified by the minute detail of particulars our author has given us. It may with juſtice be further obſerved, that, in no part of the poem, the verſification is better accommodated to the ſenſe. *The drawing up of the portcullis, the turning of the key, the ſudden ſhooting of the bolts, and the flying open of the doors*, are in ſome ſort deſcribed by the very break and ſound of the verſes. THYER.

Ver. 881. ——————— *on their hinges grate*
Harſh thunder,] Dr. Johnſon has obſerved, that this expreſſion is copied from the hiſtory of Don Bellianis. I have been informed by Mr. Walker, that the remark was made by Swift, in the margin of his copy of Paradiſe Loſt, and with the following *accuracy*: "Don Bell. Part ii. ch. 19. *Open flew* the brazen folding *doors*, *grateing harſh thunder* on their turning *hinges*." TODD.

Ver. 882. ——————— *the loweſt bottom ſhook*
Of Erebus.] The moſt profound depth of hell. Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 471. "Erebi de ſedibus imis." HUME.

Excell'd her power; the gates wide open ſtood,
That with extended wings a banner'd hoſt,
Under ſpread enſigns marching, might paſs through
With horſe and chariots rank'd in looſe array;
So wide they ſtood, and like a furnace mouth
Caſt forth redounding ſmoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in ſudden view appear
The ſecrets of the hoary deep; a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimenſion; where length, breadth, and highth,
And time, and place, are loſt; where eldeſt Night
And Chaos, anceſtors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidſt the noiſe

Ver. 891. *The ſecrets of the* hoary deep;] *Job*, xli. 32. "One would think the *deep* to be *hoary*." GILLIES.

Ver. 894. ——————— *where eldeſt Night*
And Chaos, &c.] All the ancient naturaliſts, philoſophers, and poets, hold that *Chaos* was the firſt principle of all things; and the poets particularly make *Night* a Goddeſs, and repreſent *Night* or darkneſs, and *Chaos* or confuſion, as exerciſing uncontrouled dominion from the beginning. Thus Orpheus, in the beginning of his hymn to Night, addreſſes her as the mother of the Gods and Men, and origin of all things. See alſo Spenſer in imitation of the Ancients, *Faery Queen*, B. i. c. v. ſt. 22. And Milton's ſyſtem of the univerſe is in ſhort, that the empyrean Heaven, and Chaos, and darkneſs, were before the creation, Heaven above and Chaos beneath; and then upon the rebellion of the Angels, *firſt*, *Hell* was formed out of Chaos *ſtretching far and wide beneath*; and afterwards, *Heaven and Earth, another world, hanging o'er the realm of Chaos, and won from his dominion*. NEWTON.

Of endleſs wars, and by confuſion ſtand.
For hot, cold, moiſt, and dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for maſtery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their ſeveral clans,
Light-arm'd or heavy, ſharp, ſmooth, ſwift or ſlow,
Swarm populous, un-number'd as the ſands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,
Levied to ſide with warring winds, and poiſe

Ver. 898. *For hot, cold,* &c.] Ovid, *Met.* i. 19.

" Frigida pugnabant calidis, humentia ſiccis,
" Mollia cum duris, ſine pondere habentia pondus."

The reader may compare this whole deſcription of Chaos with Ovid's, and he will eaſily ſee how the Roman poet has leſſened the grandeur of his by puerile conceits, and quaint antitheſes: Every thing in Milton is great and maſterly. NEWTON.

Ver. 900. *Their* embryon *atoms*;] Addiſon ſays, that *embryon* is a word of Milton's coinage. But it was very common both as a ſubſtantive and adjective in the poetry of Milton's time; as in Sylveſter, *Du Bart.* ed. ſupr. p. 7. " Or rather th' *embryon*." And in Donne's Poems, ed. 1633. p. 16. " Into an *embrion* fiſh our ſoule is thrown." So Maſſenger, *Baſhful Lover*, 1655. p. 59. " What I purpoſe is yet an *embryon*." And Browne, *Brit. Paſt.* 1613, B. i. S. iv. " The *embrion* bloſſome of each ſpray." TODD.

Ver. 903. ——— *un-number'd as the ſands*
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid ſoil,] Heylin, in his *Microcoſmus*, 1627, deſcribing *Egypt*, thus ſpeaks of *Barca* and *Cyrene's* ſoil, p. 749. " This country is all ouer couered with a light ſand, which the winds remoue continually vp and downe, turning valleies into hills, and hills into valleies." Mr. Carey obſerves that this ſimile is expanded from Dante's *Inferno*, C. iii. 30.

" Come la rena quando 'l turbo ſpira." TODD.

Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment: Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns: Next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mix'd
Confus'dly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds;

Ver. 906. ——— *To whom these most adhere,*
He rules a moment:] The reason why any one of these four champions *rules*, though but for a *moment*, is, because the atoms of his faction *adhere most* to him. Firm dependance indeed, says Dr. Bentley, and worthy the superlative *most*, that lasts but for a *moment!* But I should think that the less firm the dependance is, the finer image we have of such a state as that of Chaos is. PEARCE.

Ver. 910. ——— *Into this wild abyss* &c.] Compare Spenser's description of Chaos, *Faer. Qu.* iii. vi. 36:

—— "In the wide wombe of the world there lyes,
"In hateful darknes, and in deepe horróre,
"An huge eternall Chaos, which supplyes
"The substaunces of Nature's fruitfull progenyes." TODD.

Ver. 911. *The* womb *of Nature, and perhaps her* grave,] Mr. Thyer cites Lucret. v. 260. "*Omniparens*, eadem rerum commune *sepulchrum*." Mr. Steevens adds, from *Romeo and Juliet*, "The earth, that's nature's *mother*, is her *tomb*." And Mr. Malone, from *Pericles*, of Time; "For he's their *parent*, and he is their *grave*:" Which, I may add, is similar to Davison's description of the same personage, and to which Milton's words bear equal resemblance, *Poet. Rapsodie*, ed. 1611, p. 164.

"Thy *wombe*, that all doth breed, is *tombe* to all." TODD.

Into this wild abyſs the wary Fiend
Stood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while,
Pondering his voyage; for no narrow frith
He had to croſs. Nor was his ear leſs peal'd
With noiſes loud and ruinous, (to compare
Great things with ſmall,) than when Bellona ſtorms,
With all her battering engines bent to raſe
Some capital city; or leſs than if this frame
Of Heaven were falling, and theſe elements

Ver. 918. Stood *on the brink of Hell, and* look'd *a while,*] Here is a remarkable tranſpoſition of the words; the ſenſe however is very clear: The wary Fiend ſtood on the brink of Hell, and look'd a while into this wild abyſs, pondering his voyage. It is obſervable, that the poet himſelf ſeems to be doing what he deſcribes, for the period begins at v. 910, then he goes not on directly, but lingers, giving an idea of Chaos before he enters into it. It is very artful! if his ſtyle is ſomewhat abrupt, after ſuch pondering, it better paints the image he intended to give. RICHARDSON.

Stood and look'd is here uſed for *ſtanding look'd.* So, in B. v. 368, he ſays,

——— " what the garden choiceſt bears
" To ſit and taſte."——

where *ſit and taſte* is uſed for *ſitting taſte,* PEARCE.

Ver. 921. ——————————— (*to compare*
Great things with ſmall,)] An expreſſion in Virg. *Ecl.* i. 24. " Parvis componere magna." And what an idea does this give us of the noiſes of Chaos, that even thoſe of a city beſieged, and of Heaven and Earth running from each other, are but ſmall in compariſon? And though both the ſimilitudes are truly excellent and ſublime, yet how ſurpriſingly doth the latter riſe above the former! NEWTON.

Ver. 925. ——————————— *and theſe elements*
In mutiny &c.] Not diſſimilar to a paſſage in the firſt act of Nabbes's *Microcoſmus,* 1633.

In mutiny had from her axle torn
The ſtedfaſt earth. At laſt his ſail-broad vans
He ſpreads for flight, and in the ſurging ſmoke
Uplifted ſpurns the ground; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, aſcending rides
Audacious; but, that ſeat ſoon failing, meets
A vaſt vacuity: All unawares

——————— " The mutinous elements
" Have rais'd rebellion, and disjointed quite
" The order of their fabrick. The pure heavens,
" Whoſe motion ſhould be harmony, rowl croſs
" And bend their axle-tree, till both the poles
" Do kiſs each other's ends." TODD.

Ver. 927. ——————— *his ſail-broad vans*] As the air and water are both fluids, the metaphors taken from the one are often applied to the other; and flying is compared to ſailing, and ſailing to flying. Thus Virgil, *Æn.* iii. 520. " *Velorum* pandimus *alas*." And *Æn.* i. 300,

——————— " volat ille per aëra magnum
" *Remigio* alarum."

The ſame manner of ſpeaking has prevailed among the modern poets. So Spenſer, *F. Q.* i. xi. 10.

" His flaggy *wings* when forth he did diſplay
" Were *like two ſails*." NEWTON.

Beaumont and Fletcher, in the *Propheteſs*, A. ii. S. iii. have " *ſail-ſtretch'd* wings;" yet Milton's preciſe expreſſion here, is Taſſo's, *Ger. Lib.* C. ix. ſt. 60. of the archangel Michael;

" Indi ſpiega al gran volo i *vanni* aurati:"

But the deſcription is Marino's, who thus paints the devil, *Strage de gli Innocenti*, ed. 1633. L. i. ſt. 18,

——————— " *per volar dibatte l' ali*,
" Che'n guiſa hà pur di *due gran vele aperte*." TODD.

Ver. 932. *A vaſt vacuity:* &c.] Heſiod, *Theog.* 739.

Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thouſand fathom deep; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The ſtrong rebuff of ſome tumultuous cloud,
Inſtinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft: That fury ſtaid,
Quench'd in a boggy Syrtis, neither ſea,
Nor good dry land: Nigh founder'd on he fares,
Treading the crude conſiſtence, half on foot,
Half flying; behoves him now both oar and ſail.

Χάσμα μέγ'. Οὔδε κε πάντα τελεσφόρον εἰς ἐνιαυτὸν
Οὔδας ἵκοιτ', εἰ πρῶτα πυλέων ἔντοσθε γένοιτο·
Ἀλλά κεν ἔνθα καὶ ἔνθα φέροι πρὸ ϑύελλα ϑύελλῃ
Ἀργαλέῃ. TODD.

Ver. 933. ——— *pennons*] This word is vulgarly ſpelt *pinions*, and ſo Dr. Bentley has printed it: but the author ſpells it *pennons*, after the Latin *penna*. The reader will obſerve the beauty of the numbers here, without our pointing it out to him. NEWTON.

Ver. 938. ——— ——— *That fury ſtaid*, &c.] That fiery rebuff ceaſed, quenched and put out by a ſoft quickſand: *Syrtis* is explained by *neither ſea nor good dry land*, exactly agreeing with Lucan, *Phar.* ix. 304.

"Syrtes—in dubio pelagi terræque reliquit." HUME.

Ver. 941. ——— half on foot,
Half flying;] Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* i. xi. 8.

"*Half flying* and *half footing* in his haſte."

Milton ſeems to have borrowed ſeveral images of the old dragon deſcribed by Spenſer. NEWTON.

Ver. 942. ——— *behoves him now both oar and ſail.*] It behoveth him now to uſe both his oars and his ſails, as galleys do; according to the proverb, "*Remis velisque*, with might and main." HUME.

As when a gryphon, through the wilderneſs
With winged courſe, o'er hill or moory dale,
Purſues the Arimaſpian, who by ſtealth
Had from his wakeful cuſtody purloin'd
The guarded gold: So eagerly the Fiend
O'er bog, or ſteep, through ſtrait, rough, denſe, or rare,

Ver. 943. *As when a* gryphon, &c.] *Gryphons* are fabulous creatures, in the upper part like an eagle, in the lower reſembling a lion, and are ſaid to *guard* gold mines. The *Arimaſpians* were a one-eyed people of Scythia, who adorned their hair with gold. See Lucan, *Pharſal.* iii. 280. Herodotus and other authors relate, that there were continual wars between the *gryphons* and the *Arimaſpians* about *gold;* the gryphons *guarding it*, and the Arimaſpians *taking it*, whenever they had opportunity. See Plin. *Nat. Hiſt.* lib. vii. cap. ii. NEWTON.

A learned friend has obſerved to me, that this ſimile is conceived from the *Prometheus* of Æſchylus, ver. 803, et ſeq. Mr. Stillingfleet alſo refers to the ſame paſſage. TODD.

Ver. 948. *O'er bog, or ſteep,* &c.] The difficulty of Satan's voyage is very well expreſſed by ſo many monoſyllables as follow, which cannot be pronounced but ſlowly, and with frequent pauſes. There is a memorable inſtance of the roughneſs of a road admirably deſcribed by a ſingle verſe in Homer, *Iliad* xxiii. 116.

Πολλὰ δ' ἄϊαντα, κατάντα, πάραντά τε, δόχμιά τ', ἦλθον,

which Pope has been obliged to tranſlate paraphraſtically, to give us ſome idea of the beauty of the numbers; and he has made uſe of ſeveral monoſyllables, as Milton has done:

"O'er hills, o'er dales, o'er crags, o'er rocks, they go;
"Jumping, high o'er the ſhrubs of the rough ground,
"Rattle the clattering cars, and the ſhockt axles bound."

And, as Mr. Thyer adds, ſo Spenſer, in the ſame manner, repreſents the diſtreſs of the Red-croſs knight in his encounter with the old dragon, *Fuer. Qu.* i. xi. 28.

With head, hands, wings, or feet, purſues his way,
And ſwims, or ſinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies:
At length a univerſal hubbub wild
Of ſtunning ſounds, and voices all confus'd,
Borne through the hollow dark, aſſaults his ear
With loudeſt vehemence: Thither he plies,
Undaunted to meet there whatever Power
Or Spirit of the nethermoſt abyſs
Might in that noiſe reſide, of whom to aſk
Which way the neareſt coaſt of darkneſs lies
Bordering on light; when ſtraight behold the throne
Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion ſpread
Wide on the waſteful deep; with him enthron'd

" Faynt, wearie, ſore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
" With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, ſmart, and inward fire."
NEWTON.

Ver. 956. ——— *the* nethermoſt *abyſs*] Though the *throne of Chaos* was above Hell, and conſequently a part of the *abyſs* was ſo, yet a part of that *abyſs* was at the ſame time far below Hell; ſo far below, as that, when Satan went from Hell on his voyage, he fell in that *abyſs* ten thouſand fathom deep, v. 934; and the poet there adds that, if it had not been for an accident, he had been falling down there to this hour: nay, it was ſo deep as to be *illimitable*, and where *highth is loſt*. The *abyſs* then, conſidered all together, was *nethermoſt* in reſpect of Hell, below which it was ſo endleſsly extended. PEARCE.

Ver. 960. —— *and his* dark pavilion *ſpread* &c.] Pſalm xviii. 11. " He made *darkneſs* his ſecret place; his *pavilion* round about him &c." But the dark pavilion of Chaos might be drawn from Heſiod's deſcription of the dark dwelling of his conſort, *Theog.* ver. 745. DUNSTER.

Sat fable-veſted Night, eldeſt of things,
The conſort of his reign; and by them ſtood
Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
Of Demogorgon; Rumour next and Chance, 965

Ver. 962. *Sat* fable-veſted *Night*,] Clothed in her fable furs: A *fable* is a creature whoſe ſkin is of the greater price, the blacker it is. ΜΕΛΑΜΠΕΠΛΟΣ δὲ Νύξ. HUME.

Milton here, and in what follows, ſeems to have had in view Spenſer's fine deſcription of Night, which is very much in the taſte of this allegory of Milton. See *Faery Queen*, i. v. 20.

" Where griefly Night, &c." NEWTON.

Ver. 964. *Orcus and Ades*,] *Orcus* is generally by the poets taken for Pluto, as *Ades* is for any dark place. Theſe terms are of a very vague ſignification, and are employed by the poets accordingly. Milton has perſonized them, and put them in the court of Chaos. RICHARDSON.

Ver. 964. ——————— *the* dreaded name
Of Demogorgon;] That is, *Demogorgon himſelf*, as in Virgil, *Æn.* 763, " Albanum *nomen*" is a *man* of Alba; and we have a memorable inſtance of this way of ſpeaking in *Rev.* xi. 13. " And in the earthquake were ſlain ὀνόματα ἀνθρώπων *names of men* ſeven thouſand," that is, ſeven thouſand *men*.— The very name of Demogorgon the ancients ſuppoſed capable of producing the moſt terrible effects; which they therefore dreaded to pronounce. He is mentioned as of great power in incantations. See Lucan, *Pharſal.* vi. 744, &c. Statius, *Theb.* iv. 514, &c. And Taſſo, *Gier. Lib.* c. xiii. ſt. 10. Spenſer alſo mentions this infernal deity, *Faer. Qu.* i. v. 22, and places him in the immenſe abyſs *with Chaos*, iv. ii. 47, and takes notice of the dreadful effects of his name, i. i. 37. " *At which* Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight." Well therefore might Milton diſtinguiſh him by the *dreaded name* of Demogorgon. And, beſides theſe authorities, the learned Dr. Jortin has ſuggeſted, that this name is to be found in Lactantius, and in the Scholiaſt of Statius. Mr. Thyer further juſtifies the uſe of the word by a paſſage in Milton's Latin works, p. 340. " Apud vetuſtiſſimos itaque mythologiæ ſcriptores memoriæ datum reperio *Demogor-*

And Tumult and Confuſion all embroil'd,
And Diſcord with a thouſand various mouths.
To whom Satan turning boldly, thus: Ye Powers
And Spirits of this nethermoſt abyſs,
Chaos and ancient Night! I come no ſpy,
With purpoſe to explore or to diſturb
The ſecrets of your realm; but, by conſtraint
Wandering this darkſome deſart, as my way
Lies through your ſpacious empire up to light,
Alone, and without guide, half loſt, I ſeek

gonem deorum omnium atavum (quem eundem et Chaos ab antiquis nuncupatum hariolor) inter alios liberos, quos ſuſtulerat plurimos, Terram genuiſſe." NEWTON.

Demogorgon is alſo introduced in a very romantick paſſage, in Boiardo, *Orl. Innam.* Lib. ii. c. xiii. ſt. 31. And, in Dryden and Lee's *Œdipus*, the ſhade of Laius is ſummoned to appear,

——— " by *Demogorgon's name*,
" At which ghoſts quake." TODD.

Ver. 972. *The* ſecrets *of your realm;*] This paſſage has been objected to without any reaſon. He means probably *ſecret places*, as in v. 891. *Secrets* is uſed here as *ſecreta* in Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 403. " In *ſecreta* ſenis ducam;" and in Spenſer, *Faer. Qu.* vi. xii. 24.

" And ſearched all their cells and *ſecrets* near."

Or, if we underſtand, by *ſecrets*, ſecret counſels and tranſactions, the word *diſturb* will be proper enough, as in B. i. 167.

——— " and *diſturb*
" His inmoſt *counſels* from their deſtin'd aim:

and the word *explore* will be very proper, as in B. vii. 95.

" What we, not to *explore* the *ſecrets* aſk
" Of his eternal empire." NEWTON.

What readieſt path leads where your gloomy bounds
Conſine with Heaven; or if ſome other place,
From your dominion won, the ethereal King
Poſſeſſes lately, thither to arrive
I travel this profound; direct my courſe;
Directed, no mean recompence it brings
To your behoof, if I that region loſt,
All uſurpation thence expell'd, reduce
To her original darkneſs, and your ſway,
(Which is my preſent journey) and once more
Erect the ſtandard there of ancient Night:
Yours be the advantage all, mine the revenge!

Thus Satan; and him thus the Anarch old,
With faltering ſpeech and viſage incompos'd,
Anſwer'd. I know thee, ſtranger, who thou art,
That mighty leading Angel, who of late
Made head againſt Heaven's King, though overthrown.
I ſaw and heard; for ſuch a numerous hoſt
Fled not in ſilence through the frighted deep,

Ver. 993. ——————— *ſuch a numerous hoſt*
Fled not in ſilence] Mr. Wakefield ſuggeſts a ſimilar paſſage in the *Suppliants* of Euripides, where, Adraſtus having aſked Theſeus if he had not heard of his unfortunate expedition, Theſeus replies;

Ου γαρ τι ΣΙΓΗ διεπεφασας Ελλαδα. DUNSTER.

Ver. 994. ——————— *through the frighted deep,*] The poet perhaps borrowed this deſcription from *Ezekiel's* prefiguration of Aſſyria's fall, xxxi. 16. "I made the nations to ſhake at the ſound of his fall, when I caſt him down to hell with them that deſcend into the pit." TODD.

With ruin upon ruin, rout on rout,
Confuſion worſe confounded; and Heaven-gates
Pour'd out by millions her victorious bands
Purſuing. I upon my frontiers here
Keep reſidence; if all I can will ſerve
That little which is left ſo to defend,
Encroach'd on ſtill through your inteſtine broils
Weakening the ſcepter of old Night: firſt Hell,
Your dungeon, ſtretching far and wide beneath;
Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,
Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain
To that ſide Heaven from whence your legions
fell:

Ver. 1001. ——— *through* your *inteſtine broils*] All the editions read, "through *our* inteſtine broils." But it appears from the following verſes, that the encroachments which Chaos means, were the creation of *Hell* firſt, and then of the *new world:* the creation of both which was the effect not of any broils in the realm of Chaos, but of the broils in Heaven between God and Satan, the good Angels and the bad, called *inteſtine war*, and *broils*, in B. vi. 259, 277. We muſt remember alſo that it is Satan to whom Chaos here ſpeaks; and therefore we may ſuppoſe, that Milton gave it, "through *your* inteſtine broils." In the firſt editions there is no comma after *broils:* and there ſhould be none, becauſe *broils* is the ſubſtantive with which the participle *weakening* agrees: It was *their broils* which *weakened* Night's ſcepter, becauſe the conſequences of them leſſened her kingdom. PEARCE.

This change of *our* into *your* is ſo juſt and neceſſary, that we thought it beſt to admit it into the text. NEWTON.

Ver. 1005. ——— *link'd in a golden chain*] There is mention made in Homer of Jupiter's golden chain, by which he can draw up the Gods, and the earth, and ſea, and the whole univerſe; but they cannot draw him down. See the paſſage

If that way be your walk, you have not far;
So much the nearer danger; go, and ſpeed!
Havock, and ſpoil, and ruin, are my gain.
He ceas'd; and Satan ſtaid not to reply,
But, glad that now his ſea ſhould find a ſhore,
With freſh alacrity, and force renew'd,
Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,

at large in the beginning of the eighth book of the *Iliad*. It is moſt probably and ingeniouſly conjectured, that by this golden chain may be underſtood the ſuperiour attractive force of the ſun, whereby he continues unmoved, and draws all the reſt of the planets toward him. But whatever is meant by it, it is certain that our poet took from hence the thought of *hanging the world by a golden chain*. NEWTON.

A ſimilar thought is noticed in Stafford's *Niobe or his age of teares*. 12mo, 1611. p. 24. "I will onelie heere inſert one or two things remarqueable in the Turkiſh Phyſiques: They hold, that *the ſtars hang by golden chaines*, &c." TODD.

Ver. 1009. *Havock, and ſpoil, and ruin, are my gain.*] This is very agreeable to the character of Chaos by Lucan, *Pharſal.* vi. 696.

"Et Chaos innumeros avidum confundere mundos."
NEWTON.

Ver. 1013. *Springs upward, like a pyramid of fire,*] To take in the full meaning of this magnificent ſimilitude, we muſt imagine ourſelves in Chaos, and a vaſt luminous body riſing upward, near the place where we are, ſo ſwiftly as to appear a continued track of light, and leſſening to the view according to the encreaſe of diſtance, till it end in a point, and then diſappear; and all this muſt be ſuppoſed to ſtrike our eye at one inſtant.
BEATTIE.

Drayton, in his *David and Goliah*, 1630, aſſimilates the Philiſtian champion to a pyramid on fire, becauſe the ſun ſhone on his armour! "He look't *like to a piramid on fire!*" But compare Nabbes's *Spring's Glory*, a Maſk, publiſhed in 1638:

Into the wild expanſe; and, through the ſhock
Of fighting elements, on all ſides round
Environ'd, wins his way; harder beſet
And more endanger'd, than when Argo paſs'd
Through Boſporus, betwixt the juſtling rocks:
Or when Ulyſſes on the larboard ſhunn'd
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool ſteer'd.

——— " High Spirits ſtrive to know
" More than a common eye ſees; and aſpire
" Still *upwards, like the piramide of fire,*
" When earth tends to its centre." TODD.

Ver. 1017. ——— *than when Argo paſs'd* &c.] The firſt long ſhip ever ſeen in Greece, in which Jaſon and his companions ſailed to Colchis, to fetch the golden fleece. *Through Boſporus,* the ſtraits of Conſtantinople, or the channel of the Black Sea. It is ſometimes written *Boſphorus;* but Milton, more exact and accurate, writes it *Boſporus,* according to the beſt Greek authors, from Βὸς πόρος, *bovis tranſitus,* the ſea being ſo narrow there, that cattle are ſaid to have ſwum acroſs it. *Betwixt the juſtling rocks,* two rocks at the entrance into the Black Sea, called in Greek *Symplegades,* and by Juvenal, *Sat.* xv. 19. " *concurrentia ſaxa;*" which Milton very well tranſlates *the juſtling rocks,* becauſe they were ſo near, that at a diſtance they ſeemed to open and ſhut again, and juſtle one another, as the ſhip varied its courſe this way and that as uſual. See Plin. *Nat. Hiſt.* lib. iv. cap. xiii; and Apoll. Rhodius, *Argonaut.* ii. 317, &c. In ſhort, Satan's voyage through the fighting elements, was more difficult and dangerous than that of the Argonauts through narrow ſeas betwixt juſtling rocks. NEWTON.

Ver. 1019. *Or when Ulyſſes on the larboard ſhunn'd*
Charybdis, and by the other whirlpool ſteer'd.] Theſe two verſes Dr. Bentley would throw quite away. *Larboard* (ſays he) is abominable in heroick poetry: but Dryden (as the Doctor owns) thought it not unfit to be employed there: and Milton in other places has uſed nautical terms, without being cenſured for it by the Doctor. So, in B. ix. 513, he ſpeaks of

So he with difficulty and labour hard
Mov'd on; with difficulty and labour he;
But, he once paſt, ſoon after, when man fell,
Strange alteration! Sin and Death amain
Following his track, ſuch was the will of Heaven,
Pav'd after him a broad and beaten way
Over the dark abyſs, whoſe boiling gulf

working a ſhip, of *veering* and *ſhifting*; and in B. i. 207. of *mooring under the lee*. So Virgil's *legere littus* is obſerved to be a term borrowed from mariners, by Servius in his notes on *Georg.* ii. 44, and *Æn.* iii. 127. But the Doctor has two very formidable objections againſt the ſenſe of theſe verſes. Firſt he ſays, that *larboard* or left hand is a miſtake here for *ſtarboard* or right hand, *Charybdis* being to the *ſtarboard* of *Ulyſſes*, when he ſailed through theſe ſtraits. This is very true, but it does not affect what Milton here ſays; for the ſenſe may be, not that Ulyſſes ſhunned *Charybdis* ſituated on the *larboard* of his ſhip as he was ſailing; but that *Ulyſſes*, ſailing on the *larboard*, (to the left hand where Scylla was) did thereby ſhun *Charybdis*; which was the truth of the caſe. The Doctor's other objection is, that Scylla was no *whirlpool*, which yet ſhe is here ſuppoſed to have been; but Virgil (whom Milton follows oftener than he does Homer) deſcribes Scylla as *naves in ſaxa trahentem*, *Æn.* iii. 425, and what is that leſs than calling it a *whirlpool*? And Athan. Kircher, who has written a particular account of Scylla and Charybdis upon his own view of them, does not ſcruple to call them both *whirlpools*. The truth is, that Scylla is a rock ſituated in a ſmall bay on the Italian coaſt, into which bay the tide runs with a very ſtrong current, ſo as to draw in the ſhips which are within the compaſs of its force, and either daſh them againſt the rock, or ſwallow them in the eddies: for when the ſtreams have thus violently ruſhed into the bay, they meet with the rock Scylla at the farther end, and, being beat back, muſt therefore form an eddy or *whirlpool*. This account is gathered partly from *Sandys's Travels*, and partly from *Hiſtoria orbis terræ*, &c. Vide Hoffman. Lexicon. PEARCE.

Tamely endur'd a bridge of wonderous length,
From Hell continued, reaching the utmoſt orb
Of this frail world; by which the Spirits perverſe
With eaſy intercourſe paſs to and fro
To tempt or puniſh mortals, except whom
God, and good Angels, guard by ſpecial grace.
But now at laſt the ſacred influence
Of light appears, and from the walls of Heaven
Shoots far into the boſom of dim night

Ver. 1028. *Tamely endur'd a bridge*] Dr. Newton here agrees with Dr. Bentley, in cenſuring this introduction of the *infernal bridge;* becauſe it is deſcribed in the tenth book for ſeveral lines together as a thing untouched before, and an incident to ſurpriſe the reader: And therefore the poet ſhould not have anticipated it here. Milton is ſaid to have apparently copied *this bridge*, not, as Dr. Warton has conjectured, from the Perſian poet Sadi, but from the Arabian fiction of the bridge called in Arabick *al Sirat;* which is repreſented *to extend over the infernal gulph*, and to be narrower than a ſpider's web, and ſharper than the edge of a ſword. Pocock in Port. Moſ. p. 282. See *Annotations* on Hiſt. of Caliph Vathek, 1786, p. 314. However, in Sylveſter's *Du Bart.* 1621. p. 207, the Furies, leaving *Hell*, are deſcribed "rowling their ſteely cars over the *Stygian bridge.*" Compare alſo R. Nicols, in the *Mir. for Magiſtrates*, 1610, p. 814.

"And vp from darkſome Lymboes diſmall ſtage,
"O'er *Stygian bridge*, from Pluto's emperie,
"Came Night's black brood, Diſorder, Ruine, Rage, &c."
TODD.

Ver. 1033. God, and good Angels,] So, in Shakſpeare, *Rich.* III.

"*God, and good Angels*, fight on Richmond's ſide."

And in Herrick's *Noble Numbers*, 1647, p. 74.

"*God, and good Angels* guide thee." TODD.

A glimmering dawn: Here Nature firſt begins
Her fartheſt verge, and Chaos to retire
As from her outmoſt works a broken foe
With tumult leſs, and with leſs hoſtile din;
That Satan with leſs toil, and now with eaſe,
Wafts on the calmer wave by dubious light;
And, like a weather-beaten veſſel, holds
Gladly the port, though ſhrouds and tackle torn;
Or in the emptier waſte, reſembling air,
Weighs his ſpread wings, at leiſure to behold

Ver. 1039. *As from* her *outmoſt works*] From the outmoſt works *of Nature*, mentioned before. NEWTON.

Ver. 1042. ——————— *by dubious light*;] In this line, and in the preceding deſcription of the *glimmering dawn* that Satan firſt meets with, Milton very probably alludes to Seneca's elegant account of Hercules's paſſage out of Hell, *Herc. Fur.* 668.

" Non cæca tenebris incipit prima via:
" Tenuis relictæ lucis a tergo nitor,
" Fulgórque dubius ſolis afflicti cadit." THYER.

Ver. 1043. *And, like a weather-beaten veſſel*, &c.] A ſimile of the ſame kind, differently applied, occurs in Homer, *Odyſſ.* xxiii. 232.

Ὡς δ' ὅτ' ἂν ἀσπασίως γῆ νηχομένοισι φανείη
Ὧν τε Ποσειδάων εὐεργέα νῆ' ἐνὶ πόντῳ
Ῥαίσῃ ἐπειγομένην ἄνεμος. STILLINGFLEET.

See alſo Statius, *Theb.* ii. 193.

" Nec minus hæc læti trahimus ſolatia, quam ſi
" Præcipiti convulſa Noto proſpectet amicam
" Puppis humum." DUNSTER.

Ver. 1046. Weighs *his ſpread wings*.] In like manner Taſſo, deſcribing the angel Gabriel's flight, *Gier. Lib.* c. i. ſt. 14. " E ſi *librò* ſu l' adequate penne." But I think, notwithſtanding the natural partiality one has for one's countryman, the preference muſt be given to the Italian. THYER.

Far off the empyreal Heaven, extended wide
In circuit, undetermin'd ſquare or round,
With opal towers and battlements adorn'd
Of living ſapphire, once his native ſeat;
And faſt by, hanging in a golden chain,
This pendant world, in bigneſs as a ſtar
Of ſmalleſt magnitude cloſe by the moon.

Ver. 1047. —— *the* empyreal Heaven,] The expreſſion of Dante, *Inferno*, C. ii. 21. "Nel *empyreo ciel* &c." TODD.

Ver. 1049. *With opal towers and battlements adorn'd*
Of living ſapphire,] The city of the great king is thus adorned with jewels in Spenſer, *F. Q.* i. x. 55.

"Whoſe *walls* and *towres* were builded high and ſtrong
"Of *perle* and *precious ſtone*."

But ſee note, B. iii. 506. TODD.

Ver. 1052. *This* pendant world,] Shakſpeare, *Meaſ. for Meaſ.* A. iii. S. i.

"To be impriſon'd in the viewleſs winds,
"And blown with reſtleſs violence round about
"This *pendant world*." TODD.

Ibid. This pendant world, *in bigneſs as a ſtar*
Of ſmalleſt magnitude cloſe by the moon.] By *this pendant world* is not meant the Earth; but the new creation, Heaven and Earth, the whole orb of fixed ſtars immenſely bigger than the Earth, a mere point in compariſon. This is certain from what Chaos had lately ſaid, ver. 1004.

"Now lately Heaven and Earth, another world,
"Hung o'er my realm, link'd in a golden chain."

Beſides, Satan did not ſee the Earth yet; he was afterwards ſurpriſed *at the ſudden view of all this world at once*, B. iii. 542, and wandered long on the outſide of it; till at laſt he ſaw our ſun, and learned there of the Arch-Angel Uriel, where the Earth and Paradiſe were. See B. iii. 722. *This pendant world* therefore muſt mean the whole world, the new created univerſe; and, *beheld far off*, it appeared in compariſon with the empyreal

Thither, full fraught with miſchievous revenge,
Accurs'd, and in a curſed hour, he hies.

Heaven no bigger than *a ſtar of ſmalleſt magnitude*; nay, not ſo large; it appeared no bigger than ſuch a ſtar appears to be when it is *cloſe by the moon*, the ſuperiour light whereof makes any ſtar, that happens to be near her diſk, to ſeem exceedingly ſmall and almoſt diſappear. NEWTON.

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